

ABRIDGED EDITION FOR SCHOOLS

THE TALISMAN

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

—
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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INTRODUCTION.

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

I. HISTORICAL.

(a) *Christians.*

RICHARD I. (1189-1199), surnamed Cœur-de-Lion, or the Lion-hearted, on account of his bravery, was the son of Henry II, and succeeded his father as King of England, Duke of Normandy, Count of Anjou, Maine, and Poitou, etc. In respect of his French possessions he was vassal to

PHILIP II. (Philip Augustus), King of France, 1180, who hastened home from the Crusade and encouraged Richard's brother John, and his other enemies, to revolt against the King of England.

LEOPOLD, Archduke of Austria, took Richard prisoner as he passed through Austria on his return from the Crusade (1193), when he was discovered, as the story goes, by the singing of his minstrel Blondel.

CONRAD OF MONTFERRAT, or **MONTSERRAT**, was a prince of one of the small states into which Italy was at this time divided. He was also Prince of Tyre, which he bravely defended against the Turks before the arrival of the other Crusaders. He was nominated King of Jerusalem, on Richard's retirement from Palestine, but was almost immediately afterwards assassinated, as it was sometimes thought, by Richard's instigation.

GILES AMAURY, the Grand Master of the Templars. The Order of Knights Templars was founded at the time of the First Crusade. The Templars made the usual vows of

monks, not to marry, to have all things in common, and to obey their chief, the Grand Master, without question. They also pledged themselves as *soldiers* to defend the *Temple* or Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Like other monks, they soon became rich and worldly, and even had schemes of establishing a separate state of their own in Palestine. The death of the Grand Master, as related in *The Talisman*, is not historical, though Saladin did kill another traitor in a similar way.

DAVID, Earl of Huntingdon, brother and heir of William the Lion, King of Scotland, called '*Sir Kenneth, the Knight of the Leopard*,' throughout the story, was actually present at the Crusade, and had many extraordinary adventures, being sold as a slave, etc., on his way home.

SIR THOMAS DE VAUX, the Lord of Gilsland, a faithful and attached follower of King Richard.

WILLIAM, Archbishop of Tyre, preached the Third Crusade, and induced Richard and the other sovereigns to take the Cross.

BLONDEL, the Minstrel.

BERENGARIA, sister of Sancho, King of Navarre, and wife of Richard I., was married at Cyprus, which had been conquered by Richard on his way to Palestine. A storm separated her ship from that of her husband on the return from the Crusade. She survived him for 30 years, and died at a convent at Mans, never having set foot in England.

(b) *Mahometan*.

SALADIN (Salah-ed-deen), the Sultan of the Turks, whose dominion extended over the greater part of Asia Minor, including Palestine, as well as over Arabia and Egypt. He is called '*Sheerkohf*' (in introducing himself to Sir Kenneth), '*Ilderim*' (by the monk, Theodoric), '*Adonbec, El Hakim*' (= the doctor); when disguised as a doctor. His generosity and admiration for Richard are truly described, though his brother, '*Malek-el-Afdal*,' had more personal intercourse with the King of England, and it was at one time proposed that the young son of '*Malek*' should marry Joan of Sicily, sister of Richard I.

II. NOT HISTORICAL.

THEODORIC, the hermit of Engaddi.

NECTABANUS, the Dwarf.

EDITH PLANTAGENET, who stands for the 'Joan of Sicily' of real history.

The Ladies CALISTA and FLORISE, attending on Queen Berengaria.

ROSWAL, Sir Kenneth's hound.

NOTE I. THE CRUSADES.

The Crusades, or Wars of the Cross, were waged by the Christians of Europe against the Turks, for the recovery of Jerusalem and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which had been built over the supposed tomb of Jesus Christ. The Turks were Mahometans, or followers of Mahomet, an Arab, who was born at Mecca, A.D. 569. He taught the Arabs to give up their former worship of many gods, and to believe in one *Allah* (ARABIC=God) and in Mahomet his *Prophet*, to whom the true religion had been revealed. Mahometanism spread over a great part of the East, and the Arabs, under its influence, conquered the Southern and Eastern shores of the Mediterranean, and were then in their turn conquered by the Turks, who had also become Mahometans. The Turks ill-treated the Christian pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre, and a monk, called Peter the Hermit, came to Europe and stirred up the enthusiasm of all the Christian nations against them. Those who pledged themselves to the Holy War 'took the Cross,' *i.e.* wore a cross, generally of a *red* colour, upon their shoulders, as a sign of love among all Christian soldiers and of willingness to endure all things for the sake of regaining Jerusalem. The *First Crusade* (1095) resulted in the establishment of a Christian king and kingdom at Jerusalem, but in 1187 Jerusalem was reconquered by the Turks under their great Sultan, Saladin.

The *Third Crusade* (1189-1193), which is the subject of *The Talisman*, was then undertaken, but in spite of Richard I.'s brilliant exploits, it failed, owing to the disagreement of the Christian princes among themselves.

NOTE II. CHIVALRY.

The customs of chivalry, or knighthood, are frequently alluded to in *The Talisman*. Every brave soldier might become a *knight*, as a reward for some feat of arms. But young men of good family were *knighthood* in any case when they arrived at a suitable age, and had passed through previous training as *pages*, or attendants on the ladies of a household, and *esquires*, or personal attendants on *knights*. After spending a whole night in watching over their armour and praying in some church, they received their knighthood the next day by being *dubbed* or struck on the shoulder by some other knight. The distinctive parts of the knight's dress were the *belt*, to which the *sword* was hung, and the *spurs*, for they always fought on horseback. Hence, '*to win spurs*' means to do some deed worthy of knighthood. All knights were considered *gentlemen* and equals of one another. If one offended another, the offended person threw down his *gauntlet*, or mailed glove, and offered to fight the other in single *combat*. The victor in the combat was considered to have proved the justice of his cause. The space within which they fought was enclosed within barriers called *lists*, and the fight itself was called a *tournament*. Several knights or pairs of knights fighting in a tournament formed a *mêlée* or crowd. Every knight chose a lady for whose sake he performed his *devoir*, or duty, and whose colours he wore in battle. The lady was generally one whom he hoped to marry, but she might be a queen or great lady above him in rank, and yet would consider herself honoured by his attentions, and would bestow upon him some *guerdon* or reward, such as the roses that Edith dropped in the chapel. The adventures of knights and ladies were sung to the harp by minstrels called *Minnesingers* in Germany, and *troubadours* or *trouvères* in France. The minstrels composed the words as well as the music, and sometimes invented both on the spur of the moment.

Canailal Sam Hatha

THE TALISMAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant Northern home, and joined the host of the Crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea. The dress of the rider, and the accoutrements of his horse, were peculiarly unfit for the traveller in such a country. A coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate, had not been 10 esteemed a sufficient weight of armour; there was ^{W.L.W.} also his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the headpiece. ^{cc} His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets. A long broad, straight-shaped, double-20 edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross

corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards, and displayed its little pennoncelle. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armour, which they would otherwise
10 have rendered intolerable to the wearer. The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "I sleep—wake me not." An outline of the same device might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting.

The accoutrements of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting
20 in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armour made to cover the loins. Then there was a steel axe, or hammer, called a mace-of-arms, which hung to the saddlebow; the reins were secured by chain-work, and the front-stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short sharp pike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

But habit had made the endurance of this load of
30 panoply a second nature, both to the knight and his gallant charger. Nature had, however, her demands for refreshment and repose, even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the Knight of the Sleeping

Leopard; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his midday station.

As he continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm-trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom ¹⁰ his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the ²⁰ wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflection of his body than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant ²⁰ to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the Western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust ³⁰ his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight

and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. The Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards. A second time and a third he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddlebow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir, for such and not less his enemy appeared. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and the Saracen, was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprang from the ground, and, calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup. But the Knight of the Leopard had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow, which he carried at his back, and putting his



THE FIGHT WITH THE SARACEN.—Drawn by J. Le Biant.

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horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armour, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this ^{act of seizing} deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and, thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce. He approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, in Lingua Franca commonly used for the purpose of communication with the Crusaders; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me?—Let there be peace betwixt us." 30

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the Emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The Crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that
10 we remain in company together."

"By Mohammed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to
20 the little cluster of palm-trees. ✓

CHAPTER II.

THE Christian and Saracen rode at a slow pace towards the fountain of palm-trees, to which the Knight of the Couchant Leopard had been tending. The loose soil on which he trod so much augmented the distress of
30 the Christian's horse, heavily loaded by his own armour and the weight of his rider, that the latter jumped from his saddle, and led his charger along the deep dust of the loamy soil.

"You are right," said the Saracen; "your strong horse deserves your care; but what do you in the desert with an animal which sinks over the fetlock at every step?"

"Thou speakest rightly, Saracen," said the Christian knight—"rightly, according to thy knowledge and observation. But my good horse hath ere now borne me, in mine own land, over as wide a lake as thou seest yonder spread out behind us, yet not wet one hair above his hoof."

10

The Saracen looked at him with surprise.

"It is justly spoken," he said, instantly composing himself to his usual serene gravity,—"list to a Frank, and hear a fable."

"Thou art not courteous, misbeliever," replied the Crusader, "to doubt the word of a dubbed knight. Thinkest thou I tell thee an untruth when I say, that I, one of five hundred horsemen, armed in complete mail, have ridden—ay, and ridden for miles, upon water as solid as the crystal, and ten times less brittle?"

The Saracen looked on him with some attention, as if to discover in what sense he was to understand words which, to him, must have appeared either to contain something of mystery or of imposition.

"You are," he said, "of a nation that loves to laugh, and you make sport with yourselves, and with others, by telling what is impossible, and reporting what never chanced."

"In talking to thee of what thou canst not comprehend, I have," said the knight, "even in speaking most simple truth, fully incurred the character of a braggart in thy eyes; so, I pray you, let my words pass."

They had now arrived at the knot of palm-trees, and the fountain which welled out from beneath their shade in sparkling profusion.

In this delightful spot the two warriors halted, and each, after his own fashion, proceeded to relieve his horse from saddle, bit, and rein, and permitted the animals to drink at the basin ere they refreshed themselves from the fountain head, which arose under the vault.

10 The champions formed a striking contrast to each other in person and features, and might have formed no inaccurate representatives of their different nations. The Frank seemed a powerful man, with light-brown hair, which, on the removal of his helmet, was seen to curl thick and profusely over his head. His features had acquired, from the hot climate, a hue much darker than those parts of his neck which were less frequently exposed to view, or than was warranted by his full and well-opened blue eye, the colour of his
20 hair, and of the moustaches which thickly shaded his upper lip, while his chin was carefully divested of beard, after the Norman fashion. His nose was Grecian and well-formed; his mouth rather large in proportion, but filled with well-set, strong, and beautifully white teeth; his head small, and set upon the neck with much grace. His age could not exceed thirty. His form was tall, powerful, and athletic, like that of a man whose strength might, in later life, become unwieldy, but which was hitherto united with
30 lightness and activity. His hands, when he withdrew the mailed gloves, were long, fair, and well proportioned; the wrist-bones peculiarly large and strong; and the arms remarkably well shaped and brawny.

THE TALISMAN.

The Saracen Emir formed a marked and striking contrast with the Western Crusader. His stature was indeed above the middle size, but he was at least three inches shorter than the European, whose size approached the gigantic. His slender limbs and long spare hands and arms, though well proportioned to his person and suited to the style of his countenance, did not at first aspect promise the display of vigour and elasticity which the Emir had lately exhibited. But, on looking more closely, his limbs, where exposed ¹⁰ to view, seemed divested of all that was fleshy or cumbersome; so that nothing being left but bone, brawn, and sinew, it was a frame fitted for exertion and fatigue, far beyond that of a bulky champion, whose strength and size are counterbalanced by weight, and who is exhausted by his own exertions. His features were small, well formed, and delicate, though deeply embrowned by the Eastern sun, and terminated by a flowing and curled black beard, which seemed trimmed with peculiar care. The nose was ²⁰ straight and regular, the eyes keen, deep-set, black, and glowing, and his teeth equalled in beauty the ivory of his deserts.

CHAPTER III.

ERE they remounted to resume their journey, the Christian knight again moistened his lips, and dipped ³⁰ his hands in the living fountain, and said to his Pagan associate of the journey: "I would I knew the name of this delicious fountain, that I might hold it in my

grateful remembrance; for never did water slake more deliciously a more oppressive thirst than I have this day experienced."

"It is called in the Arabic language," answered the Saracen, "by a name which signifies the Diamond of the Desert." ✕

They mounted, and pursued their journey across the sandy waste. They rode together for some time in silence, the Saracen performing the part of director and guide of the journey, which he did by observing minute marks and bearings of the distant rocks, to a ridge of which they were gradually approaching.

"Let me be pardoned," he said at length, "to ask the name of the companion with whom I have this day encountered, both in danger and in repose, and which I cannot fancy unknown, even here among the deserts of Palestine."

"It is not yet worth publishing," said the Christian.

"Know, however, that among the soldiers of the Cross I am called Kenneth—Kenneth of the Couching Leopard; at home I have other titles. Brave Saracen, let me ask which of the tribes of Arabia claims your descent, and by what name you are known?"

"Sir Kenneth," said the Moslem, "I joy that your name is such as my lips can easily utter. Know, Sir Knight of the Leopard, that I am Sheerkohf, the Lion of the Mountain, and that Kurdistan, from which I derive my descent, holds no family more noble than that of Seljook." ✕

"I have heard," answered the Christian, "that your great Soldán claims his blood from the same source?"

"And is bravery so much esteemed amongst the

Christian prince^s that thou, thus void of means and of men, canst offer, as thou didst of late, to be my protector and security in the camp of thy brethren?"

"Know, Saracen," said the Christian, "since such is thy style, that the name of a knight, and the blood of a gentleman, entitle him to place himself on the same rank with sovereigns even of the first degree in so far as regards all but regal authority and dominion. Were Richard of England himself to wound the honour of a knight as poor as I am, he could not, by the law of chivalry, deny him the combat."

"Methinks I should like to look upon so strange a scene," said the Emir, "in which a leathern belt and a pair of spurs put the poorest on a level with the most powerful."

"You must add free blood and a fearless heart," said the Christian; "then, perhaps, you will not have spoken untruly of the dignity of knighthood."

"And mix you as boldly amongst the females of your chiefs and leaders?" asked the Saracen. 20

"God forbid," said the Knight of the Leopard, "that the poorest knight in Christendom should not be free, in all honourable service, to devote his hand and sword, the fame of his actions, and the fixed devotion of his heart, to the fairest princess who ever wore coronet on her brow!"

"But a little while since," said the Saracen, "and you described love as the highest treasure of the heart—thine hath undoubtedly been high and nobly bestowed?" 30

"Stranger," answered the Christian, blushing deeply as he spoke, "we tell not rashly where it is we have bestowed our choicest treasures; it is enough for thee

to know* that, as thou sayest, my love* is highly and nobly bestowed—most highly—most nobly; but if thou wouldst hear of love and broken lances, venture thyself, as thou sayest, to the camp of the Crusaders, and thou wilt find exercise for thine ears, and, if thou wilt, for thy hands too. I would you saw the axe of King Richard, to which that which hangs at my saddlebow weighs but as a feather.”

“We hear much of that island sovereign,” said the
10 Saracen. “Art thou one of his subjects?”

“One of his followers I am, for this expedition,” answered the knight, “and honoured in the service; but not born his subject, although a native of the island in which he reigns.”

“How mean you?” said the Eastern soldier.
“Have you then two kings in one poor island?”

“As thou sayest,” said the Scot, for such was Sir Kenneth by birth; “it is even so.”

The Scottish knight was struck with mysterious
20 dread, when he recollected that he was now in the awful wilderness of the forty days’ fast, and the scene of the actual personal temptation wherewith the Evil Principle was permitted to assail the Son of Man. He withdrew his attention gradually from the light and worldly conversation of the infidel warrior beside him, and, however acceptable his gay and gallant bravery would have rendered him as a companion elsewhere, Sir Kenneth felt as if, in those wildernesses, a barefooted friar would have been a better
30 associate than the gay but unbelieving Paynim.

These feelings embarrassed him; the rather that the Saracen’s spirits appeared to rise with the journey, and because, the farther he penetrated into the gloomy

recesses of the mountains, the lighter became his conversation, and when he found that unanswered, the louder grew his song.

"Saracen," said the Crusader, sternly, "blinded as thou art, and plunged amidst the errors of a false law, thou shouldst yet comprehend that there are some places more holy than others, and that there are some scenes also in which the Evil One hath more than ordinary power over sinful mortals. I will not tell thee for what awful reason this place—these rocks— 10 these caverns with their gloomy arches, leading as it were to the central abyss—are held an especial haunt of Satan and his angels. It is enough that I have been long warned to beware of this place by wise and holy men, to whom the qualities of the unholy region are well known. Wherefore, Saracen, forbear thy foolish and ill-timed levity, and turn thy thoughts to things more suited to the spot." 6

The Saracen listened with some surprise, and then replied, with good-humour and gaiety, only so far 20 repressed as courtesy required, "Good Sir Kenneth, I took no offence when I saw you gorge hog's flesh and drink wine, and permitted you to enjoy a treat which you called your Christian liberty. Wherefore, then, shouldst thou take scandal, because I cheer, to the best of my power, a gloomy road with a cheerful verse?"

"Friend Saracen," said the Christian, "I blame not the love of minstrelsy and of the *gaie science*. But prayers and holy psalms are better fitting than lays of 30 love or of wine-cups, when men walk in this Valley of the Shadow of Death, full of fiends and demons, whom the prayers of holy men have driven forth from

the haunts of humanity to wander amidst scenes as accursed as themselves."

The light was now verging low, yet served the knight still to discern that they two were no longer alone in the forest, but were closely watched by a figure of great height and very thin, which skipped over rocks and bushes with so much agility as, added to the wild and hirsute appearance of the individual, reminded him of the fauns whose images he had seen
10 in the ancient temples of Rome. The apparition, on which his eyes had been fixed for some time, had at first appeared to dog their path by concealing itself behind rocks and shrubs, using those advantages of the ground with great address, and surmounting its irregularities with surprising agility. At length the figure, which was that of a tall man clothed in goat-skins, sprang into the midst of the path, and seized a rein of the Saracen's bridle in either hand, confronting thus and bearing back the noble horse, which, unable
20 to endure the manner in which this sudden assailant pressed the long-armed bit, reared upright, and finally fell backwards on his master, who, however, avoided the peril of the fall by lightly throwing himself to one side.

The assailant then shifted his grasp from the bridle of the horse to the throat of the rider, flung himself above the struggling Saracen; and, despite of his youth and activity, kept him undermost, wreathing his long arms above those of his prisoner, who called out angrily, and yet half laughing—"Hamako—fool—
30 unloose me—this passes thy privilege—unloose me, or I will use my dagger."

"Thy dagger, infidel dog!" said the figure in the goat-skins. "Hold it in thy gripe if thou canst!"



THE HAMAKO ATTACKS THE SARACEN.—Drawn by J. Macfarlane.

and in an instant he wrenched the Saracen's weapon out of its owner's hand, and brandished it over his head.

"Help, Nazarene!" cried Sheerkohf, now seriously alarmed. "Help, or the Hamako will slay me."

The Christian knight had hitherto looked on as one stupefied. He felt, however, at length, that it touched his honour to interfere in behalf of his discomfited companion, and therefore addressed himself to the victorious figure in the goat-skins. 10

"Whosoe'er thou art," he said, "know that I am sworn for the time to be true companion to the Saracen whom thou holdest under thee; therefore, I pray thee to let him arise, else I will do battle with thee in his behalf."

"And a proper quarrel, it were," answered the Hamako, "for a Crusader to do battle in—for the sake of an unbaptised dog to combat one of his own holy faith!"

Yet, while he spoke thus, he arose himself, and, 20 suffering the Saracen to arise also, returned him his cangiar, or poniard.

"Thou seest to what a point of peril thy presumption hath brought thee," continued he of the goat-skins, now addressing Sheerkohf, "and by what weak means thy practised skill and boasted agility can be foiled, when such is Heaven's pleasure."

"Hamako," said the Saracen, without any appearance of resenting the violent language and assault to which he had been subjected, "I pray thee, good 30 Hamako, to beware how thou dost again urge thy privilege over far. Speak, therefore, what thou wilt, secure of any resentment from me; but gather so

much sense as to apprehend that, if thou shalt again proffer me any violence, I will strike thy shagged head from thy meagre shoulders.—And to thee, friend Kenneth,” he added, as he remounted his steed, “I must needs say that, in a companion through the desert, I love friendly deeds, better than fair words. It had been better to have aided me more speedily in my struggle with this Hamako, who had well-nigh taken my life in his frenzy.”

10 “By my faith,” said the knight, “I did somewhat fail; but the strangeness of the assailant, the suddenness of the scene—it was as if thy wild and wicked lay had raised the devil among us—and such was my confusion, that two or three minutes elapsed ere I could take to my weapon.”

“Thou art but a cold and considerate friend,” said the Saracen; “and, had the Hamako been one grain more frantic, thy companion had been slain by thy side.”

“By my word, Saracen,” said the Christian, “if 20 thou wilt have it in plain terms, I thought that strange figure was the devil.”

“Know,” said the Saracen, “that had my assailant been in very deed the Prince of Darkness, thou wert bound not the less to enter into combat with him in thy comrade’s behalf. Know, also, that this Hamako is, in truth, the anchorite whom thou art come hither to visit.”

“This!” said Sir Kenneth, looking at the athletic yet wasted figure before him—“this!—thou mockest, 30 Saracen—this cannot be the venerable Theodorick!”

“Ask himself, if thou wilt not believe me,” answered Sheerkohf; and ere the words had left his mouth the hermit gave evidence in his own behalf.

THE TALISMAN

"I am Theodorick of Engaddi," he said—"I am the walker of the desert—I am friend of the cross and flail of all infidels, heretics, and devil-worshippers. Avoid ye, avoid ye!—Down with Mahound, Terma-gaunt, and all their adherents!" So saying, he pulled from under his shaggy garment a sort of flail or jointed club, bound with iron, which he brandished round his head with singular dexterity.

"This is a madman," said Sir Kenneth.

"Not the worse saint," returned the Moslem, speaking according to the well-known Eastern belief that madmen are under the influence of immediate inspiration.

The hermit began to hollo aloud in a wild chanting tone,—“I am Theodorick of Engaddi—I am the torch-brand of the desert—I am the flail of the infidels!”

He closed his song by a short race, and ended that again by three forward bounds, which would have done him great credit in a gymnastic academy; but became his character of hermit so indifferently that the Scottish knight was altogether confounded and bewildered.

The Saracen seemed to understand him better. “You see,” he said, “that he expects us to follow him to his cell, which, indeed, is our only place of refuge for the night. We must keep him in sight, however, for he is as fleet as a dromedary.”

In fact, the task was a difficult one, for though the reverend guide stopped from time to time, and waved his hand, as if to encourage them to come on, yet he led the knights through chasms and along footpaths where even the light-armed Saracen, with his well-trained barb, was in considerable risk, and where the

iron-sheathed European and his over-burdened horse found themselves in such imminent peril as the rider would gladly have exchanged for the dangers of a general action. Glad he was when, at length, after this wild race, he beheld the holy man who had led it, standing in front of a cavern, with a large torch in his hand. 2

THE knight threw himself from his horse and entered the cavern, which afforded small appearance of accommodation. The cell was divided into two parts, in the outer of which were an altar of stone and a crucifix made of reeds: this served the anchorite for his chapel. On one side of this outward cave the Christian knight fastened up his horse, and arranged him for the night, in imitation of the Saracen, who 20 gave him to understand that such was the custom of the place. The hermit, meanwhile, was busied putting his inner apartment in order to receive his guests, and there they soon joined him. At the bottom of the outer cave, a small aperture, closed with a door of rough plank, led into the sleeping apartment of the hermit, which was more commodious. The floor had been brought to a rough level by the labour of the inhabitant, and then strewed with white sand, which he daily sprinkled with water from a small fountain 30 which bubbled out of the rock in one corner, affording, in that stifling climate, refreshment alike to the ear and the taste. Mattresses, wrought of twisted flags, lay by the side of the cell; the sides, like the floor,

had been roughly brought to shape, and several herbs and flowers were hung around them. Two waxen torches, which the hermit lighted, gave a cheerful air to the place, which was rendered agreeable by its fragrance and coolness.

There were implements of labour in one corner of the apartment, in the other was a niche for a rude statue of the Virgin. A table and two chairs showed that they must be the handiwork of the anchorite, being different in their form from Oriental accom- 10 modations. The former was covered, not only with reeds and pulse, but also with dried flesh, which Theodorick assiduously placed in such arrangement as should invite the appetite of his guests. The movements of the hermit were now become composed, and apparently it was only a sense of religious humiliation which prevented his features, emaciated as they were by his austere mode of life, from being majestic and noble. He trod his cell as ~~one~~ who seemed born to rule over men, but who had abdicated his empire to be- 20 come the servant of Heaven. Still, it must be allowed that his gigantic size, the length of his unshaven locks and beard, and the fire of a deep-set and wild eye, were rather attributes of a soldier than of a recluse.

Even the Saracen seemed to regard the anchorite with some veneration, while he was thus employed, and he whispered in a low tone to Sir Kenneth, "The Hamako is now in his better mind, but he will not speak until we have eaten—such is his vow."

It was in silence, accordingly, that Theodorick 30 motioned to the Scot to take his place on one of the low chairs, while Sheerkohf placed himself, after the custom of his nation, upon a cushion of mats. The

hermit then held up both hands, as if blessing the refreshment which he had placed before his guests, and they proceeded to eat in silence as profound as his own.

When their meal was ended, the hermit, who had not himself eaten a morsel, removed the fragments from the table, and, placing before the Saracen a pitcher of sherbet, assigned to the Scot a flask of wine. *“Drink,”* he said, “my children,”—they were the 10 first words he had spoken,—“the gifts of God are to be enjoyed, when the Giver is remembered.”

Having said this, he retired to the outer cell, probably for performance of his devotions, and left his guests together in the inner apartment; when Sir Kenneth endeavoured, by various questions, to draw from Sheerkohf what that Emir knew concerning his host.

He could not extract much information, but the general tenor was as follows:—That, as he had heard, the hermit had been once a brave and valiant soldier, 20 wise in council and fortunate in battle—that he had appeared at Jerusalem in the character not of a pilgrim, but in that of one who had devoted himself to dwell for the remainder of his life in the Holy Land. Shortly afterwards, he fixed his residence amid the scenes of desolation where they now found him. It was from the Turks he had the name of Hamako. He had been, Sheerkohf said, a wise man, and could often for many hours together speak lessons of virtue or wisdom, without the slightest appearance 30 of inaccuracy. At other times he was wild and violent, but never before had he seen him so mischievously disposed as he had that day appeared to be. His fame had spread so far that Saladin had issued

particular orders that he should be spared and protected. He himself, and other Moslem lords of rank, had visited the cell more than once, partly from curiosity, partly that they expected from a man so learned as the Christian Hamako some insight into the secrets of futurity. He had, continued the Saracen, an observatory, of great height, contrived to view the heavenly bodies; by whose movements and influences, as both Christian and Moslem believed, the course of human events was regulated, and might be 10 predicted. ✕

Sir Kenneth thought there was more intimacy of acquaintance betwixt the hermit and the Saracen than the words of the latter had induced him to anticipate; and it had not escaped him that the former had called the latter by a name different from that which he himself had assumed. He determined to observe his host closely, and not to be over hasty in communicating with him on the important charge entrusted to him.

"Beware, Saracen," he said. "Methinks our host's 20 imagination wanders as well on the subject of names as upon other matters. Thy name is Sheerkohf, and he called thee but now by another."

"My name, when in the tent of my father," replied the Kurdman, "was Ilderim, and by this I am still distinguished by many. In the field, and to soldiers, I am known as the Lion of the Mountain, being the name my good sword hath won for me. But hush, the Hamako comes."

The anchorite accordingly entered, and, folding his 30 arms on his bosom as he stood before them, said with a solemn voice: "Blessed be His name, who hath appointed the quiet night to follow the busy day, and

the calm sleep to refresh the wearied limbs, and to compose the troubled spirit!"

Both warriors replied "Amen!" and, arising from the table, prepared to betake themselves to the couches which their host indicated by waving his hand, as, making a reverence to each, he again withdrew from the apartment.

Kenneth the Scot was uncertain how long his senses had been lost in profound repose, when he was roused
10 to recollection by a sense of oppression on his chest. He was about to demand who was there when, opening his eyes, he beheld the figure of the anchorite standing by his bedside and pressing his right hand upon his breast, while he held a small silver lamp in the other.

"Be silent," said the hermit; "I have that to say to you which yonder infidel must not hear."

"Arise," he continued, "put on thy mantle; speak not, but tread lightly, and follow me."

Sir Kenneth arose, and took his sword.

20 "It needs not," answered the anchorite, in a whisper; "we are going where spiritual arms avail much, and fleshly weapons are but as the reed and the decayed gourd."

The knight deposited his sword by the bedside as before, and, armed only with his dagger, from which in this perilous country he never parted, prepared to attend his mysterious host.

The hermit then moved slowly forwards, and was followed by the knight. They passed, like shadows,
30 into the outer apartment, without disturbing the Paynim Emir, who lay still buried in repose. Before the cross and altar, in the outward room, a lamp was still burning, a missal was displayed, and on the floor

lay a discipline or penitential scourge of small cord and wire, the lashes of which were recently stained with blood—a token, no doubt, of the severe penance of the recluse. Here Theodorick kneeled down, and pointed to the knight to take his place beside him upon the sharp flints, which seemed placed for the purpose of rendering the posture of reverential devotion as uneasy as possible; he read many prayers of the Catholic Church, and chanted, in a low but earnest voice, three of the penitential psalms. 10

When they arose from the ground:

“Look into yonder recess, my son,” he said, pointing to the farther corner of the cell; “there thou wilt find a veil—bring it hither.”

The knight obeyed; and in a small aperture cut out of the wall, and secured with a door of wicker, he found the veil inquired for. When he brought it to the light, he discovered that it was torn and soiled in some places with some dark substance. The anchorite looked at it with a deep but smothered emotion, 20 and, ere he could speak to the Scottish knight, was compelled to vent his feelings in a convulsive groan.

“Thou art now about to look upon the richest treasure that the earth possesses,” he at length said. “Woe is me that my eyes are unworthy to be lifted towards it!”

He paused again for a moment, and, turning to the Scottish knight, said, in a firmer tone of voice: “You bring me a greeting from Richard of England?”

“I come from the Council of Christian Princes,” 30 said the knight; “but the King of England being indisposed, I am not honoured with his Majesty’s commands.”

"Your token?" demanded the recluse.

Sir Kenneth hesitated—former suspicions, and the marks of insanity which the hermit had formerly exhibited, rushed suddenly on his thoughts; but how suspect a man whose manners were so saintly? "My pass-word," he said at length, "is this—Kings begged of a beggar."

"It is right," said the hermit, while he paused: "I know you well, but the sentinel upon his post—and
10 mine is an important one—challenges friend as well as foe."

He then moved forward with the lamp, leading the way into the room which they had left. The Saracen lay on his couch, still fast asleep. The hermit paused by his side, and looked down on him.

"He sleeps," he said, "in darkness, and must not be awakened."

The attitude of the Emir did indeed convey the idea of profound repose.

20 "He sleeps soundly," said the hermit, in the same low tone as before, and repeating the words, though he had changed the meaning from that which is literal to a metaphorical sense; "he sleeps in darkness, but there shall be for him a day-spring."

So saying, and making the knight a sign to follow him, the hermit went towards the altar, and, passing behind it, pressed a spring, which, opening without noise, showed a small iron door wrought in the side of the cavern, so as to be almost imperceptible. The
30 hermit, ere he ventured fully to open the door, dropped some oil on the hinges, which the lamp supplied. A small staircase, hewn in the rock, was discovered, when the iron door was at length completely opened.

"Take the veil which I hold," said the hermit, in a melancholy tone, "and blind mine eyes; for I may not look on the treasure which thou art presently to behold without without sin and presumption."

Without reply, the knight hastily muffled the recluse's head in the veil, and the latter began to ascend the staircase as one too much accustomed to the way to require the use of light, while at the same time he held the lamp to the Scot, who followed him for many steps up the narrow ascent. 10

CHAPTER V.

AT length they rested in a small vault of irregular form, in one nook of which the staircase terminated, while in another corner a corresponding stair was seen to continue the ascent. In a third angle was a Gothic door, very rudely ornamented, and defended by a wicket, strongly guarded with iron, and studded with large nails. To this last point the hermit directed his steps, which seemed to falter as he approached it.

"Put off thy shoes," he said to his attendant; "the ground on which thou standest is holy."

The knight laid aside his shoes as he was commanded, and the hermit stood in the meanwhile as if communing with his soul in secret prayer, and, when he again moved, commanded the knight to knock at the wicket three times. He did so. The door opened spontaneously, at least Sir Kenneth beheld no one, and his senses were at once assailed by a stream of the purest light, and by a strong and almost oppressive

sense of the richest perfumes. He stepped two or three paces back, and it was the space of a minute ere he recovered the dazzling and overpowering effects of the sudden change from darkness to light.

When he entered the apartment in which this brilliant lustre was displayed, he perceived that the light proceeded from a combination of silver lamps, fed with purest oil, and sending forth the richest odours, hanging by silver chains from the roof of a
10 small Gothic chapel, hewn, like the most part of the hermit's singular mansion, out of the sound and solid
rock. The groined roofs rose from six columns on each side, carved with the rarest skill; and the manner in which the crossings of the concave arches were bound together, as it were, with appropriate ornaments, were all in the finest tone of the architecture and of the age. Corresponding to the line of pillars, there were on each side six richly wrought niches, each of which contained the image of one of the twelve apostles.

20 At the upper and eastern end of the chapel stood the altar, behind which a very rich curtain of Persian silk, embroidered deeply with gold, covered a recess, containing, unquestionably, some image or relic of no ordinary sanctity, in honour of whom this singular place of worship had been erected. Under the persuasion that this must be the case, the knight advanced to the shrine, and, kneeling down before it, repeated his devotions with fervency, during which his attention was disturbed by the curtain being suddenly raised, or rather pulled aside,
30 how or by whom he saw not; but in the niche which was thus disclosed he beheld a cabinet of silver and ebony, with a double-folding door, the whole formed into the miniature resemblance of a Gothic church.

As he gazed with anxious curiosity on the shrine, the two folding-doors also flew open, discovering a large piece of wood, on which were blazoned the words VERA CRUX, at the same time a choir of female voices sung GLORIA PATRI. The instant the strain had ceased the shrine was closed, and the curtain again drawn, and the knight who knelt at the altar might now continue his devotions undisturbed, in honour of the holy relic which had just been disclosed to his view. Concluding his orisons, he arose, and ventured 10 to look around him for the hermit, who had guided him to this sacred and mysterious spot. He beheld him, his head still muffled in the veil, which he had himself wrapped around it, couching, like a rated hound, *see (1)* upon the threshold of the chapel, but apparently without venturing to cross it.

He approached him as if to speak, but the recluse anticipated his purpose, murmuring in stifled tones, from beneath the fold in which his head was muffled, "Abide, abide—happy thou that mayest—the vision is 20 not yet ended." So saying, he reared himself from the ground, drew back from the threshold on which he had hitherto lain prostrate, and closed the door of the chapel, which, secured by a spring bolt within, the snap of which resounded through the place, appeared so much like a part of the living rock from which the cavern was hewn, that Kenneth could hardly discern where the aperture had been. He was now alone in the lighted chapel, which contained the relic to which he had lately rendered his homage, without other 30 arms than his dagger, or other companion than his pious thoughts and dauntless courage:

Uncertain what was next to happen, but resolved

to abide the course of events, Sir Kenneth paced the solitary chapel, till about the time of the earliest cock-crowing. At this dead season, when night and morning met together, he heard, but from what quarter he could not discover, the sound of such a small silver bell as is rung at the elevation of the host, in the ceremony of the mass. The hour and the place rendered the sound fearfully solemn, and, bold as he was, the knight withdrew himself into the farther nook of the chapel, at the end opposite to the altar, in order to observe, without interruption, the consequences of this unexpected signal.

He did not wait long ere the silken curtain was again withdrawn, and the relic again presented to his view. As he sank reverentially on his knee, he heard the sound of the lauds, or earliest office of the Catholic Church, sung by female voices, which united together in the performance as they had done in the former service. The knight was soon aware that the voices approached the chapel and became louder, when a door, like that by which he had himself entered, opened on the other side of the vault.

The knight fixed his eyes on the opening with breathless anxiety, and, continuing to kneel, expected the consequence of these preparations. A procession appeared about to issue from the door. First, four beautiful boys, whose arms, necks, and legs were bare, showing the bronze complexion of the East, and contrasting with the snow-white tunics which they wore, entered the chapel by two and two. The first pair bore censers, which they swung from side to side, adding double fragrance to the odours with which

the chapel already was impregnated. The second pair scattered flowers.

After these followed, in due and majestic order, the females who composed the choir; six, who, from their black scapularies and black veils over their white garments, appeared to be professed nuns of the order of Mount Carmel; and as many whose veils, being white, argued them to be novices, or occasional inhabitants in the cloister, who were not as yet bound to it by vows. The former held in their hands large rosaries, 10 while the younger and lighter figures who followed carried each a chaplet of red and white roses. They moved in procession around the chapel, without appearing to take the slightest notice of Kenneth, although passing so near him that their robes almost touched him.

But as a second time, in surrounding the chapel, they passed the spot on which he kneeled, one of the white-stoled maidens, as she glided by him, detached from the chaplet which she carried a rosebud, which 20 dropped from her fingers, perhaps unconsciously, on the foot of Sir Kenneth. The knight started as if a dart had suddenly struck his person.

While the procession, for the third time, surrounded the chapel, the thoughts and the eyes of Kenneth followed exclusively the one among the novices who had dropped the rosebud. Her step, her face, her form, were so completely assimilated to the rest of the choristers, that it was impossible to perceive the least marks of individuality, and yet Kenneth's heart 30 throbbed like a bird that would burst from its cage, as if to assure him, by its sympathetic suggestions, that the female who held the right file on the second

rank of the novices was dearer to him, not only than all the rest that were present, but than the whole sex besides. At length the form, which he had watched with such devoted attention, drew nigh, and just as she passed for the third time the kneeling Crusader, a part of a little and well-proportioned hand, so beautifully formed as to give the highest idea of the perfect proportions of the form to which it belonged, stole through the folds of the gauze, and again a rosebud
10 lay at the feet of the Knight of the Leopard.

This second intimation could not be accidental—it could not be fortuitous, the resemblance of that half-seen but beautiful female hand with one which his lips had once touched, and, while they touched it, ~~had~~ internally sworn allegiance to the lovely owner. Had further proof been wanting, there was the glimmer of that matchless ruby ring on that snow-white finger, whose invaluable worth Kenneth would yet have prized less than the slightest sign which that
20 finger could have made—and, veiled, too, as she was, he might see, by chance or by favour, a stray curl of the dark tresses, each hair of which was dearer to him a hundred times than a chain of massive gold. It was the lady of his love! The same passage by which the procession had entered the chapel received them on their return. The young sacristans, the sable nuns, vanished successively through the open door. At length she from whom he had received this double intimation passed also, yet, in passing, turned her
30 head, slightly indeed, but perceptibly, towards the place where he remained fixed as an image. He marked the last wave of her veil—it was gone—the last chorister had no sooner crossed the threshold of

the door than it shut with a loud sound, and at the same instant the voices of the choir were silent, the lights of the chapel were at once extinguished, and Sir Kenneth remained solitary, and in total darkness. But to Kenneth solitude and darkness, and the uncertainty of his mysterious situation, were as nothing—he thought not of them—cared not for them—cared for naught in the world save the fitting vision which had just glided past him, and the tokens of her favour which she had bestowed. To grope on the floor for 10 the buds which she had dropped—to press them to his lips—to his bosom—now alternately, now together—to rivet his lips to the cold stones on which, as near as he could judge, she had so lately stepped—to play all the extravagances which strong affection suggests and vindicates to those who yield themselves up to it, were but the tokens of passionate love, common to all ages.

Sir Kenneth had never even heard the sound of his lady's voice, though he had often beheld her beauty 20 with rapture. She moved in a circle which his rank of knighthood permitted him indeed to approach, but not to mingle with; and highly as he stood distinguished for warlike skill and enterprise, still the poor Scottish soldier was compelled to worship his divinity at a distance. But her eye had been on him in the tournament, her ear had heard his praises in the report of the battles which were daily fought; and when she looked, and when she listened, the lady saw and heard enough to encourage her in a partiality 30 which had at first crept on her unawares.

The moments when she listened to the praises of her lover became gradually more and more dear to the

high-born Edith. As her attention became constantly, though cautiously, fixed on Sir Kenneth, she grew more and more convinced of his personal devotion to herself, and more and more certain in her mind that in Kenneth of Scotland she beheld the fated knight doomed to share with her through weal and woe—and the prospect looked gloomy and dangerous—the passionate attachment to which the poets of the age ascribed such universal dominion, and which its
10 manners and morals placed nearly on the same rank with devotion itself.

Some slight marks of distinction had escaped from her, notwithstanding her own jealous vigilance, else how could Sir Kenneth have so readily, and so undoubtingly, recognised the lovely hand, of which scarce two fingers were visible from under the veil, or how could he have rested so thoroughly assured that two flowers, successively dropped on the spot, were intended as a recognition on the part of his lady-love?
20 Enough, that such affection did subsist between parties who had never even spoken to one another, though, on the side of Edith, it was checked by a deep sense of the difficulties and dangers which must necessarily attend the further progress of their attachment, and upon that of the knight by a thousand doubts and fears.

CHAPTER VI.

At the lapse of more than an hour a shrill whistle was heard to ring sharply through the vaulted chapel. Sir Kenneth started from his knee, and laid his hand

upon his poniard. A creaking sound succeeded, and a light streaming upwards, as from an opening in the floor, showed that a trap-door had been raised or depressed. In less than a minute a long skinny arm, partly naked, partly clothed in a sleeve of red samite, arose out of the aperture, holding a lamp as high as it could stretch upwards, and the figure to which the arm belonged ascended step by step to the level of the chapel floor. The form and face of the being who thus presented himself were those of a frightful dwarf. 10 This singular figure had in his left hand a kind of broom. So soon as he had stepped from the aperture through which he arose, he stood still, and moved the lamp which he held slowly over his face and person, successively illuminating his wild and fantastic features, and his misshapen but nervous limbs.

The dwarf again whistled, and summoned from beneath a companion. This second figure ascended in the same manner as the first; but it was a female arm, in this second instance, which upheld the lamp from 20 the subterranean vault out of which these presentments arose, and it was a female form much resembling the first in shape and proportions which slowly emerged from the floor.

Sir Kenneth remained as if spellbound, while this unlovely pair, moving round the chapel close to each other, appeared to perform the duty of sweeping it, like menials; but, as they used only one hand, the floor was not much benefited by the exercise. When they approached near to the knight, in the course of 30 their occupation, they ceased to use their brooms, and placing themselves side by side, directly opposite to Sir Kenneth, they again slowly shifted the lights which

they held. They then turned the gleam of both lights upon the knight, and, having accurately surveyed him, turned their faces to each other, and set up a loud yelling laugh, which resounded in his ears. The sound was so ghastly that Sir Kenneth started at hearing it, and hastily demanded, in the name of God, who they were who profaned that holy place with such antic gestures and elritch exclamations.

"I am the dwarf Nectabanus," said the male.

10 "And I am Guenevra, his lady and his love," replied the female.

"Wherefore are you here?" again demanded the knight.

"Hush," said a voice from the side upon which the knight had entered—"hush, fools, and begone! Your ministry is ended."

The dwarfs had no sooner heard the command than, ering in discordant whispers to each other, they blew out their lights at once, and left the knight in
20 utter darkness, which, when the pattering of their retiring feet had died away, was soon accompanied by its fittest companion, total silence.

A few minutes after they had retired, the door at which he had entered opened slowly, and, remaining ajar, discovered a faint light arising from a lantern placed upon the threshold. Its doubtful and wavering gleam showed a dark form reclined beside the entrance, which, on approaching it more nearly, he recognised to be the hermit, couching in the same humble
30 posture in which he had at first laid himself down.

"Take the light," said the hermit, "and guide me down the descent, for I may not uncover my eyes until I am far from this hallowed spot."

The Scottish knight obeyed in silence. He led the way through the various secret passages and stairs by which they had ascended, until at length they found themselves in the outward cell of the hermit's cavern.

He told his beads devoutly, and flung himself on his rude couch, after a glance at the still sleeping Moslem, and, wearied by the various scenes of the day and the night, soon slept as sound as infancy. Upon his awaking in the morning, he held certain conferences with the hermit upon matters of importance, and the 10 result of their intercourse induced him to remain for two days longer in the grotto.

CHAPTER VII.

THE scene must change from the mountain wilderness of Jordan to the camp of King Richard of England, then station'd betwixt Jean d'Acre and Ascalon. . 20

Even the iron frame of Cœur de Lion could not support, without injury, the alternations of the unwholesome climate, joined to ceaseless exertions of body and mind. He became afflicted with one of those slow and wasting fevers peculiar to Asia, and in despite of his great strength, and still greater courage, grew first unfit to mount on horseback, and then unable to attend the councils of war which were, from time to time, held by the Crusaders.

The English King chafed under the reports of 30 the inactivity which prevailed in the camp, like the imprisoned lion viewing his prey from the iron barriers of his cage. Naturally rash and impetuous,

the irritability of his temper preyed on itself. He was dreaded by his attendants, and even the medical assistants feared to assume the necessary authority which a physician, to do justice to his patient, must needs exercise over him. One faithful baron, who, perhaps from the congenial nature of his disposition, was devoutly attached to the King's person, dared alone to come between the dragon and his wrath, and quietly but firmly maintained a control which no other
10 dared assume over the dangerous invalid.

Sir Thomas was the Lord of Gilsland, in Cumberland, and was called by the Normans the Lord de Vaux, and in English, by the Saxons, he was termed Thomas, or, more familiarly, Thom of the Gills, or Narrow Valleys, from which his extensive domains derived their well-known appellation.

It was on the decline of a Syrian day that Richard lay on his couch of sickness, loathing it as much in mind as his illness made it irksome to his body.
20 His bright blue eye, which at all times shone with uncommon keenness and splendour, had its vivacity augmented by fever and mental impatience, and glanced from among his curled and unshorn locks of yellow hair as fitfully and as vividly as the last gleams of the sun shoot through the clouds of an approaching thunderstorm, which still, however, are gilded by its beams. His manly features showed the progress of wasting illness, and his beard, neglected and untrimmed, had overgrown both lips and chin.
30 Casting himself from side to side, now clutching towards him the coverings, which at the next moment he flung as impatiently from him, his tossed couch and impatient gestures showed at once the energy and the

reckless impatience of a disposition whose natural sphere was that of the most active exertion.

Beside his couch stood Thomas de Vaux, in face, attitude, and manner the strongest possible contrast to the suffering monarch.

The pavilion in which these personages were had, as became the time, as well as the personal character of Richard, more of a warlike than a sumptuous or royal character. On a small table close by the bed was placed a shield of wrought steel, of triangular 10 form, bearing the three lions passant, first assumed by the chivalrous monarch, and before it the golden circlet, resembling much a ducal coronet, only that it was higher in front than behind, which, with the purple velvet and embroidered tiara that lined it, formed then the emblem of England's sovereignty. Beside it, as if prompt for defending the regal symbol, lay a mighty curtal-axe, which would have wearied the arm of any other than Cœur de Lion.

"So thou hast no better news to bring me from, 20 without, Sir Thomas?" said the King, after a long and perturbed silence.

"The truce, my lord," said De Vaux—"the truce prevents us bearing ourselves as men of action; and, for the ladies, our choicest beauties are waiting upon the Queen's Majesty and the Princess, for a pilgrimage to the convent of Engaddi, to accomplish their vows for your Highness's deliverance from this trouble."

"And is it thus," said Richard, "that royal matrons 30 and maidens should risk themselves, where the dogs who defile the land have as little truth to man as they have faith towards God?"

"Nay, my lord," said De Vaux, "they have Saladin's word for their safety."

"True, true!" replied Richard, "and I did the heathen Soldan injustice—I owe him reparation for it.—Would God I were but fit to offer it him upon my body between the two hosts—Christendom and Heathenesse both looking on!"

As Richard spoke, he thrust his right arm out of bed naked to the shoulder, and, painfully raising
10 himself in his couch, shook his clenched hand, as if it grasped sword or battle-axe, and was then brandished over the jewelled turban of the Soldan. It was not without a gentle degree of violence, which the king would scarce have endured from another, that De Vaux, in his character of sick nurse, compelled his royal master to replace himself in the couch, and covered his sinewy arm, neck, and shoulders with the care which a mother bestows upon an impatient child.

20 "Thou art a rough nurse, though a willing one, De Vaux," said the King. "We should be a babe and nurse to frighten girls with!"

"We have frightened men in our time, my liege," said De Vaux; "and, I trust, may live to frighten them again. What is a fever-fit, that we should not endure it patiently, in order to get rid of it easily?"

"Fever-fit!" exclaimed Richard impetuously; "thou mayst think, and justly, that it is a fever-fit with me; but what is it with all the other Christian princes?—I
30 will tell thee—it is a cold palsy—a dead lethargy—that has made them false to the noblest vow ever knights were sworn to—has made them indifferent to their fame, and forgetful of their God!"

"For the love of Heaven, my liege," said De Vaux, "take it less violently! You will be heard without doors. Bethink you that your illness mars the main-spring of their enterprise."

"Thou flatterest me, De Vaux," said Richard. But Thomas de Vaux knew not how to pursue the pleasing theme, so as to soothe and prolong the vein which he had excited. He was silent, therefore, until the King demanded of him sharply, "Despardieux! This is smoothly said to soothe a sick man; but does 10 a league of monarchs droop with the sickness of one man? Why do not the powers assemble and choose some one, to whom they may intrust the guidance of the host?" *

"Forsooth, and if it please your Majesty," said De Vaux, "I hear consultations have been held among the royal leaders for some such purpose."

"Ha!" exclaimed Richard. "Do they hold me dead already? But no, no—they are right. And whom do they select as leader of the Christian host?" 20

"Rank and dignity," said De Vaux, "point to the King of France."

"Oh ay," answered the English monarch, "Philip of France and Navarre—his Most Christian Majesty!—mouth-filling words these! There is but one risk—that he might mistake the words *En arriere* for *En avant*, and lead us back to Paris, instead of marching to Jerusalem."

"They might choose the Archduke of Austria," said De Vaux. *

30

"What! because he is big and burly like thyself, Thomas—nearly as thick-headed, but without thy indifference to danger, and carelessness of offence? I

tell thee that Austria has in all that mass of flesh no bolder animation than is afforded by the peevishness of a wasp and the courage of a wren."

"There is the Grand Master of the Templars," continued the baron, "undaunted, skilful, brave in battle, and sage in council, having no separate kingdoms of his own to divert his exertions from the recovery of the Holy Land—what thinks your Majesty of the Master as a general leader of the Christian host?"

10 "Ha, Beau-Seant?" answered the King. "Oh, no exception can be taken to Brother Giles Amaury—he understands the ordering of a battle, and the fighting in front when it begins. But, Sir Thomas, were it fair to take the Holy Land from the heathen Saladin, so full of all the virtues which may distinguish unchristened man, and give it to Giles Amaury, a worse Pagan than himself—an idolater—a devil-worshipper—a necromancer—who practises crimes the most dark and unnatural, in the vaults and secret
20 places of abomination and darkness?"

"Well, then, I will venture but another guess," said the Baron de Vaux. "What say you to the gallant Marquis of Montserrat, so wise, so elegant, such a good man-at-arms?"

"Wise? Cunning, you would say," replied Richard. "Elegant in a lady's chamber, if you will. Oh, ay, Conrade of Montserrat,—who knows not the popinjay?"

"I see how it is," said De Vaux; "we shall end where we began, without hope of praying at the Sepulchre,
30 until Heaven shall restore King Richard to health."

At this grave remark, Richard burst out into a hearty fit of laughter, the first which he had for some time indulged in. "Why, what a thing is conscience,"

he said, "that through its means even such a thick-witted Northern lord as thou canst bring thy sovereign to confess his folly! Yes, De Vaux, I confess my weakness, and the wilfulness of my ambition. The Christian camp contains, doubtless, many a better knight than Richard of England, and it would be wise and worthy to assign to the best of them the leading of the host—but were such a knight to plant the banner of the Cross on the Temple of Jerusalem, while I was unable to bear my share in the noble task, he should, as soon as I was fit to lay lance in rest, undergo my challenge to mortal combat, for having diminished my fame, and pressed in before to the object of my enterprise.—But hark, what trumpets are those at a distance?"

"Those of King Philip, as I guess, my liege," said the stout Englishman.

"Thou art dull of ear, Thomas," said the King, endeavouring to start up—"hearest thou not that clash and clang? By Heaven, the Turks are in the camp—I hear their lilies. Go, I prithee, and bring me word what strangers are in the camp, for these sounds are not of Christendom."

CHAPTER VIII.

THOMAS DE VAUX had not made many steps beyond the entrance of the royal pavilion when he was aware of what the far more acute ear of the English monarch had instantly discovered, that the musical strains, namely, which had reached their ears were produced

by the pipes, shalms, and kettle-drums of the Saracens; and at the bottom of an avenue of tents he saw, with great surprise, mingled amid the helmets of various forms worn by the Crusaders of different nations, white turbans and long pikes, announcing the presence of armed Saracens.

The first person whom he met advancing to him he set down at once, by his grave and haughty step, as a Spaniard or a Scot; and presently after muttered to himself—"And a Scot it is—he of the Leopard.—I have seen him fight indifferently well, for one of his country."

He was about to pass Sir Kenneth, but his purpose was defeated by the Northern knight, who moved forward directly to him, and accosting him with formal courtesy, said, "My Lord de Vaux of Gilsland, I have in charge to speak with you."

"Ha!" returned the English baron, "with me? But say your pleasure, so it be shortly spoken—I am on the King's errand."

"Mine touches King Richard yet more nearly," answered Sir Kenneth. "I bring him, I trust, health."

The Lord of Gilsland measured the Scot with incredulous eyes, and replied, "Thou art no leech, I think, Sir Scot. I had as soon thought of your bringing the King of England wealth."

Sir Kenneth, though displeased with the manner of the baron's reply, answered calmly, "In plain language, then, I bring with me a Moorish physician, who undertakes to work a cure on King Richard."

"A Moorish physician!" said De Vaux. "And who will warrant that he brings not poisons instead of remedies?"

"His own life, my lord—his head, which he offers as a guarantee."

"I have known many a resolute ruffian," said De Vaux, "who valued his own life as little as it deserved, and would troop to the gallows as merrily as if the hangman were his partner in a dance."

"But thus it is, my lord," replied the Scot. "Saladin, to whom none will deny the credit of a generous and valiant enemy, hath sent this leech 10 hither with an honourable retinue and guard befitting the high estimation in which El Hakim is held by the Soldan, and with fruits and refreshments for the King's private chamber, and such message as may pass betwixt honourable enemies, praying him to be recovered of his fever, that he may be the fitter to receive a visit from the Soldan, with his naked scimitar in his hand, and an hundred thousand cavaliers at his back. Will it please you, who are of the King's secret council, to cause these camels to be discharged of their 20 burdens, and some order taken as to the reception of the learned physician?"

"Wonderful!" said De Vaux, as speaking to himself. "And who will vouch for the honour of Saladin, in a case when bad faith would rid him at once of his most powerful adversary?"

"I myself," replied Sir Kenneth, "will be his guarantee, with honour, life, and fortune."

"Strange!" again ejaculated De Vaux. "The North vouches for the South—the Scot for the Turk! 30 May I crave of you, Sir Knight, how you became concerned in this affair?"

"I have been absent on a pilgrimage, in the course

of which," replied Sir Kenneth, "I had a message to discharge towards the holy hermit of Engaddi."

"May I not be intrusted with it, Sir Kenneth, and with the answer of the holy man?"

"It may not be, my lord," answered the Scot.

"I am of the secret council of England," said the Englishman, haughtily.

"To which land I owe no allegiance," said Kenneth.

"I was despatched by the General Council of the
10 kings, princes, and supreme leaders of the army of the Blessed Cross, and to them only I render my errand."

"Ha! say'st thou?" said the proud Baron de Vaux.

"But know, messenger of the kings and princes as thou mayst be, no leech shall approach the sick-bed of Richard of England, without the consent of him of Gilsland."

He was turning loftily away when the Scot, placing himself closer, and more opposite to him, asked, in a
20 calm voice, yet not without expressing his share of pride, whether the Lord of Gilsland esteemed him a gentleman and a good knight.

"All Scots are ennobled by their birthright," answered Thomas de Vaux, something ironically; but, sensible of his own injustice, and perceiving that Kenneth's colour rose, he added, "For a good knight it were sin to doubt you, in one at least who has seen you well and bravely discharge your devoir."

"Well, then," said the Scottish knight, satisfied
30 with the frankness of the last admission, "and let me swear to you, Thomas of Gilsland, that as I am true Scottish man—so truly, and by the blessed Cross which I wear, do I protest unto you, that I desire but the

safety of Richard Cœur de Lion, in recommending the ministry of this Moslem physician."

The Englishman answered with more cordiality than he had yet exhibited; "Tell me, Sir Knight of the Leopard, granting (which I do not doubt) that thou art thyself satisfied in this matter, shall I do well, in a land where the art of poisoning is as general as that of cooking, to bring this unknown physician to practise with his drugs on a health so valuable to Christendom?"

"My lord," replied the Scot, "thus only can I 10 reply; that my squire, the only one of my retinue whom war and disease had left in attendance on me, has been of late suffering dangerously under this same fever which, in valiant King Richard, has disabled the principal limb of our holy enterprise. This leech, this El Hakim, hath ministered remedies to him not two hours since, and already he hath fallen into a refreshing sleep. That he *can* cure the disorder, which has proved so fatal, I nothing doubt; that he hath the purpose to do it is, I think, warranted by his mission 20 from the royal Soldan, who is true-hearted and loyal, so far as a blinded infidel may be called so; and, for his eventual success, the certainty of reward in case of succeeding, and punishment in case of voluntary failure, may be a sufficient guarantee."

The Englishman listened with downcast looks, as one who doubted, yet was not unwilling to receive conviction. At length he looked up and said, "May I see your sick squire, fair sir?"

The Scottish knight hesitated and coloured, yet 30 answered at last, "Willingly, my Lord of Gilsland; but you must remember, when you see my poor quarter, that the nobles and knights of Scotland feed

not so high, sleep not so soft, and care not for the magnificence of lodgment, which is proper to their Southern neighbours. "I am *poorly* lodged, my Lord of Gilsland," he added, with a haughty emphasis on the word, while, with some unwillingness, he led the way to his temporary place of abode, a miserable hut of boughs, covered with palm-leaves.

CHAPTER IX.

THE interior of the hut was chiefly occupied by two beds. One was empty, but composed of collected leaves, and spread with an antelope's hide. "It seemed, from the articles of armour laid beside it, and from a crucifix of silver at the head, to be the couch of the knight himself. The other contained the invalid, of whom Sir Kenneth had spoken, a strong-built and
20 harsh-featured man, past the middle age of life. His couch was trimmed more softly than his master's, and it was plain that the more courtly garments of the latter, the loose robe in which the knights showed themselves on pacific occasions, and the other little spare articles of dress and adornment, had been applied by Sir Kenneth to the accommodation of his sick domestic. Part of an antelope was suspended against one of the main props of the hut, nor was it difficult to know how it had been procured; for a large stag
30 greyhound, nobler in size and appearance than those even which guarded King Richard's sick-bed, lay eyeing the process of baking the cake. The sagacious animal, on their first entrance, uttered a stifled growl,

which sounded from his deep chest like distant thunder. But he saw his master, and acknowledged his presence by wagging his tail and couching his head, abstaining from more tumultuous or noisy greeting, as if his noble instinct had taught him the propriety of silence in a sick man's chamber.

Beside the couch sat on a cushion, also composed of skins, the Moorish physician of whom Sir Kenneth had spoken, cross-legged, after the Easter fashion. The imperfect light showed little of him, save that the 10 lower part of his face was covered with a long black beard, which descended over his breast—that he wore a high *tolpach*, a Tartar cap of the lamb's wool manufactured at Astracan, bearing the same dusky colour, and that his ample caftan, or Turkish robe, was also of a dark hue. Two piercing eyes, which gleamed with unusual lustre, were the only lineaments of his visage that could be discerned amid the darkness in which he was enveloped. Nothing was, for a time, heard but the heavy and regular breathings of the invalid, who 20 seemed in profound repose.

"He hath not slept for six nights before," said Sir Kenneth, "as I am assured by the youth, his attendant."

"Noble Scot," said Thomas de Vaux, grasping the Scottish knight's hand, with a pressure which had more of cordiality than he permitted his words to utter, "this gear must be amended—Your esquire is but too evil fed and looked to."

In the latter part of this speech, he naturally 30 raised his voice to its usual decided tone. The sick man was disturbed in his slumbers, and the physician, arising from the place which he had taken near the

couch of the sick, and laying the hand of the patient, whose pulse he had been carefully watching, quietly upon the couch, came to the two knights, and taking them each by the arm, while he intimated to them to remain silent, led them to the front of the hut.

"In the name of Issa ben Miriam," he said, "whom we honour as you, though not with the same blinded superstition, disturb not the effect of the blessed medicine of which he hath partaken. To awaken him now is death or deprivation of reason; but return at the hour when the muezzin calls from the minaret to evening prayer in the mosque, and, if left undisturbed until then, I promise you this same Frankish soldier shall be able, without prejudice to his health, to hold some brief converse with you on any matters on which either, and especially his master, may have to question him."

The knights retreated before the authoritative commands of the leech, and remained at the door of the hut. The hound had pressed after them, and now thrust his long rough countenance into the hand of his master, as if modestly soliciting some mark of his kindness. He had no sooner received the notice which he desired in the shape of a kind word and slight caress, than, eager to acknowledge his gratitude, and joy for his master's return, he flew off at full speed, galloping in full career, and with outstretched tail, here and there, about and around, crossways and endlong, through the huts, but never transgressing those precincts which his sagacity knew were protected by his master's pennon.

Both knights looked on with pleasure; for Sir Kenneth was justly proud of his noble hound, and the

Northern English baron was of course an admirer of the chase, and a judge of the animal's merits.

"This is a strange tale, Sir Thomas," said the sick monarch, when he had heard the report of the trusty Baron of Gilsland. "Art thou sure this Scottish man is a tall man and true?"

"I cannot say, my lord," replied the jealous Borderer. "I live a little too near the Scots to gather much truth among them, having found them ever fair and false. But this man's bearing is that of a true man, were he a devil as well as a Scot—that I must needs say for him in conscience."

"And for his carriage as a knight, how say'st thou, De Vaux?" demanded the King.

"It is your Majesty's business more than mine to note men's bearings; and I warrant you have noted the manner in which this man of the Leopard hath borne himself. He hath been full well spoken of."

"And justly, Thomas," said the King. "We have ourselves witnessed him. Yes, I have indeed marked the manner in which this knight does his devoir. My leading-staff were not worth a fool's bauble, had he escaped my notice—and he had now tasted of our bounty, but that I have also marked his overweening and audacious presumption. But to this piece of learned heathenesse—say'st thou the Scot met him in the desert?"

"No, my liege, the Scot's tale runs thus:—He was despatched to the old hermit of Engaddi, of whom men talk so much."——

30

"Sdeath and hell!" said Richard, starting up. "By whom despatched, and for what? Who dared send any one thither, when our Queen was in the

Convent of Engaddi, upon her pilgrimage for our recovery?"

"The Council of the Crusade sent him, my lord," answered the Baron de Vaux; "for what purpose, he declined to account to me. I think it is scarce known in the camp that your royal consort is on a pilgrimage."

"Well, it shall be looked into," said Richard. "So this Scottish man, this envoy, met with a wandering physician at the grotto of Engaddi—ha?"

10 "Not so, my liege," replied De Vaux; "but he met, I think, near that place, with a Saracen Emir with whom he had some *mêlée* in the way of proof of valour, and, finding him worthy to bear brave men company, they went together, as errant knights are wont, to the grotto of Engaddi."

Here De Vaux stopped, for he was not one of those who can tell a long story in a sentence.

"And did they there meet the physician?" demanded the King, impatiently.

20 "No, my liege," replied De Vaux; "but the Saracen, learning your Majesty's grievous illness, undertook that Saladin should send his own physician to you, and with many assurances of his eminent skill; and he came to the grotto accordingly, after the Scottish knight had tarried a day for him and more. He is attended as if he were a prince, with drums and atabals, and servants on horse and foot, and brings with him letters of credence from Saladin."

[*Sir Thomas then offers Richard a letter from Saladin, recommending the physician Adonbec.*]

30 "Yes, I will see his physician. I will put myself into the charge of this Hakim," said Richard, "I will repay the noble Soldan his generosity—I will meet

Saladin in the field, as he so worthily proposes, and he shall have no cause to term Richard of England ungrateful. I will strike him to the earth with my battle-axe—I will convert him to Holy Church with such blows as he has rarely endured—He shall recant his errors before my good cross-handled sword, and I will have him baptised in the battle-field, from my own helmet, though the cleansing waters were mixed with the blood of us both.—Haste, De Vaux, why dost thou delay a conclusion so pleasing? Fetch the 10 Hakim hither.”

“My lord,” said the baron, who perhaps saw some accession of fever in this overflow of confidence, “bethink you, the Soldan is a pagan, and that you are his most formidable enemy”——

“For which reason he is the more bound to do me service in this matter, lest a paltry fever end the quarrel betwixt two such kings. I tell thee, he loves me as I love him—as noble adversaries ever love each other—by my honour, it were sin to doubt his good faith!”

“Nevertheless, my lord, it were well to wait the issue of these medicines upon the Scottish squire,” said the Lord of Gilsland. “My own life depends upon it, for worthy were I to die like a dog, did I proceed rashly in this matter, and make shipwreck of the weal of Christendom.”

“I never knew thee before hesitate for fear of life,” said Richard, upbraidingly.

“Nor would I now, my liege,” replied the stout-hearted baron, “save that your lies at pledge as well as my own.”

“Well, thou suspicious mortal,” answered Richard,

"begone then, and watch the progress of this remedy. I could almost wish it might either cure or kill me, for I am weary of lying here like an ox dying of the murrain, when ^{drums} tambours are beating, horses stamping, and trumpets sounding without."

The baron hastily departed, resolved, however, to communicate his errand to some churchman, as he felt something burdened in conscience at the idea of his master being attended by an unbeliever.

10

CHAPTER X.

THE Archbishop of Tyre was the first to whom he confided his doubts, knowing his interest with his master, Richard, who both loved and honoured that sagacious prelate. The bishop heard the doubts which De Vaux stated, with that acuteness of intelligence
20 which distinguishes the Roman Catholic clergy. The religious scruples of De Vaux he treated with as much lightness as propriety permitted him to exhibit on such a subject to a layman.

"Mediciners," he said, "like the medicines which they employed, were often useful, though the one were by birth or manners the vilest of humanity, as the others are, in many cases, extracted from the basest materials. Men may use the assistance of pagans and infidels in their need, and there is reason
30 to think that one cause of their being permitted to remain on earth is that they might minister to the convenience of true Christians. But come, my Lord de Vaux," he continued, "would we to

the tent of this sick squire, where we shall learn whether this Hakim hath really the art of curing which he professeth ere we consider whether there be safety in permitting him to exercise his art upon King Richard."

As they paused before the wretched hut in which Kenneth of the Leopard and his follower abode, the bishop said to De Vaux: "Now, of a surety, my lord, these Scottish knights have worse care of their followers than we of our dogs. Here is a knight, ¹⁰ valiant they say in battle, and thought fitting to be graced with charges of weight in time of truce, whose esquire of the body is lodged worse than in the worst dog-kennel in England. What say you of your neighbours?"

"That a master doth well enough for his servant when he lodgeth him in no worse dwelling than his own," said De Vaux, and entered the hut.

The Bishop of Tyre followed. The master was absent; and the Moorish physician, whom he had come to see, sat in the very posture in which De Vaux had left him several hours before, cross-legged upon a mat made of twisted leaves, by the side of the patient, who appeared in deep slumber, and whose pulse he felt from time to time. The bishop remained standing before him in silence for two or three minutes, as if expecting some honourable salutation, or at least that the Saracen would seem struck with the dignity of his appearance. But Adonbec or Hakim took no notice of him beyond a passing glance, and when the prelate at length saluted him in the lingua franca current in the country, he only replied by the ordinary Oriental greeting: "*Salam alikum*—Peace be with you."

“Art thou a physician, infidel?” said the bishop, somewhat mortified at this cold reception. “I would speak with thee on that art.”

“If thou knewest aught of medicine,” answered El Hakim, “thou wouldst be aware that physicians hold no counsel or debate in the sick-chamber of their patient. Hear,” he added, as the low growling of the stag-hound was heard from the inner hut, “even the dog might teach thee reason, Ulemat. His instinct
10 teaches him to suppress his barking in the sick man’s hearing.—Come without the tent,” said he, rising and leading the way, “if thou hast aught to say with me.”

Notwithstanding the plainness of the Saracen leech’s dress, and his inferiority of size when contrasted with the tall prelate and gigantic English baron, there was something striking in his manner and countenance, which prevented the Bishop of Tyre from expressing strongly the displeasure he felt at this unceremonious rebuke. He resumed an air of
20 importance when he again authoritatively demanded what evidence Adonbec could produce of his medical proficiency.

“Ye have the word of the mighty Saladin,” said the sage, touching his cap in sign of reverence; “a word which was never broken towards friend or foe. What, Nazarene, wouldst thou demand more?”

“I would have ocular proof of thy skill,” said the baron, “and without it thou approachest not to the couch of King Richard.”

30 “The praise of the physician,” said the Arabian, “is in the recovery of his patient. Behold this sergeant, whose blood has been dried up by the fever which has whitened your camp with skeletons. Look

at his fingers and arms, wasted like the claws and shanks of the crane. Death had this morning his clutch on him; but had Azrael been on one side of the couch, I being on the other, his soul should not have been reft from his body. Disturb me not with further questions, but await the critical minute, and behold in silent wonder the marvellous event."

The physician had then recourse to his astrolabe, the oracle of Eastern science, and, watching with grave précision until the precise time of the evening prayer had arrived, he sank on his knees, with his face turned to Mecca, and recited the petitions which close the Moslemah's day of toil.

The Arab^{*} arose from the earth, on which he had prostrated himself, and, walking into the hut where the patient lay extended, he drew a sponge from a small silver box, dipped perhaps in some aromatic distillation; for when he put it to the sleeper's nose he sneezed, awoke, and looked wildly around.

"Do you know us, vassal?" said the Lord of 20 Gilsland.

"Not perfectly, my lord," replied the squire, faintly. "My sleep has been long and full of dreams. Yet I know that you are a great English lord, as seemeth by the red cross, and this a holy prelate, whose blessing I crave on me a poor sinner."

"Thou hast it—Benedictio Domini sit vobiscum," said the prelate, making the sign of the cross, but without approaching nearer to the patient's bed.

"Your eyes witness," said the Arabian, "the fever hath been subdued—he speaks with calmness and recollection—his pulse beats composedly as yours—try its pulsations yourself."

The prelate declined the experiment; but Thomas of Gilsland, more determined on making the trial, did so, and satisfied himself that the fever was indeed gone.

"This is most wonderful," said the knight, looking to the bishop; "the man is assuredly cured. I must conduct this mediciner presently to King Richard's tent. What thinks your reverence?"

"Stay, let me finish one cure ere I commence another," said the Arab. "I will pass with you when
10 I have given my patient the second cup of this most holy elixir."

So saying, he pulled out a silver cup, and, filling it with water from a gourd which stood by the bedside, he next drew forth a small silken bag made of network, twisted with silver, the contents of which the bystanders could not discover, and, immersing it in the cup, continued to watch it in silence during the space of five minutes. It seemed to the spectators as if some effervescence took place during the operation, but
20 if so, it instantly subsided.

"Drink," said the physician to the sick man, "sleep, and awaken free from malady."

"And with this simple-seeming draught thou wilt undertake to cure a monarch?" said the Bishop of Tyre.

"I have cured a beggar, as you may behold," replied the sage. "Are the kings of Frangistan made of other clay than the meanest of their subjects?"

"Let us have him presently to the King," said the
30 Baron of Gilsland. "He hath shown that he possesses the secret which may restore his health. If he fails to exercise it, I will put himself past the power of medicine."

~~Shen~~



RICHARD AND THE PHYSICIAN.—Drawn by J. Le Blant.

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CHAPTER XI.

SCARCE had Thomas de Vaux left the royal pavilion, when, betwixt the impatience of the fever and that which was natural to his disposition, Richard began to murmur at his delay, and express an earnest desire for his return. At length, some two hours before sundown, and long, therefore, ere he could expect a satisfactory account of the process of the cure which the Moor or Arabian had undertaken, he sent a messenger commanding the attendance of the Knight of the Leopard, determined to soothe his impatience by obtaining from Sir Kenneth a more particular account of the cause of his absence from the camp, and the circumstances of his meeting with this celebrated physician.

The Scottish knight, thus summoned, entered the royal presence, as one who was no stranger to such scenes. He was scarcely known to the King of England, even by sight, although, tenacious of his rank, as devout in the adoration of the lady of his secret heart, he had never been absent on those occasions when the munificence and hospitality of England opened the Court of its monarch to all who held a certain rank in chivalry. The King gazed fixedly on Sir Kenneth approaching his bedside, while the knight bent his knee for a moment, then arose, and stood before him, as became an officer in the presence of his sovereign, in a posture of deference, but not of subservience or humility.

"Thy name," said the King, "is Kenneth of the

eat a piece of dried venison from time to time, with our herbs and barley-cakes."

"It skills not asking my leave," said Richard, "since Thomas de Vaux, who doth, like all around me, that which is fittest in his own eyes, hath already given thee permission for hunting and hawking. But enough of this. I desire to know of you, Sir Knight, wherefore, and by whose authority, you took this recent journey to the wilderness of the Red Sea, and Engaddi?" 10

"By order," replied the knight, "of the Council of the Princes of the Holy Crusade."

"And how dared any one to give such an order, when I—not the least, surely, in the league—was unacquainted with it?" •

"It was not my part, please your Highness," said the Scot, "to inquire into such particulars. I am a soldier of the Cross—serving, doubtless, for the present, under your Highness's banner, and proud of the permission to do so—but still one who hath taken 20 on him the holy symbol for the rights of Christianity, and the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, and bound, therefore, to obey, without question, the orders of the princes and chiefs by whom the blessed enterprise is directed. That indisposition should seclude, I trust for but a short time, your Highness from their councils, in which you hold so potential a voice, I must lament, with all Christendom; but, as a soldier, I must obey those on whom the lawful right of command devolves or set but an evil example in the Christian camp." 30

"Thou say'st well," said King Richard; "and the blame rests not with thee, but with those with whom, when it shall please Heaven to raise me from this

accursed bed of pain and inactivity, I hope to reckon roundly. What was the purport of thy message?"

"Methinks, and please your Highness," replied Sir Kenneth, "that were best asked of those who sent me, and who can render the reasons of mine errand; whereas, I can only tell its outward form and purport." *Lala.* "Palter not with me, Sir Scot—it were ill for thy safety," said the irritable monarch.

"My safety, my lord," replied the knight firmly, "I cast behind me as a regardless thing when I vowed myself to this enterprise, looking rather to my immortal welfare than to that which concerns my earthly body."

"By the mass," said King Richard, "thou art a brave fellow! Hark, thee, Sir Knight, I love the Scottish people: they are hardy, though dogged and stubborn, and, I think, true men in the main, though the necessity of state has sometimes constrained them to be dissemblers. I deserve some love at their hand, and for the good offices I have done your land, I require you to remember that, as a principal member of the Christian league, I have a right to know the negotiations of my confederates. Do me, therefore, the justice to tell me what I have a title to be acquainted with, and which I am certain to know more truly from you than from others."

"My lord," said the Scot, "thus conjured, I will speak the truth; for I well believe that your purposes towards the principal object of our expedition are single-hearted and honest; and it is more than I dare warrant for others of the Holy League. Be pleased, therefore, to know, my charge was to propose, through the medium of the hermit of Engaddi—a holy man respected and protected by Saladin himself"—

"A continuation of the truce, I doubt not," said Richard, hastily interrupting him.

"No, by St. Andrew, my liege," said the Scottish knight; "but the establishment of a lasting peace and the withdrawing our armies from Palestine."

"St. George!" said Richard, in astonishment. "Ill as I have justly thought of them, I could not have dreamed they would have humbled themselves to such dishonour. Speak, Sir Kenneth, with what will did you carry such a message?" 10

"With right good-will, my lord," said Kenneth; "because, when we had lost our noble leader, under whose guidance alone I hoped for victory, I saw none who could succeed him likely to lead us to conquest, and I accounted it well in such circumstances to avoid defeat."

"And on what conditions was this hopeful peace to be contracted?" said King Richard, painfully suppressing the passion with which his heart was almost bursting. 20

"These were not intrusted to me, my lord," answered the Knight of the Couchant Leopard. "I delivered them sealed to the hermit."

"I must know more from you than you have yet told me," said Richard. "Saw you my royal consort when at Engaddi?"

"To my knowledge—no, my lord," replied Sir Kenneth, with considerable perturbation; for he remembered the midnight procession in the chapel of the rocks. 30

"I ask you," said the King, in a sterner voice, "whether you were not in the chapel of the Carmelite Nuns at Engaddi, and there saw Berengaria, Queen of

England, and the ladies of her Court, who went thither on pilgrimage?"

"My lord," said Sir Kenneth, "I will speak the truth as in the confessional. In a subterranean chapel, to which the anchorite conducted me, I beheld a choir of ladies do homage to a relic of the highest sanctity; but as I saw not their faces, nor heard their voices, unless in the hymns which they chanted, I cannot tell whether the Queen of England was of the bevy."

"And was there no one of these ladies known to you?"

Sir Kenneth stood silent.

"I ask you," said Richard, raising himself on his elbow, "as a knight and a gentleman, and I shall know by your answer how you value either character—did you, or did you not, know any lady amongst that band of worshippers?"

"My lord," said Kenneth, not without much hesitation, "I might guess."

"And I also may guess," said the King, frowning sternly; "but it is enough. Leopard as you are, Sir Knight, beware tempting the lion's paw. Hark ye—to become enamoured of the moon would be but an act of folly; but to leap from the battlements of a lofty tower, in the wild hope of coming within her sphere, were self-destructive madness."

At this moment some bustling was heard in the outer apartment, and the King, hastily changing to his more natural manner, said, "Enough—begone—speed to De Vaux, and send him hither with the Arabian physician. My life for the faith of the Soldan!—Would he but abjure his false law, I would aid him

with my sword to drive this scum of French and Austrians from his dominions, and think Palestine as well ruled by him as when her kings were anointed by the decree of heaven itself."

The Knight of the Leopard retired, and presently afterwards the chamberlain announced a deputation from the Council, who had come to wait on the Majesty of England.

"It is well they allow that I am living yet," was his reply. "Who are the reverend ambassadors?" 10

"The Grand Master of the Templars, and the Marquis of Montserrat."

CHAPTER XII.

THE celebrated Master of the Templars was a tall, thin, war-worn man, with a slow yet penetrating eye, and a brow on which a thousand dark intrigues had stamped a portion of their obscurity. At the head of that singular body, to whom their Order was everything and their individuality nothing—seeking the advancement of its power, even at the hazard of that very religion which the fraternity were originally associated to protect—the whole Order, and the whole personal character of its commander, or Grand Master, was a riddle, at the exposition of which most men shuddered. The Grand Master was dressed in his white robes of solemnity, and he bare a mystic staff of office. 30

Conrade of Montserrat had a much more pleasing exterior than the dark and mysterious priest-soldier

by whom he was accompanied. He was a handsome man, of middle age, or something past that term, bold in the field, sagacious in council, gay and gallant in times of festivity; but, on the other hand, he was generally accused of versatility, of a narrow and selfish ambition, and of a desire to extend his own principality, without regard to the weal of the Latin kingdom of Palestine.

When the usual salutations had been made by these 10 dignitaries, and courteously returned by King Richard, the Marquis of Montserrat commenced an explanation of the motives of their visit; sent, as he said they were, by the anxious kings and princes who composed the Council of the Crusaders, "to inquire into the health of their magnanimous ally, the valiant King of England."

"We know the importance in which the princes of the Council hold our health," replied the English King, "and are well aware how much they must have suffered by suppressing all curiosity concerning it for fourteen 20 days, for fear, doubtless, of aggravating our disorder, by showing their anxiety regarding the event."

The flow of the Marquis's eloquence being checked, his more austere companion took up the thread of the conversation, and informed the King that they came from the Council, to pray, in the name of Christendom, "that he would not suffer his health to be tampered with, by an infidel physician, said to be despatched by Saladin, until the Council had taken measures to remove or confirm the suspicion which they at present 30 conceived did attach itself to the mission of such a person."

"Grand Master of the holy and valiant Order of Knights Templars, and you, most noble Marquis of

Montserrat," replied Richard, "if it please you to retire into the adjoining pavilion, you shall presently see what account we make of the tender remonstrances of our royal and princely colleagues in this religious warfare."

The Marquis and Grand Master retired accordingly, nor had they been many minutes in the outward pavilion when the Eastern physician arrived, accompanied by the Baron of Gilsland and Kenneth of Scotland.

10

"I salute you, my Lord of Montserrat, and you, valiant Grand Master," said the Baron de Vaux. "But I must presently pass with this learned physician to the bedside of my master. My lords, if you will hold your patience, you are welcome to enter with us. Move onward, El Hakim."

The last word was spoken in the lingua franca, and instantly obeyed by the physician. The Grand Master looked grimly on the unceremonious old soldier, but, on exchanging a glance with the Marquis, smoothed 20 his frowning brow as well as he could, and both followed De Vaux and the Arabian into the inner tent, where Richard lay expecting them. Sir Kenneth felt himself, by the circumstances in which he stood, entitled to follow these high dignitaries, but, conscious of his inferior power and rank, remained aloof during the scene which took place.

Richard, when they entered his apartment, immediately exclaimed, "So ho! a goodly fellowship come to see Richard take his leap in the dark.—My noble 30 allies, I greet you as the representatives of our assembled league; Richard will again be amongst you in his former fashion, or ye shall bear to the grave

what is left of him.—De Vaux, lives he or dies he, thou hast the thanks of thy prince.—There is yet another—but this fever hath wasted my eyesight! What, the bold Scot, who would climb heaven without a ladder? He is welcome too.—Come, Sir Hakim, to the work, to the work!”

The physician, who had already informed himself of the various symptoms of the King's illness, now felt his pulse for a long time, and with deep attention, while all around stood silent, and in breathless expectation. The sage next filled a cup with spring water, and dipped into it the small red purse, which, as formerly, he took from his bosom. When he seemed to think it sufficiently medicated, he was about to offer it to the sovereign, who prevented him, by saying, “Hold an instant! Thou hast felt my pulse—let me lay my finger on thine. I too, as becomes a good knight, know something of thine art.”

The Arabian yielded his hand without hesitation, and his long slender dark fingers were, for an instant, enclosed, and almost buried, in the large enfoldment of King Richard's hand.

“His blood beats calm as an infant's,” said the King: “so throb not theirs who poison princes. De Vaux, whether we live or die, dismiss this Hakim with honour and safety.—Commend us, friend, to the noble Saladin. Should I die, it is without doubt of his faith—should I live, it will be to thank him as a warrior would desire to be thanked.”

He then raised himself in bed, took the cup in his hand, and, turning to the Marquis and the Grand Master, “Mark what I say, and let my royal brethren pledge me in Cyprus wine—‘To the immortal honour

of the first Crusader who shall strike lance or sword on the gate of Jerusalem; and to the shame and eternal infamy of whomsoever shall turn back from the plough on which he hath laid his hand!'"

He drained the cup to the bottom, resigned it to the Arabian, and sank back, as if exhausted, upon the cushions which were arranged to receive him. The physician, then, with silent but expressive signs, directed that all should leave the tent excepting himself and De Vaux, whom no remonstrance could induce to withdraw. The apartment was cleared accordingly.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Marquis of Montserrat and the Grand Master of the Knights Templars stood together in the front of the royal pavilion, within which this singular scene had passed, and beheld a strong guard of bills and bows drawn out to form a circle around it, and keep at distance all which might disturb the sleeping monarch. Conrade, after a moment's pause, proposed that they should enjoy the coolness of the evening-breeze which had arisen, and, dismissing their steeds and attendants, walk homewards to their own quarters, through the lines of the extended Christian camp. The Grand Master assented, and they proceeded to walk together accordingly.

They spoke for a time upon the military points and preparations for defence; but this sort of discourse at length died away, and there was a long pause, which terminated by the Marquis of Montserrat

stopping short, like a man who has formed a sudden resolution, and gazing for some moments on the dark inflexible countenance of the Grand Master, he at length addressed him thus: "Might it consist with your valour and sanctity, reverend Sir Giles Amaury, I would pray you for once to lay aside the dark visor which you wear, and to converse with a friend bare-faced."

The Templar half smiled.

10 "There are light-coloured masks," he said, "as well as dark visors, and the one conceals the natural features as completely as the other."

"Be it so," said the Marquis, putting his hand to his chin, and withdrawing it with the action of one who unmasks himself; "there lies my disguise. And now, what think you, as touching the interests of your own Order, of the prospects of this Crusade?"

"This is tearing the veil from *my* thoughts rather than exposing your own," said the Grand Master.

20 "From the extremity of danger with which this powerful Crusade threatens the Soldan, we cannot suppose," said the Marquis Conrade, "should it pass over, that the Saracen will suffer any one of us to hold possessions or principalities in Syria, far less permit the existence of the Christian military fraternities, from whom they have experienced so much mischief."

"Ay, but," said the Templar, "these adventurous Crusaders may succeed, and again plant the Cross on the bulwarks of Zion."

30 "And what will that advantage either the Order of the Templars or Conrade of Montserrat?" said the Marquis.

"You it may advantage," replied the Grand Master

“Conrade of Montserrat might become Conrade King of Jerusalem.”

“I would rather hold the baton of my poor marquisate with a firm gripe, and wield it after my pleasure, than the sceptre of a monarch, to be in effect restrained and curbed by the will of as many proud feudal barons as hold land under the Assize of Jerusalem. Guy de Lusignan’s claims to the throne would be preferred to mine, if Richard recovers, and has aught to say in the choice.”

10

“Enough,” said the Grand Master; “thou hast indeed convinced me of thy sincerity. Others may hold the same opinions, but few, save Conrade of Montserrat, dared frankly avow that he desires not the restitution of the kingdom of Jerusalem, but rather prefers being master of a portion of its fragments.”

“Thou wilt not betray my counsel?” said Conrade, looking sharply and suspiciously. “Know, for certain, that my tongue shall never wrong my head, nor my hand forsake the defence of either. Impeach me if thou wilt—I am prepared to defend myself in the lists against the best Templar who ever laid lance in rest.”

“Yet thou start’st somewhat suddenly for so bold a steed,” said the Grand Master. “However, I swear to thee by the Holy Temple, which our Order is sworn to defend, that I will keep counsel with thee as a true comrade.”

“By which temple?” said the Marquis of Montserrat, whose love of sarcasm often outran his policy and discretion.

30

The Templar scowled upon him with an eye of death, but answered calmly, “By whatever temple I swear, be assured, lord Marquis, my oath is sacred.”

I would I knew how to bind *thee* by one of equal obligation."

"I will swear truth to thee," said the Marquis, laughing, "by the earl's coronet, which I hope to convert, ere these wars are over, into something better. In a word, our interests bind us together; for think not, lord Grand Master, that, were these allied princes to regain Jerusalem, and place a king of their own choosing there, they would suffer your Order, any
10 more than my poor marquise, to retain the independence which we now hold."

"The rank, privileges, and opulence of our Order prevent so much degradation as you threaten," said the Templar, haughtily.

"These are your bane," said Conrade of Montserrat; "and you, as well as I, reverend Grand Master, know that, were the allied princes to be successful in Palestine, it would be their first point of policy to
abate the independence of your Order."

20 "There may be truth in what you say," said the Templar, darkly smiling; "but what were our hopes should the allies withdraw their forces and leave Palestine in the grasp of Saladin?"

"Great and assured," replied Conrade. "The Soldan would give large provinces to maintain at his behest a body of well-appointed Frankish lances. This dependence would be but for a time—perhaps during the life of this enterprising Soldan—but, suppose him dead, and us strengthened with a con-
stant succession of fiery and adventurous spirits from
30 Europe, what might we not hope to achieve, uncontrolled by these monarchs, whose dignity throws us at present into the shade?"

"You say well, my lord Marquis," said the Grand Master. "Yet must we be cautious: Philip of France is wise as well as valiant."

"True, and will be therefore the more easily diverted from an expedition to which, in a moment of enthusiasm, or urged by his nobles, he rashly bound himself. He is jealous of King Richard, his natural enemy, and longs to return to prosecute plans of ambition nearer to Paris than Palestine."

"And the Duke of Austria?" said the Templar. 10

"Oh, touching the Duke," returned Conrade, "his self-conceit and folly lead him to the same conclusions as do Philip's policy and wisdom. He conceives himself ungratefully treated, because men's mouths are filled with the praises of King Richard, whom he fears and hates, and in whose harm he would rejoice. But wherefore tell I this to thee, save to show that I am in sincerity in desiring that this league be broken up, and the country freed of these great monarchs with their hosts? And thou well knowest, and hast 20 thyself seen, how all the princes of influence and power, one alone excepted, are eager to enter into treaty with the Soldan."

"I acknowledge it," said the Templar; "he were blind that had not seen this in their last deliberations. But tell me thy real reason for pressing upon the Council that Northern Englishman, or Scot, or whatever you call yonder Knight of the Leopard, to carry their proposals for a treaty?"

"His character of native of Britain," replied the 30 Italian, "was sufficient to meet what Saladin required, who knew him to belong to the band of Richard, while his character of Scot, and certain other personal

grudges, which I wot of, rendered it most unlikely that our envoy should, on his return, hold any communication with the sick-bed of Richard, to whom his presence was ever unacceptable."

"Oh, too fine-spun policy," said the Grand Master. "See you not that the envoy whom you have selected so carefully hath brought us, in this physician, the means of restoring the lion-hearted, bull-necked Englishman to prosecute his Crusading enterprise? And so soon as he is able once more to rush on, which of the princes dare hold back?"

"Be content," said Conrade of Montserrat. "Ere this physician, if he work by anything short of miraculous agency, can accomplish Richard's cure, it may be possible to put some open rupture betwixt the Frenchman, at least the Austrian, and his allies of England, so that the breach shall be irreconcilable; and Richard may arise from his bed, perhaps to command his own native troops, but never again, by his sole energy, to wield the force of the whole Crusade."

The Templar cast a suspicious glance to see that no one overheard him, and taking Conrade by the hand, pressed it eagerly as he looked the Italian in the face, and repeated slowly. "Richard arise from his bed, say'st thou? Conrade, he must never arise!"

The Marquis of Montserrat started. "What! Spoke you of Richard of England—of Cœur de Lion—the champion of Christendom?"

His cheek turned pale, and his knees trembled as he spoke. The Templar looked at him, with his iron visage contorted into a smile of contempt.

"I grant you," said Conrade, recovering himself, "that—unless some other sure road could be dis-

covered—thou hast hinted at that which leads most direct to our purpose. „But, blessed Mary! we shall become the curse of all Europe.”

“If thou takest it thus,” said the Grand Master, “let us hold there has nothing passed between us—that we have spoken in our sleep—have awakened, and the vision is gone.”

“It never can depart,” answered Conrade.

“Visions of ducal crowns and kingly diadems are, indeed, somewhat tenacious of their place in the imagination,” replied the Grand Master.

“Well,” answered Conrade, “let me but first try to break peace between Austria and England.”

They parted. Conrade remained standing still upon the spot, and watching the flowing white cloak of the Templar, as he stalked slowly away, and gradually disappeared amid the fast-sinking darkness of the Oriental night.

“I have,” he said, as his eyes still watched the point at which he had seen the last slight wave of the Templar’s mantle,—“I have, in truth, raised the devil with a vengeance! To check this wild Crusade was my motive, indeed, but I durst not think on the ready mode which this determined priest has dared to suggest. Yet it is the surest—perhaps even the safest.”

Such were the Marquis’s meditations, when his muttered soliloquy was broken by a voice from a little distance, which proclaimed with the emphatic tone of a herald, “Remember the Holy Sepulchre!” 30

The exhortation was echoed from post to post, for it was the duty of the sentinels to raise this cry from time to time upon their periodical watch, that the host

of the Crusaders might always have in their remembrance the purpose of their being in arms. Conrade looked around anxiously, and as he looked the broad folds of the ensign of England, heavily distending itself to the failing night-breeze, caught his eye. It was displayed upon an artificial mound, nearly in the midst of the camp, which the Crusaders had christened St. George's Mount, because from that commanding height the banner of England was displayed.

10 A quick intellect like that of Conrade catches ideas from the glance of a moment. A single look on the standard seemed to dispel the uncertainty of mind which had affected him. He walked to his pavilion with the hasty and determined step of one who has adopted a plan which he is resolved to achieve, dismissed the almost princely train who waited to attend him, and as he committed himself to his couch, muttered his amended resolution, that the milder means are to be tried before the more desperate are
20 resorted to.

"To-morrow," he said, "I sit at the board of the Archduke of Austria. We will see what can be done to advance our purpose before prosecuting the dark suggestions of this Templar."

CHAPTER XIV.

30 LEOPOLD Grand Duke of Austria was the first possessor of that noble country to whom the princely rank belonged. He was rather a weak and ^avain than an ambitious or tyrannical prince. His mental

powers resembled the qualities of his person.* He was tall, strong, and handsome, with a complexion in which red and white was strongly contrasted, and had long flowing locks of fair hair. But there was an awkwardness in his gait, which seemed as if his size was not animated by energy sufficient to put in motion such a mass; and in the same manner, wearing the richest dresses, it always seemed as if they became him not. As a prince, he appeared too little familiar with his own dignity, and, being often at a loss how to assert 10 his authority when the occasion demanded it, he frequently thought himself obliged to recover, by acts and expressions of ill-timed violence, the ground which might have been easily and gracefully maintained by a little more presence of mind in the beginning of the controversy.

When he first joined the Crusade, with a most princely attendance, Leopold had desired much to enjoy the friendship and intimacy of Richard, and had made such advances towards cultivating his regard as 20 the King of England ought, in policy, to have received and answered. But the Archduke, though not deficient in bravery, was so infinitely inferior to Cœur de Lion in that ardour of mind which wooed danger as a bride, that the King very soon held him in a certain degree of contempt. Richard, also, as a Norman prince, a people with whom temperance was habitual, despised the inclination of the German for the pleasures of the table, and particularly his liberal indulgence in the use of wine. For these and other personal reasons 30 the King of England very soon looked upon the Austrian prince with feelings of contempt, which he was at no pains to conceal or modify, and which,

therefore, were speedily remarked, and returned with deep hatred, by the suspicious Leopold. Such was the state of politics and opinions entertained by the Archduke of Austria when Conrade of Montserrat resolved upon employing his jealousy of England as the means of dissolving, or loosening at least, the league of the Crusaders.

The time which he chose for his visit was noon, and the pretence, to present the Archduke with some
10 choice Cyprus wine which had lately fallen into his hands, and discuss its comparative merits with those of Hungary and of the Rhine. An intimation of his purpose was of course answered by a courteous invitation
* to partake of the archducal meal, and every effort was used to render it fitting the splendour of a sovereign prince.

Sitting at the table of the Archduke, Conrade was at once stunned and amused with the clang of Teutonic sounds assailing his ears on all sides,
20 notwithstanding the solemnity of a princely banquet. Their dress seemed equally fantastic to him, many of the Austrian nobles retaining their long beards, and almost all of them wearing short jerkins of various colours, cut and flourished and fringed in a manner not common in Western Europe.

All this while, and in the midst of a clamour and confusion which would better have become a German tavern during a fair than the tent of a sovereign prince, the Archduke was waited upon with a minute-
30 ness of form and observance which showed how anxious he was to maintain rigidly the state and character to which his elevation had entitled him. He was served on the knee, and only by pages of noble blood, fed

upon plate of silver, and drank his wines from a cup of gold. His ducal mantle was splendidly adorned with ermine, his coronet might have equalled in value a royal crown, and his feet, cased in velvet shoes (the length of which, peaks included, might be two feet), rested upon a footstool of solid silver. But it served partly to intimate the character of the man, that, although desirous to show attention to the Marquis of Montserrat, whom he had courteously placed at his right hand, he gave much more of his attention to 10 his *Spruchsprecher*—that is, his man of conversation, or *sayer of sayings*, who stood behind the Duke's right shoulder.

This personage was well attired in a cloak and doublet of black velvet, the last of which was decorated with various silver and gold coins stitched upon it, in memory of the munificent princes who had conferred them, and bearing a short staff, to which also bunches of silver coins were attached by rings, which he jingled by way of attracting attention when he was 20 about to say anything which he judged worthy of it.

Lest too much of this officer's wisdom should become tiresome, the Duke's other shoulder was occupied by his *Hoff-narr*, or court jester, called Jonas Schwanker, who made almost as much noise with his fool's cap, bells, and bauble as did the orator, or man of talk, with his jingling baton.

These two personages threw out grave and comic nonsense alternately, while their master, laughing or applauding them himself, yet carefully watched the 30 countenance of his noble guest to discern what impressions so accomplished a cavalier received from this display of Austrian eloquence and wit.

Whatever his real sentiments might be, Conrade took especial care that his countenance should express nothing but satisfaction with what he heard, and smiled or applauded as zealously, to all appearance, as the Archduke himself, at the solemn folly of the *Spruch-sprecher* and the gibbering wit of the fool.

It was not long ere the King of England was brought on the carpet by the jester, who had been accustomed to consider Dickon of the Broom (which irreverent epithet he substituted for Richard Plantagenet) as a subject of mirth, acceptable and inexhaustible. The orator, indeed, was silent, and it was only when applied to by Conrade that he observed: "The *genista*, or broom-plant, was an emblem of humility; and it would be well when those who wore it would remember the warning."

"Honour unto whom honour is due," answered the Marquis of Montserrat. "We have all had some part in these marches and battles, and methinks other 20 princes might share a little in the renown which Richard of England engrosses amongst minstrels and *Minnesingers*. Has no one of the ^{great} ~~joyeuse~~ ^{science} ~~science~~ here present a song in praise of the royal Archduke of Austria, our princely entertainer?"

Three minstrels emulously stepped forward with voice and harp. Two were silenced with difficulty by the *Spruch-sprecher*, who seemed to act as master of the revels, and a hearing was a length procured for the poet preferred, who sang, in High German, stanzas 30 which may be thus translated:

Ask not Austria why, 'midst princes,
Still her banner rises highest;
Ask as well the strong-wing'd eagle
Why to heaven he soars the highest.

"The eagle," said the expounder of dark sayings, "is the cognisance of our noble lord the Archduke—of his royal Grace, I would say—and the eagle flies the highest and nearest to the sun of all the feathered creation."

"The lion hath taken a spring above the eagle," said Conrade, carelessly; "I speak of the three lions passant of England; formerly, it is said, they were leopards, but now they are become lions at all points, and must take precedence of beast, fish, or fowl, or 10 woe worth the gainstander."

"Mean you seriously, my lord?" said the Austrian, now considerably flushed with wine. "Think you that Richard of England asserts any pre-eminence over the free sovereigns who have been his voluntary allies in this Crusade?"

"I know not but from circumstances," answered Conrade. "Yonder hangs his banner alone in the midst of our camp, as if he were king and generalissimo of our whole Christian army." 20

"And do you endure this so patiently, and speak of it so coldly?" said the Archduke.

"Nay, my lord," answered Conrade, "it cannot concern the poor Marquis of Montserrat to contend against an injury patiently submitted to by such potent princes as Philip of France and Leopold of Austria. What dishonour you are pleased to submit to cannot be a disgrace to me. I doubt not you have deep reasons for submitting to English domination."

"I submit!" said Leopold, indignantly—"I, the 30 Archduke of Austria, so important and vital a limb of the Holy Roman Empire—I submit myself to this king of half an island! No, by Heaven! The camp,

and all Christendom, shall see that I know how to right myself, and whether I yield ground one inch to the English bandog.—Up, my lieges and merry men, ^{huz} up and follow me! We will—and that without losing one instant—place the eagle of Austria where she shall float as high as ever floated the cognisance of king or kaisar.”

With that he started from his seat, and, amidst the tumultuous cheering of his guests and followers, made
10 for the door of the pavilion, and seized his own banner, which stood pitched before it.

“Nay, my lord,” said Conrade, affecting to interfere, “it will blemish your wisdom to make an affray in the camp at this hour, and perhaps it is better to submit to the usurpation of England a little longer than to”——

“Not an hour—not a moment longer,” vociferated the Duke; and, with the banner in his hand, and followed by his shouting guests and attendants,
20 marched hastily to the central mount, from which the banner of England floated, and laid his hand on the standard-spear, as if to pluck it from the ground.

“My master, my dear master!” said Jonas Schwanker, throwing his arms about the Duke; “take heed—lions have teeth. The eagle is king among the
fowls of the air, as is the lion among the beasts of the field; each has his dominion, separated as wide as England and Germany; do thou, noble eagle, no dishonour to the princely lion, but let your banners re-
30 main floating in peace side by side.”

Leopold withdrew his hand from the banner-spear, and looked round for Conrade of Montserrat; but he saw him not, for the Marquis, so soon as he saw

the mischief afoot, had withdrawn himself from the crowd, taking care, in the first place, to express before several neutral persons his regret that the Archduke should have chosen the hours after dinner to avenge any wrong of which he might think he had a right to complain.

CHAPTER XV.

10

THE critical hour had arrived at which the physician, according to the rules of his art, had predicted that his royal patient might be awakened with safety, and the sponge had been applied for that purpose; and the leech had not made many observations ere he assured the Baron of Gilsland that the fever had entirely left his sovereign. Richard himself seemed to be of the same opinion, for, sitting up and rubbing his eyes, he demanded of De Vaux what present sum of money was in the royal coffers.

20

The baron could not exactly inform him of the amount.

"It matters not," said Richard; "be it greater or smaller, bestow it all on this learned leech, who hath, I trust, given me back again to the service of the Crusade. If it be less than a thousand bezants, let him have jewels to make it up."

"I sell not the wisdom with which Allah has endowed me," answered the Arabian physician; "and be it known to you, great Prince, that the divine 30 medicine of which you have partaken would lose its effects in my unworthy hands, did I exchange its virtues either for gold or diamonds."

"Thomas de Vaux," said Richard, "I tell thee that this Moor, in his independence, might set an example to them who account themselves the flower of knight-hood."

"It is reward enough for me," said the Moor, "that, so great a king as the Melech Ric should thus speak of his servant.—But now, let me pray you again to compose yourself on your couch; for though I think, there needs no further repetition of the divine draught,
10 yet injury might ensue from any too early exertion, ere your strength be entirely restored."

"I must obey thee, Hakim," said the King; "yet, believe me, my bosom feels so free from the wasting fire, which for so many days hath scorched it, that I care not how soon I expose it to a brave man's lance.—But hark! what mean these shouts, and that distant music, in the camp? Go, Thomas de Vaux, and make inquiry."

"It is the Archduke Leopold," said De Vaux,
20 returning after a minute's absence, "who makes with his pot-companions some procession through the camp."

"The drunken fool!" exclaimed King Richard. "Can he not keep his brutal inebriety within the veil of his pavilion, that he must needs show his shame to all Christendom? What say you, Sir Marquis?" he added, addressing himself to Conrade of Montserrat, who at that moment entered the tent.

"What the Archduke does," said Conrade, "is of
30 little consequence to any one, least of all to himself, since he probably knows not what he is acting—yet, to say truth, it is a gambol I should not like to share in, since he is pulling down the banner of England from

St. George's Mount in the centre of the camp yonder, and displaying his own in its stead."

"WHAT say'st thou?" exclaimed the King, in a tone which might have waked the dead.

"Nay," said the Marquis, "let it not chafe your Highness, that a fool should act according to his folly"——

"Speak not to me," said Richard, springing from his couch, and casting on his clothes with a despatch which seemed marvellous—"speak not to me, Lord 10 Marquis! De Multon, I command thee, speak not a word to me—he that breathes but a syllable is no friend to Richard Plantagenet. Hakin, be silent, I charge thee!"

All this while the King was hastily clothing himself, and, with the last word, snatched his sword from the pillar of the tent, and without any other weapon, or calling any attendance, he rushed out of his pavilion. Conrade, holding up his hands, as if in astonishment, seemed willing to enter into conversation with De 20 Vaux, but Sir Thomas pushed rudely past him, and, calling to one of the royal équerries, said hastily, "Fly to Lord Salisbury's quarters, and let him get his men together, and follow me instantly to St. George's Mount. Tell him the King's fever has left his blood, and settled in his brain."

The alarm went through the nearest quarter of the camp, and men of all the various nations assembled, where perhaps every people in Christendom had their representatives, flew to arms, and drew together under 30 circumstances of general confusion, of which they knew neither the cause nor the object. It was, however, lucky, amid a scene so threatening, that the Earl of

Salisbury, while he hurried after De Vaux's summons, with a few only of the readiest English men-at-arms, directed the rest of the English host to be drawn up and kept under arms, to advance to Richard's succour if necessity should require, but in fit array, and under due command.

In the meanwhile, without regarding for one instant the shouts, the cries, the tumult, which began to thicken around him, Richard, with his dress in the last
10 disorder, and his sheathed blade under his arm, pursued his way with the utmost speed, followed only by De Vaux, and one or two household servants, to St. George's Mount.

The handful of Scots were quartered in the vicinity, nor had they been disturbed by the uproar. But the King's person, and his haste, were both remarked by the Knight of the Leopard, who, aware that danger must be afoot, and hastening to share in it, snatched his shield and sword, and united himself to De Vaux,
20 who with some difficulty kept pace with his impatient and fiery master. De Vaux answered a look of curiosity, which the Scottish knight directed towards him, with a shrug of his broad shoulders, and they continued, side by side, to pursue Richard's steps.

The King was soon at the foot of St. George's Mount, the sides as well as platform of which were now surrounded and crowded, partly by those belonging to the Duke of Austria's retinue, who were celebrating, with shouts of jubilee, the act which they considered
30 as an assertion of national honour.

The summit of the eminence was a small level space, on which were pitched the rival banners, surrounded still by the Archduke's friends and retinue.

In the midst of the circle was Leopold himself, still contemplating with self-satisfaction the deed he had done, and still listening to the shouts of applause which his partisans bestowed. While he was in this state of self-gratulation, Richard burst into the circle, attended, indeed, only by two men, but in his own headlong energies an irresistible host.

"Who has dared," he said, laying his hands upon the Austrian standard, and speaking in a voice like the sound which precedes an earthquake,—“who has 10 dared to place this paltry rag beside the banner of England?”

The Archduke wanted not personal courage, and it was impossible he could hear this question without reply. Yet, so much was he troubled and surprised by the unexpected arrival of Richard, and affected by the general awe inspired by his ardent and unyielding character, that the demand was twice repeated, in a tone which seemed to challenge heaven and earth, ere the Archduke replied, with such firmness as he could 20 command, “It was I, Leopold of Austria.”

“Then shall Leopold of Austria,” replied Richard, “presently see the rate at which his banner and his pretensions are held by Richard of England.”

So saying, he pulled up the standard-spear, splintered it to pieces, threw the banner itself on the ground, and placed his foot upon it.

“Thus,” said he, “I trample on the banner of Austria! Is there a knight among your Teutonic chivalry dare impeach my deed?” 30

There was a momentary silence; but there are no braver men than the Germans.

“I!” and “I!” and “I!” was heard from several

knights of the Duke's followers, and he himself added his voice to those which accepted the King of England's defiance.

"Why do we dally thus?" said the Earl Wallenrode, a gigantic warrior from the frontiers of Hungary. "Brethren, and noble gentlemen, this man's foot is on the honour of your country. Let us rescue it from violation, and down with the pride of England!"

10 So saying, he drew his sword, and struck at the King a blow which might have proved fatal, had not the Scot intercepted and caught it upon his shield.

"I have sworn," said King Richard—and his voice was heard above all the tumult, which now waxed wild and loud—"never to strike one whose shoulder bears the cross; therefore live, Wallenrode—but live to remember Richard of England."

As he spoke, he grasped the tall Hungarian round the waist, and hurled him backwards with such
20 violence that the mass flew, as if discharged from a military engine, not only through the ring of spectators who witnessed the extraordinary scene, but over the edge of the mount itself, down the steep side of which Wallenrode rolled headlong, until, pitching at length upon his shoulder, he dislocated the bone, and lay like one dead. This almost supernatural display of strength did not encourage either the Duke or any of his followers to renew a personal contest so inauspiciously commenced. Those who stood farthest
30 back did, indeed, clash their swords, and cry out, "Cut the island mastiff to pieces!" but those who were nearer veiled, perhaps, their personal fears under an affected regard for order, and cried, for

the most part "Peace! peace! the peace of the Cross—the peace of Holy Church, and our Father the Pope!"

These various cries of the assailants, contradicting each other, showed their irresolution; while Richard, his foot still on the archducal banner, glared round him, with an eye that seemed to seek an enemy, and from which the angry nobles shrank appalled, as from the threatened grasp of a lion. De Vaux and the Knight of the Leopard kept their places beside him; 10 and though the swords which they held were still sheathed, it was plain that they were prompt to protect Richard's person to the very last, and their size and remarkable strength plainly showed the defence would be a desperate one.

Salisbury and his attendants were also now drawing near, with bills and partisans brandished, and bows already bended.

At this moment King Philip of France, attended by one or two of his nobles, came on the platform to 20 inquire the cause of the disturbance, and made gestures of surprise at finding the King of England raised from his sick-bed, and confronting their common ally the Duke of Austria, in such a menacing and insulting posture. Richard himself blushed at being discovered by Philip, whose sagacity he respected as much as he disliked his person, in an attitude neither becoming his character as a monarch nor as a Crusader: and it was observed that he withdrew his foot, as if accidentally, from the dishonoured banner, and exchanged 30 his look of violent emotion for one of affected composure and indifference. Leopold also struggled to attain some degree of calmness, mortified as he was

by having been seen by Philip in the act of passively submitting to the insults of the fiery King of England.*

"What means this unseemly broil betwixt the sworn brethren of the Cross—the royal Majesty of England and the princely Duke Leopold? How is it possible that those who are the chiefs and pillars of this holy expedition"—

10 "A truce with thy remonstrance, France," said Richard, enraged inwardly at finding himself placed on a sort of equality with Leopold, yet not knowing how to resent it. "This duke, or prince, or pillar, if you will, hath been insolent, and I have chastised him—that is all. Here is a coil, forsooth, because of spurning a hound!"

"Majesty of France," said the Duke, "I appeal to you and every sovereign prince against the foul indignity which I have sustained. This King of England hath pulled down my banner—torn and trampled on it."

20 "Because he had the audacity to plant it beside mine," said Richard.

"My rank as thine equal entitled me," replied the Duke, emboldened by the presence of Philip.

"Assert such equality for thy person," said King Richard, "and, by St. George, I will treat thy person as I did thy brodered kerchief there, fit but for the meanest use to which kerchief may be put."

30 "Nay, but patience, brother of England," said Philip, "and I will presently show Austria that he is wrong in this matter. Do not think, noble Duke," he continued, "that, in permitting the standard of England to occupy the highest point in our camp, we, the independent sovereigns of the Crusade, acknow-

ledge any inferiority to the royal Richard. But as sworn brethren of the Cross, military pilgrims, who, laying aside the pomp and pride of this world, are hewing with our swords the way to the Holy Sepulchre, I myself, and the other princes, have renounced to King Richard, from respect to his high renown and great feats of arms, that precedence which elsewhere, and upon other motives, would not have been yielded. I am satisfied that when your royal grace of Austria shall have considered this, you 10 will express sorrow for having placed your banner on this spot, and that the royal Majesty of England will then give satisfaction for the insult he has offered."

The Duke answered sullenly that he would refer his quarrel to the General Council of the Crusade—a motion which Philip highly applauded, as qualified to take away a scandal most harmful to Christendom.

Richard, retaining the same careless attitude, listened to Philip until his oratory seemed exhausted, and then said aloud, "I am drowsy—this fever hangs 20 about me still. Brother of France, thou art acquainted with my humour, and that I have at all times but few words to spare—know, therefore, at once, I will submit a matter touching the honour of England neither to Prince, Pope, nor Council. Here stands my banner—whatsoever pennon shall be reared within three butts' length of it shall be treated as that dishonoured rag; nor will I yield other satisfaction than that which these poor limbs can render in the lists to any bold challenge—aye, were it against five 30 champions instead of one."

Philip answered calmly to the almost injurious defiance of Richard, "I came not hither to awaken

fresh quarrels, contrary to the oath we have sworn, and the holy cause in which we have engaged. I part from my brother of England as brothers should part, and the only strife between the Lions of England and the Lilies of France shall be, which shall be carried deepest into the ranks of the infidels."

"It is a bargain, my royal brother," said Richard, stretching out his hand with all the frankness which belonged to his rash but generous disposition; "and soon may we have the opportunity to try this gallant and fraternal wager."

"Let this noble Duke also partake in the friendship of this happy moment," said Philip; and the Duke approached, half sullenly, half willing to enter into some accommodation.

"I think not of fools, nor of their folly," said Richard, carelessly; and the Archduke, turning his back on him, withdrew from the ground.

Richard looked after him as he retired.

20 "There is a sort of glowworm courage," he said, "that shows only by night. I must not leave this banner unguarded in darkness—by daylight the look of the Lions will alone defend it. Here, Thomas of Gilsland, I give thee the charge of the standard—watch over the honour of England."

"Her safety is yet more dear to me," said De Vaux, "and the life of Richard is the safety of England. I must have your Highness back to your tent, and that without further tarriance."

30 "Thou art a rough and peremptory nurse, De Vaux," said the King, smiling; and then added, addressing Sir Kenneth, "Valiant Scot, I owe thee a boon, and I will pay it richly. There stands the banner of Eng-

land! Watch it as a novice does his armour on the night before he is dubbed. Stir not from it three spears' length, and defend it with thy body against injury or insult. Sound thy bugle, if thou art assailed by more than three at once. Dost thou undertake the charge?" - - -

"Willingly," said Kenneth; "and will discharge it upon penalty of my head. I will but arm me, and return hither instantly."

10

CHAPTER XVI.

It was midnight, and the moon rode clear and high in heaven, when Kenneth of Scotland stood upon his watch on St. George's Mount, beside the banner of England, a solitary sentinel, to protect the emblem of that nation against the insults which might be meditated among the thousands whom Richard's pride 20 had made his enemies.

Beside the banner-staff lay the large stag-hound already mentioned, the sole companion of Kenneth's watch, on whose vigilance he trusted for early warning of the approach of any hostile footstep. The noble animal seemed to understand the purpose of their watch, for he looked from time to time at the rich folds of the heavy pennon, and, when the cry of the sentinels came from the distant lines and defences of the camp, he answered them with one deep and 30 reiterated bark, as if to affirm that he too was vigilant in his duty.

Thus passed two hours of the knight's watch

without anything remarkable occurring. At length, and upon a sudden, the gallant stag-hound bayed furiously, and seemed about to dash forward where the shadow lay the darkest, yet waited, as if in the slips, till he should know the pleasure of his master.!

"Who goes there?" said Sir Kenneth, aware that there was something creeping forward on the shadowy side of the mount.

"Take up thy long-fanged Sathanas," answered a hoarse, disagreeable voice, "or I will conjure him with bolt from my arblast."

At the same time was heard the sound of a spring or check, as when a crossbow is bent.

"Unbend thy arblast, and come into the moonlight," said the Scot, "or, by St. Andrew, I will pin thee to the earth, be what or whom thou wilt!"

As he spoke he poised his long lance by the middle, and, fixing his eye upon the object which seemed to move, he brandished the weapon, as if meditating to cast it from his hand. But Sir Kenneth was ashamed of his purpose, and grounded his weapon, when there stepped from the shadow into the moonlight a stunted decrepit creature, whom he recognised, even at some distance, for the male of the two dwarfs whom he had seen in the chapel at Engaddi.

The little distorted miniature of humanity came panting up the ascent, which the shortness of his legs rendered laborious, and, when he arrived on the platform at the top, shifted to his left hand the little crossbow, which was just such a toy as children at that period were permitted to shoot small birds with, and, assuming an attitude of great dignity, gracefully extended his right hand to Sir Kenneth in an attitude

as if he expected he would salute it. But such a result not following, he demanded, in a sharp and angry tone of voice: "Soldier, wherefore renderest thou not to Nectabanus the homage due to his dignity?"

"Great Nectabanus," answered the knight, willing to soothe the creature's humour, "pardon me, that, being a soldier upon my post, with my lance in my hand, I may not give to one of thy puissance the advantage of coming within my guard, or of mastering my weapon. Suffice it that I reverence thy dignity; and submit myself to thee as humbly as a man-at-arms in my place may."

"It shall suffice," said Nectabanus, "so that you presently attend me to the presence of those who have sent me hither to summon you."

"Great sir," replied the knight, "neither in this can I gratify thee, for my orders are to abide by this banner till daybreak; so I pray you to hold me excused in that matter also." 20

So saying, he resumed his walk upon the platform. But the dwarf did not suffer him so easily to escape from his importunity.

"Look you," he said, placing himself before Sir Kenneth, so as to interrupt his way, "either obey me, Sir Knight, as in duty bound, or I will lay the command upon thee, in the name of one whose beauty could call down the genii from their sphere."

It was impossible, the knight thought, that the lady of his love should have sent him such a message 30 by such a messenger; yet his voice trembled as he said: "Go to, Nectabanus. Tell me at once, and as a true man, whether ~~this~~ sublime lady, of whom thou

speakest, be other than the houri with whose assistance I beheld thee sweeping the chapel at Engaddi?"

"How! presumptuous knight," replied the dwarf. "No, highly as thou art honoured, thou hast not yet deserved the notice of Queen Guenevra, the lovely, bride of Arthur, from whose high seat even princes seem but pigmies. But look thou here, and as thou knowest or disownest this token, so obey or refuse her commands who hath deigned to impose them on thee."

So saying, he placed in the knight's hands a ruby ring, which, even in the moonlight, he had no difficulty to recognise as that which usually graced the finger of the high-born lady to whose service he had devoted himself. Could he have doubted the truth of the token, he would have been convinced by the small knot of carnation-coloured ribbon which was fastened to the ring. This was his lady's favourite colour, and more than once had he himself, assuming it for that
20 of his own liveries, caused the carnation to triumph over all other hues in the lists and in the battle.

Sir Kenneth was struck nearly mute by seeing such a token in such hands.

"In the name of all that is sacred, from whom didst thou receive this witness?" said the knight. "Tell me the person by whom thou art sent, and the real purpose of thy message."

"Fond and foolish knight," said the dwarf, "we list not to parley with thee further than to command thee, 30 in the name and by the power of that ring, to follow us to her who is the owner of the ring."

"Good Nectabanus, bethink thyself," said the knight. "Can my lady know where and upon what duty I am

this night engaged? Is she aware that my life—Pshaw, why should I speak of life, but that my honour depends on my guarding this banner till day-break—and can it be her wish that I should leave it even to pay homage to her? It is impossible—the princess is pleased to be merry with her servant in sending him such a message.”

“Oh, keep your belief,” said Nectabanus, turning round as if to leave the platform; “it is little to me whether you be traitor or true man to this royal lady 10—so fare thee well.”

“Stay, stay—I entreat you stay,” said Sir Kenneth. “Answer me but one question—Is the lady who sent thee near to this place?”

“What signifies it?” said the dwarf. “Ought fidelity to reckon furlongs, or miles, or leagues? Nevertheless, thou soul of suspicion, I tell thee, the fair owner of the ring, now sent to so unworthy a vassal, in whom there is neither truth nor courage, is not more distant from this place than this arblast can 20 send a bolt.”

The knight gazed again on the ring, as if to ascertain that there was no possible falsehood in the token. “Tell me,” he said to the dwarf, “is my presence required for any length of time?”

“Time!” answered Nectabanus, in his flighty manner. “What call you time? Know’st thou not a true knight’s time should only be reckoned by the deeds that he performs in behalf of God and his lady?”

“And doth my lady really summon me,” said the 30 knight, “to some deed of action, in her name and for her sake? And may it not be postponed for even the few hours till daybreak?”

"She requires thy presence instantly," said the dwarf. "Hearken, thou cold-blooded and suspicious knight, these are her very words—Tell him, that the hand which dropped roses can bestow laurels."

This allusion to their meeting in the chapel of Engaddi sent a thousand recollections through Sir Kenneth's brain, and convinced him that the message delivered by the dwarf was genuine. The dwarf, in the meantime, augmented his confusion by insisting
10 either that he must return the ring or instantly attend him.

"Hold, hold, yet a moment hold," said the knight, and proceeded to mutter to himself—"Am I either the subject or slave of King Richard, more than as a free knight sworn to the service of the Crusade?"

"The ring, the ring!" exclaimed the dwarf, impatiently. "False and slothful knight, return the ring, which thou art unworthy to touch or to look upon."

20 "A moment, a moment, good Nectabanus," said Sir Kenneth. "Disturb not my thoughts. What if the Saracens were just now to attack our lines? Nectabanus, I conjure thee once more to say, are you to conduct me far from hence?"

"But to yonder pavilion; and, since you must needs know," replied Nectabanus, "the moon is glimmering on the gilded ball which crowns its roof, and which is worth a king's ransom."

"I can return in an instant," said the knight,
30 shutting his eyes desperately to all further consequences. "I can hear from thence the bay of my dog, if any one approaches the standard—I will throw myself at my lady's feet, and pray her leave to return .

to conclude my watch. Here, Roswal" (calling his hound, and throwing down his mantle by the side of the standard-spear), "watch thou here, and let no one approach."

The majestic dog looked in his master's face, as if to be sure that he understood his charge, then sat down beside the mantle, with ears erect and head raised, like a sentinel, understanding perfectly the purpose for which he was stationed there.

Nectabanus led the knight in silence to the opposite side of the Queen's pavilion, which thus screened them from the observation of the warders. Arrived there, the dwarf raised the under part of the canvas from the ground, and made signs to Sir Kenneth that he should introduce himself to the inside of the tent, by creeping under it. The knight hesitated—there seemed an indecorum in thus privately introducing himself into a pavilion, pitched, doubtless, for the accommodation of noble ladies; but he recalled to remembrance the assured tokens which the dwarf had exhibited, and concluded that it was not for him to dispute his lady's pleasure.

He stooped accordingly, crept beneath the canvas enclosure of the tent, and heard the dwarf whisper from without, "Remain there until I call thee."

CHAPTER XVII.

30

SIR KENNETH was left for some minutes alone, and in darkness. Meanwhile, his situation was unpleasant. There was no light to show him into what sort of

apartment he had been led—the Lady Edith was in immediate attendance on the Queen of England—and the discovery of his having introduced himself thus ~~furtively~~ into the royal pavilion might, were it discovered, lead to much and dangerous suspicion. He heard a noise of female voices, laughing, whispering, and speaking in an adjoining apartment, from which, as the sounds gave him reason to judge, he could only be separated by a canvas partition. It cannot be
10 termed discourtesy in Sir Kenneth, that, situated as he was, he overheard a conversation in which he found himself deeply interested.

“Call her—call her, for Our Lady’s sake,” said the voice of one of these laughing invisibles. “Our cousin Edith must learn how this vaunted wight hath conducted himself, and we must reserve the power of giving her ocular proof that he hath failed in his duty. It may be a lesson will do good upon her; for, credit me, Calista, I have sometimes thought she has let this
20 Northern adventurer sit nearer her heart than prudence would sanction. But here she comes.” *

A figure, as if entering the apartment, cast upon the partition a shade, which glided along slowly until it mixed with those which already clouded it. Despite of the bitter disappointment which he had experienced—despite the insult and injury with which it seemed he had been visited by the malice or, at best, by the idle humour of Queen Berengaria (for he already concluded that she who spoke loudest, and in a command-
30 ing tone, was the wife of Richard), the knight felt something so soothing to his feelings in learning that Edith had been no partner to the fraud practised on him, and so interesting to his curiosity in the scene

which was about to take place, that, instead of prosecuting his more prudent purpose of an instant retreat, he looked anxiously, on the contrary, for some rent or crevice, by means of which he might be made eye- as well as ear-witness to what was to go forward.

It seemed, in the meanwhile, as if Edith were waiting for the commands of the Queen, and as if the other were reluctant to speak, for fear of being unable to command her laughter, and that of her companions; for Sir Kenneth could only distinguish a sound as of 10 suppressed tittering and merriment.

"Your Majesty," said Edith at last, "seems in a merry mood, though methinks, the hour of night prompts a sleepy one. I was well disposed bedward, when I had your Majesty's commands to attend you."

"I will not long delay you, cousin, from your repose," said the Queen; "though I fear you will sleep less soundly when I tell you your wager is lost."

"Nay, royal madam," said Edith, "this, surely, is 20 dwelling on a jest which has rather been worn out. I laid no wager, however it was your Majesty's pleasure to suppose, or to insist, that I did so."

"Nay, now, can you deny that you gaged your ruby ring against my golden bracelet that yonder Knight of the Libbard, or how call you him, could not be seduced from his post?"

"Your Majesty is too great for me to gainsay you," replied Edith; "but these ladies can, if they will, bear me witness, that it was your Highness who proposed 30 such a wager, and took the ring from my finger, even while I was declaring that I did not think it maidenly to gage anything on such a subject."

"Nay, but, my Lady Edith," said another voice "you must needs grant, under your favour, that you expressed yourself very confident of the valour of that same knight of the Leopard."

"And if I did, minion," said Edith, angrily, "is that a good reason why thou shouldst put in thy word to flatter her Majesty's humour? I spoke of that knight but as all men speak who have seen him in the field, and had no more interest in defending than thou in detracting from him. In a camp, what can women speak of save soldiers and deeds of arms?"

"My dear cousin," said the Queen, "how can you, who are so good-natured, begrudge us poor wretches a few minutes' laughing, when we have had so many days devoted to weeping and gnashing of teeth?"

"Great be your mirth, royal lady," said Edith; "yet would I be content not to smile for the rest of my life, rather than——"

She stopped, apparently out of respect; but Sir
20 Kenneth could hear that she was in much agitation.

"Forgive me," said Berengaria, a thoughtless but good-humoured princess of the House of Navarre, "but what is the great offence after all? A young knight has been wiled hither—has stolen—or has *been* stolen—from his post, which no one will disturb in his absence, for the sake of a fair lady; for, to do your champion justice, sweet one, the wisdom of Nectabanus could conjure him hither in no name but yours."

"Gracious Heaven! your Majesty does not say so?"
30 said Edith, in a voice of alarm quite different from the agitation she had previously evinced. "You cannot say so, consistently with respect for your own honour, and for mine, your husband's kinswoman! Say you

were jesting with me, my royal mistress, and forgive me that I could, even for a moment, think it possible you could be in earnest!"

"You are angry, fair cousin, at losing your favourite ring," said the Queen. "Come, since you grudge to pay your wager, we will renounce our right."

"Madam," replied Edith, impatiently, "you know well that your Grace could not wish for anything of mine but it becomes instantly yours. But I would give a bushel of rubies ere ring or name of mine had been used to bring a brave man into a fault, and perhaps to disgrace and punishment."

"Oh, it is for the safety of our true knight that we fear?" said the Queen. "You rate our power too low, fair cousin, when you speak of a life being lost for a frolic of ours. Oh, Lady Edith, others have influence on the iron breasts of warriors as well as you—the heart even of a lion is made of flesh, not of stone; and, believe me, I have interest enough with Richard to save this knight, in whose fate Lady Edith is so deeply concerned, from the penalty of disobeying his royal commands."

"For the love of the blessed Cross, most royal lady," said Edith—and Sir Kenneth; with feelings which it were hard to unravel, heard her prostrate herself at the Queen's feet—"for the love of our blessed Lady, and of every holy saint in the calendar, beware what you do! You know not King Richard—you have been but shortly wedded to him—your breath might as well combat the west wind when it is wildest, as your words persuade my royal kinsman to pardon a military offence. Oh! for God's sake, dismiss this gentleman, if indeed you have lured him

hither! I could almost be content to rest with the shame of having invited him, did I know that he was returned again where his duty calls him!"

"Arise, cousin, arise," said Queen Berengaria, "and be assured all will be better than you think. I tell thee I will take the blame on myself with King Richard in behalf of thy fair Northern friend—thine acquaintance, I would say, since thou own'st him not as a friend. We will send Nectabanus to dismiss this 10 Knight of the Standard to his post. He is, I warrant, but lying perdue in some neighbouring tent."

"By my crown of lilies, and my sceptre of a specially good, water-reed," said Nectabanus, "your Majesty is mistaken—he is nearer at hand than you wot—he lieth ensconced there behind that canvas partition."

"And within hearing of each word we have said!" exclaimed the Queen. "Out, monster of folly and malignity!"

20 As she uttered these words, Nectabanus fled from the pavilion, with a yell of such a nature as leaves it still doubtful whether Berengaria had confined her rebuke to words, or added some more emphatic expression of her displeasure.

CHAPTER XVIII.

30 "WHAT can now be done?" said the Queen to Edith, in a whisper of undisguised uneasiness.

"That which must," said Edith firmly. "We must see this gentleman, and place ourselves in his mercy."

Harold Green
National
Association
of
Teachers
1916



KENNETH AND EDITH.—Drawn by J. Le Blant.

So saying, she began hastily to undo a curtain, which at one place covered an entrance or communication.

"For Heaven's sake, forbear—consider," said the Queen, "my apartment—our dress—the hour—my honour!"

But ere she could detail her remonstrances the curtain fell, and there was no division any longer betwixt the armed knight and the party of ladies. The warmth of an Eastern night occasioned the undress 10 of Queen Berengaria and her household to be rather more simple and unstudied than their station, and the presence of a male spectator of rank, required This the Queen remembered, and with a loud shriek fled from the apartment where Sir Kenneth was disclosed to view in a compartment of the ample pavilion, now no longer separated from that in which they stood. The grief and agitation of the Lady Edith, as well as the deep interest she felt in a hasty explanation with the Scottish knight, perhaps occasioned her forgetting 20 that her locks were more dishevelled, and her person less heedfully covered, than was the wont of high-born damsels. While Sir Kenneth stood motionless on the same spot in which he was first discovered, she rather stepped towards than retired from him, as she exclaimed, "Hasten to your post, valiant knight! You are deceived in being trained hither. Ask no questions."

"I need ask none," said the knight, sinking upon one knee.

30

"Have you heard all?" said Edith, impatiently. "Gracious saints! then wherefore wait you here, when each minute that passes is loaded with dishonour?"

"I have heard that I am dishonoured, lady, and I have heard it from you," answered Kenneth. "What reck I how soon punishment follows? I have but one petition to you, and then I seek, among the sabres of the infidels, whether dishonour may not be washed out with blood."

"Do not so, neither," said the lady. "Be wisely not here—all may yet be well, if you will but use despatch."

10 "I wait but for your forgiveness," said the knight, still kneeling, "for my presumption in believing that my poor services could have been required or valued by you."

"I do forgive you. Oh, I have nothing to forgive! I have been the means of injuring you. But oh, begone! I will forgive—I will value you—that is, as I value every brave Crusader—if you will but begone!"

"Receive, first, this precious yet fatal pledge," said the knight, tendering the ring to Edith, who now
20 showed gestures of impatience.

"Oh no, no," she said, declining to receive it. "Keep it—keep it as a mark of my regard—my regret, I would say. Oh, begone—if not for your own sake, for mine!"

Almost recompensed for the loss even of honour, which her voice had denounced to him, by the interest which she seemed to testify in his safety, Sir Kenneth rose from his knee, and, casting a momentary glance on Edith, bowed low and seemed about to withdraw.
30 At the same instant, Edith hastened from the apartment, extinguishing her lamp as she went, and leaving, in Sir Kenneth's thoughts, both mental and natural gloom behind her.

She must be obeyed, was the first distinct idea which waked him from his reverie, and he hastened to the place by which he had entered the pavilion. When in the free air, he felt rather stupefied and overpowered by a conflict of sensations, than able to ascertain what was the real import of the whole. He was obliged to spur himself to action, by recollecting that the commands of the Lady Edith had required haste.

But at once sounds came upon his ear which ¹⁰ instantly recalled him to the full energy of his faculties. These proceeded from the Mount of St. George. He heard first a single fierce, angry, and savage bark, which was immediately followed by a yell of agony. No deer ever bounded with a wilder start at the voice of Roswal than did Sir Kenneth at what he feared was the death-cry of that noble hound, from whom no ordinary injury could have extracted even the slightest acknowledgment of pain. He surmounted the space which divided him from the avenue, and, having ²⁰ attained it, began to run towards the mount, although loaded with his mail, faster than most men could have accompanied him even if unarmed, relaxed not his pace for the steep sides of the artificial mound, and in a few minutes stood on the platform upon its summit.

The moon broke forth at this moment, and showed him that the standard of England was vanished, that the spear on which it had floated lay broken on the ground, and beside it was his faithful hound, apparently ³⁰ in the agonies of death.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON the evening on which Sir Kenneth assumed his post, Richard, after the stormy event which disturbed its tranquillity, had retired to rest in the plenitude of confidence inspired by his unbounded courage, and the superiority which he had displayed in carrying the point he aimed at in presence of the whole Christian host and its leaders.

Another monarch would have doubled his guards on the evening after such a scene, and kept at least a part of his troops under arms. But Cœur de Lion dismissed, upon the occasion, even his ordinary watch, and assigned to his soldiers a donative of wine to celebrate his recovery, and to drink to the Banner of St. George.

The physician attended the King from his retiring to bed till midnight was past, and twice administered medicine to him during that period. It was three hours after midnight ere El Hakim withdrew from the royal tent to one which had been pitched for himself and his retinue. In his way thither he visited the tent of Sir Kenneth of the Leopard, in order to see the condition of his first patient in the Christian camp, old Strauchan, as the knight's esquire was named. Inquiring there for Sir Kenneth himself, El Hakim learned on what duty he was employed, and probably this information led him to St. George's Mount, where he found him whom he sought in the disastrous circumstances alluded to in the last chapter.

It was about the hour of sunrise, when a slow, armed tread was heard approaching the King's

pavilion; and ere De Vaux, who slumbered beside his master's bed as lightly as ever sleep sat upon the eyes of a watch-dog, had time to do more than arise and say, "Who comes?" the Knight of the Leopard entered the tent, with a deep and devoted gloom * seated upon his manly features.

"Whence this bold intrusion, Sir Knight?" said De Vaux, sternly, yet in a tone which respected his master's slumbers.

"Hold! De Vaux," said Richard, awaking on the 10 instant. "Sir Kenneth cometh like a good soldier to render an account of his guard—to such the general's tent is ever accessible." Then, rising from his slumbering posture and leaning on his elbow, he fixed his large bright eye upon the warrior. "Speak, Sir Scot; thou comest to tell me of a vigilant, safe, and honourable watch, dost thou not? The rustling of the folds of the Banner of England were enough to guard it, even without the body of such a knight as men hold thee."

"As men will hold me no more," said Sir Kenneth. 20 "My watch hath neither been vigilant, safe, nor honourable. The Banner of England has been carried off."

"And thou alive to tell it?" said Richard. "Away, it cannot be. There is not even a scratch on thy face. Why dost thou stand thus mute? Speak the truth—it is ill jesting with a king; yet I will forgive thee if thou hast lied."

"Lied! Sir King!" returned the unfortunate knight. "But this also must be endured. I have 30 spoken the truth."

"By God, and by St. George!" said the King, bursting into fury, which, however, he instantly

checked. "De Vaux, go view the spot! This fever has disturbed his brain. This cannot be. The man's courage is proof. It *cannot* be! Go speedily—or send, if thou wilt not go."

The King was interrupted by Sir Henry Neville, who came, breathless, to say that the banner was gone, and the knight who guarded it overpowered, and most probably murdered, as there was a pool of blood where the banner-spear lay shivered.

10 "But whom do I see here?" said Neville, his eyes suddenly resting upon Sir Kenneth.

"A traitor," said the King, starting to his feet and seizing the cartal-axe which was ever near his bed,—
"a traitor! whom thou shalt see die a traitor's death." And he drew back the weapon as in act to strike.

Colourless, but firm as a marble statue, the Scot stood before him, with his bare head uncovered by any protection, his eyes cast down to the earth, his lips scarcely moving, yet muttering probably in prayer.
20 Opposite to him, and within the due reach for a blow, stood King Richard, his large person wrapped in the folds of his *camiscia*, or ample gown of linen, except where the violence of his action had flung the covering from his right arm, shoulder, and a part of his breast, leaving to view a specimen of a frame which might have merited his Saxon predecessor's epithet of Iron-side. He stood for an instant prompt to strike, then, sinking the head of the weapon towards the ground, he exclaimed, "But there was blood, Neville, there was
30 blood upon the place. Hark thee, Sir Scot—brave thou wert once, for I have seen thee fight. Say thou hast slain two of the thieves in defence of the standard—say but one; say thou hast struck but a good blow

in our behalf, and get thee out of the camp with thy life and thy infamy !”

“ You have called me liar, my Lord King,” replied Kenneth, firmly ; “ and therein, at least, you have done me wrong. Know, that there was no blood shed in defence of the standard save that of a poor hound, which, more faithful than his master, defended the charge which he deserted.”

“ Now, by St. George !” said Richard, again heaving up his arm. But De Vaux threw himself between the 10 King and the object of his vengeance, and spoke with the blunt truth of his character, “ My liege, this must not be—here, nor by your own hand. It is enough of folly for one night and day to have intrusted your banner to a Scot. Said I not they were ever fair and false ?”

“ Thou didst, De Vaux ; thou wast right, and I confess it,” said Richard. “ I should have known him better. And yet, De Vaux, it is strange to see the bearing of the man. Coward or traitor he must be, 20 yet he abode the blow of Richard Plantagenet, as our arm had been raised to lay knighthood on his shoulder. Had he shown the slightest sign of fear—had but a joint trembled, or an eyelid quivered, I had shattered his head like a crystal goblet. But I cannot strike where there is neither fear nor resistance.”

There was a pause.

“ My lord,” said Kenneth —

“ Ha !” replied Richard, interrupting him, “ hast thou found thy speech ? Ask grace from Heaven, 30 but none from me, for England is dishonoured through thy fault ; and wert thou mine own and only brother, there is no pardon for thy fault.”

"I speak not to demand grace of mortal man," said the Scot; "it is in your Grace's pleasure to give or refuse me time for Christian shrift. If man denies it, may God grant me the absolution which I would otherwise ask of his Church! But whether I die on the instant, or half an hour hence, I equally beseech your Grace for one moment's opportunity to speak that to your royal person which highly concerns your fame as a Christian king."

10 "Say on," said the King, making no doubt that he was about to hear some confession concerning the loss of the banner.

"What I have to speak," said Sir Kenneth, "touches the royalty of England, and must be said to no ears but thine own."

"Begone with yourselves, sirs!" said the King to Neville and De Vaux.

The first obeyed, but the latter would not stir from the King's presence.

20 "If you said I was in the right," replied De Vaux to his sovereign, "I will be treated as one should be who hath been found to be right—that is, I will have my own will. I leave you not with this false Scot."

"How! De Vaux," said Richard, angrily, and stamping slightly, "darest thou not venture our person with one traitor?"

"It is in vain you frown and stamp, my lord," said De Vaux, "I venture not a sick man with a sound one, a naked man with one armed in proof."

30 "It matters not," said the Scottish knight, "I seek no excuse to put off time—I will speak in presence of the Lord of Gilsland. He is good lord and true."

"But half an hour since," said De Vaux, with a

groan, implying a mixture of sorrow and vexation, "and I had said as much for thee!"

"There is treason around you, King of England," continued Sir Kenneth.

"It may well be as thou say'st," replied Richard. "I have a pregnant example."

"Treason that will injure thee more deeply than the loss of a hundred banners in a pitched field. The—the"—Sir Kenneth hesitated, and at length continued in a lower tone—"the Lady Edith"— 10

"Ha!" said the King, drawing himself suddenly into a state of haughty attention, and fixing his eye firmly on the supposed criminal. "What of her? what of her? what has she to do with this matter?"

"My lord," said the Scot, "there is a scheme on foot to disgrace your royal lineage, by bestowing the hand of the Lady Edith on the Saracen Soldan, and thereby to purchase a peace most dishonourable to Christendom by an alliance most shameful to England."

This communication had precisely the contrary 20 effect from that which Sir Kenneth expected. Unfortunately, the mention of his relative's name renewed Richard's recollection of what he had considered as extreme presumption in the Knight of the Leopard, even when he stood high in the rolls of chivalry.

"Silence," he said, "infamous and audacious! By Heaven, I will have thy tongue torn out with hot pincers for mentioning the very name of a noble Christian damsel! Know, degenerate traitor, that I was already aware to what height thou hadst dared 30 to raise thine eyes, and endured it, though it were insolence, even when thou hadst cheated us—for thou art all a deceit—into holding thee as of some name and

fame. But now, with lips blistered with the confession of thine own dishonour—that thou shouldst *now* dare to name our noble kinswoman as one in whose fate thou hast part or interest! What is it to thee if she marry Saracen or Christian?”

“Little to me, indeed, to whom all the world will soon be as nothing,” answered Sir Kenneth, boldly; “but were I now stretched on the rack, I would tell thee that what I have said is much to thine own
10 conscience and thine own fame. I tell thee, Sir King, that if thou dost but in thought entertain the purpose of wedding thy kinswoman, the Lady Edith”——

“Name her not—and for an instant think not of her!” said the King, again straining the curtal-axe in his gripe.

“Not name—not think of her!” answered Sir Kenneth, his spirits, stunned as they were by self-depression, beginning to recover their elasticity. “Now, by the Cross, on which I place my hope, her name shall be the last word in my mouth, her image
20 the last thought in my mind! Try thy boasted strength on this bare brow, and see if thou canst prevent my purpose.”

“He will drive me mad!” said Richard, who, in his despite, was once more staggered in his purpose by the dauntless determination of the criminal.

CHAPTER XX.

30

SOME bustle was heard without, and the arrival of the Queen was announced from the outer part of the pavilion.

"Detain her—detain her, Neville!" cried the King. "This is no sight for women. Fie, that I have suffered such a paltry traitor to chafe me thus! Away with him, De Vaux," he whispered, "through the back-entrance of our tent—coop him up close, and answer for his safe custody with your life. And hark ye, he is presently to die: let him have a ghostly father—we would not kill soul and body. And stay, hark thee, we will not have him dishonoured—he shall die knight-like, in his belt and spurs; for if his ¹⁰ treachery be as black as hell, his boldness may match that of the devil himself."

De Vaux made haste to remove Sir Kenneth by a private issue to a separate tent, where he was disarmed and put in fetters for security. De Vaux looked on with a steady and melancholy attention, while the provost's officers, to whom Sir Kenneth was now committed, took these severe precautions.

When they were ended, he said solemnly to the unhappy criminal: "It is King Richard's pleasure that ²⁰ you die undegraded—without mutilation of your body, or shame to your arms, and that your head be severed from the trunk by the sword of the executioner."

"It is kind," said the knight, in a low and rather submissive tone of voice, as one who received an unexpected favour; "my family will not then hear the worst of the tale. Oh, my father—my father!"

"It is Richard of England's further pleasure," said De Vaux, "that you have speech with a holy man, and I have met on the passage hither with a Car- ³⁰ melite friar who may fit you for your passage. He waits without, until you are in a frame of mind to receive him."

"Let it be instantly," said the knight. "In this also Richard is kind."

"It is well," said De Vaux, slowly and solemnly; "for it irks me somewhat to say that which sums my message. It is King Richard's pleasure that you prepare for instant death."

"God's pleasure and the King's be done," replied the knight, patiently. "I neither contest the justice of the sentence nor desire delay of the execution."

10 De Vaux began to leave the tent, but very slowly; paused at the door, and looked back at the Scot, from whose aspect thoughts of the world seemed banished, as if he was composing himself into deep devotion. He came hastily back to the bundle of reeds on which the captive lay, took one of his fettered hands, and said, with as much softness as his rough voice was capable of expressing: "Sir Kenneth, thou art yet young—thou hast a father. My Ralph, whom I left training his little Galloway nag on the banks of the
20 Irthing, may one day attain thy years—and, but for last night, I would to God I saw his youth bear such promise as thine! Can nothing be said or done in thy behalf?"

"Nothing," was the melancholy answer. "I have deserted my charge—the banner intrusted to me is lost. When the headsman and block are prepared, the head and trunk are ready to part company."

"Nay, then, God have mercy!" said De Vaux; "yet would I rather than my best horse I had taken
30 that watch myself. There is mystery in it, young man, as a plain man may descry, though he cannot see through it. Thou hast been trained from thy post by some deep guile—some well-devised stratagem;

the cry of some distressed maiden has caught thine ear. Come, I pray thee, make a clean conscience of it to me, instead of the priest. Richard is merciful when his mood is abated. Hast thou nothing to intrust to me?"

The unfortunate knight turned his face from the kind warrior, and answered—"NOTHING."

And De Vaux, who had exhausted his topics of persuasion, arose and left the tent.

CHAPTER XXI •

THE high-born Berengaria, daughter of Sanchez, King of Navarre, and the Queen-Consort of the heroic Richard, was accounted one of the most beautiful women of the period. Her form was slight, though exquisitely moulded. She was graced with a complexion not common in her country, a profusion of 20 fair hair, and features so extremely juvenile as to make her look several years younger than she really was, though in reality she was not above one-and-twenty. She was by nature perfectly good-humoured, and, if her due share of admiration and homage (in her opinion a very large one) was duly resigned to her, no one could possess better temper or a more friendly disposition; but then the more power that was voluntarily yielded to her, the more she desired to extend her sway.

30

The Queen Berengaria loved her husband passionately, but she feared the loftiness and roughness of his character, and, as she felt herself not to be his

match in intellect, was not much pleased to see that he would often talk with Edith Plantagenet in preference to herself, simply because he found more amusement in her conversation, a more comprehensive understanding, and a more noble cast of thoughts and sentiments, than his beautiful consort exhibited. Berengaria did not hate Edith on this account, far less meditate her any harm; for, allowing for some selfishness, her character was, on the whole, innocent and generous. But the ladies of her train, ~~sharp-~~sighted in such matters, had for some time discovered that a poignant jest at the expense of the Lady Edith was a specific for relieving her Grace of England's low spirits, and the discovery saved their imagination much toil.

The ladies of the household had, for a long time, no further advantage over Edith than might be afforded by an opportunity of censuring a less artfully disposed head attire or ~~an~~ unbecoming robe; for the lady was judged to be inferior in these mysteries. The silent devotion of the Scottish knight did not, indeed, pass unnoticed; his liveries, his cognisances, his feats of arms, his mottoes and devices, were nearly watched, and occasionally made the subject of a passing jest. But then came the pilgrimage of the Queen and her ladies to Engaddi, a journey which the Queen had undertaken under a vow for the recovery of her husband's health. It was then, and in the chapel at that holy place, that one of the Queen's attendants remarked that secret sign of intelligence which Edith had made to her lover, and failed not instantly to communicate it to her Majesty. The Queen returned from her pilgrimage with her train augmented by a

present of two wretched dwarfs from the dethroned Queen of Jerusalem. One of Berengaria's idle amusements had been to try the effect of the sudden appearance of such ghastly and fantastic forms on the nerves of the knight when left alone in the chapel. She had now tried another, of which the consequences promised to be more serious.

The ladies again met after Sir Kenneth had retired from the tent; and the Queen, at first little moved by Edith's angry expostulations, only replied to her by 10 upbraiding her prudery. But when, in the morning a female whom Edith had intrusted to make inquiry brought word that the standard was missing and its champion vanished, she burst into the Queen's apartment, and implored her to rise and proceed to the King's tent without delay, and use her powerful mediation to prevent the evil consequences of her jest.

The Queen, frightened in her turn, endeavoured to comfort Edith's grief by a thousand inconsistent arguments

20

But while Edith in vain strove to intercept this torrent of idle talk, she caught the eye of one of the ladies who entered the Queen's apartment. There was death in her look of affright and horror, and Edith, at the first glance of her countenance, had sunk at once on the earth, had not strong necessity, and her own elevation of character, enabled her to maintain at least external composure.

"Madam," she said to the Queen, "lose not another word in speaking, but save life—if, indeed," she added, 30 her voice choking as she said it, "life may yet be saved."

"It may be—it may," answered the Lady Calista. "I have just heard that he has been brought before

the King—it is not yet over. Up, madam, and let us to King Richard's tent, and beg the poor gentleman's life."

"I will go—I will go instantly," said the Queen, rising and trembling excessively; while her women, in as great confusion as herself, were unable to render her those duties which were indispensable to her levée. Calm, composed, only pale as death, Edith ministered to the Queen with her own hand, and alone supplied the deficiencies of her numerous attendants.

"How you wait, wenches! Seest thou, Edith, they can do nothing—I shall never be attired in time. We will send for the Archbishop of Tyre, and employ him as a mediator."

"Oh no, no!" exclaimed Edith. "Go yourself, madam—you have done the evil, do you confer the remedy."

"I will go—I will go," said the Queen; "but if Richard be in his mood, I dare not speak to him—he will kill me!"

"Yet go, gracious madam," said the Lady Calista, who best knew her mistress's temper. "Not a lion in his fury could look upon such a face and form, and retain so much as an angry thought."

"Dost thou think so, Calista?" said the Queen. "Ah, thou little knowest—yet I will go. But see you here—what means this? You have bedizened me in green, a colour he detests. Lo you! let me have a blue robe, and search for the ruby carcanet which was part of the King of Cyprus's ransom: it is either in the steel casket or somewhere else."

"This, and a man's life at stake!" said Edith, indignantly. "It passes human patience. Remain

at your ease, madam ; I will go to King Richard. I am a party interested ; I will know if the honour of a poor maiden of his blood is to be so far tampered with that her name shall be abused to train a brave gentleman from his duty."

At this unexpected burst of passion Berengaria listened with an almost stupefied look of fear and wonder. But as Edith was about to leave the tent she exclaimed, though faintly, "Stop her—stop her!"

"You must indeed stop, noble Lady Edith," said Calista, taking her arm gently ; "and you, royal madam, I am sure, will go, and without further dallying. If the Lady Edith goes alone to the King, he will be dreadfully incensed, nor will it be one life that will stay his fury."

"I will go—I will go," said the Queen, yielding to necessity ; and Edith reluctantly halted to wait her movements.

They were now as speedy as she could have desired. The Queen hastily wrapped herself in a large loose mantle, which covered all inaccuracies of the toilet. In this guise, attended by Edith and her women, and preceded and followed by a few officers and men-at-arms, she hastened to the tent of her lion-like husband.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE monarch was lying on his couch, and at some 30 distance, as awaiting his further commands, stood a man whose profession it was not difficult to conjecture. His figure was short, strongly made, with a neck like

a bull, very broad shoulders, arms of great and disproportioned length, a huge square trunk, and thick bandy legs. This truculent official leant on a sword the blade of which was nearly four feet and a half in length, while the handle of twenty inches, surrounded by a ring of lead plummets to counterpoise the weight of such a blade, rose considerably above the man's head, as he rested his arm upon its hilt, waiting for King Richard's further directions.

10 On the sudden entrance of the ladies, Richard, who was then lying on his couch, with his face towards the entrance, and resting on his elbow as he spoke to his grisly attendant, flung himself hastily, as if displeased and surprised, to the other side, turning his back to the Queen and the females of her train.

Berengaria, after a hurried glance of undisguised and unaffected terror at the ghastly companion of her husband's secret councils, rushed at once to the side of Richard's couch, dropped on her knees, flung her mantle
20 from her shoulder, showing, as they hung down at their full length, her beautiful golden tresses, seized upon the right hand of the King, and gradually pulling it to her with a force which was resisted, though but faintly, she possessed herself of that arm, the prop of Christendom and the dread of Heathenesse, and, imprisoning its strength in both her little fairy hands, she bent upon it her brow and united to it her lips.

"What needs this, Berengaria?" said Richard, his head still averted, but his hand remaining under her
30 control.

"Send away that man—his look kills me!" muttered Berengaria.

"Begone, sirrah," said Richard, still without looking

round. "What wait'st thou for? Art thou fit to look on these ladies?"

"Your Highness's pleasure touching the head," said the man.

"Out with thee, dog!" answered Richard. "A Christian burial."

The man disappeared, after casting a look upon the beautiful Queen, in her deranged dress and natural loveliness, with a smile of admiration.

"And now, foolish wench, what wishest thou?" said 10 Richard, turning slowly round to his royal suppliant.

But it was not in nature for any one, far less an admirer of beauty like Richard, to whom it stood only in the second rank to glory, to look without emotion on the countenance and the tremor of a creature so beautiful as Berengaria. By degrees, he turned on her his manly countenance, with the softest expression of which his large blue eye was capable. Caressing her fair head, and mingling his large fingers in her beautiful and dishevelled locks, he raised and tenderly 20 kissed the cherub countenance which seemed desirous to hide itself in his hand.

"And once more, what seeks the lady of my heart in her knight's pavilion, at this early and unwonted hour?"

"Pardon, my most gracious liege, pardon!" said the Queen.

"Pardon! for what?" asked the King.

"First, for entering your royal presence too boldly and unadvisedly"—— 30

She stopped.

"Thou too boldly! The sun might as well ask pardon because his rays entered the windows of some

wretch's dungeon. But I was busied with work unfit for thee to witness, my gentle one, and I was unwilling, besides, that thou shouldst risk thy precious health where sickness has been so lately rife."

"But thou art now well?" said the Queen, still delaying the communication which she feared to make.

"Well enough to break a lance on the bold crest of that champion who shall refuse to acknowledge thee the fairest dame in Christendom."

10 "Thou wilt not then refuse me one boon—only one—only a poor life?"

"Ha! proceed," said King Richard, bending his brows.

"This unhappy Scottish knight"—murmured the Queen.

"Speak not of him, madam!" exclaimed Richard, sternly. "He dies—his doom is fixed."

"Nay, my royal liege and love, 'tis but a silken banner neglected—Berengaria will give thee another broidered with her own hand, and rich as ever dallied
20 with the wind. Every pearl I have shall go to bedeck it."

"Thou know'st not what thou say'st," said the King, interrupting her in anger. "Pearls! Can all the pearls of the East atone for a speck upon England's honour? Go to, madam, know your place, and your time, and your sphere. At present we have duties in which you cannot be our partner."

"Thou hear'st, Edith," whispered the Queen, "we shall but incense him."

"Be it so," said Edith, stepping forward. "My
30 lord—I, your poor kinswoman, crave you for justice rather than mercy; and to the cry of justice the ears of a monarch should be open at every time, place, and circumstance."

"Ha ! our cousin Edith ?" said Richard, rising and sitting upright on the side of his couch. "She speaks ever king-like, and king-like will I answer her, so she bring no request unworthy herself or me."

"My lord," said Edith, "this good knight, whose blood you are about to spill, hath done, in his time, service to Christendom. He hath fallen from his duty through a snare set for him in mere folly and idleness of spirit. A message sent to him in the name of one who—why should I not speak it?—it was in my own ic—induced him for an instant to leave his post. And what knight in the Christian camp might not have thus far transgressed at command of a maiden who, poor howsoever in other qualities, hath yet the blood of Plantagenet in her veins ?"

"And you saw him, then, cousin ?" replied the King, biting his lips to keep down his passion.

"I did, my liege," said Edith. "It is no time to explain wherefore—I am here neither to exculpate myself nor to blame others." 20

"And where did you do him such a grace ?"

"In the tent of her Majesty the Queen."

"Of our royal consort !" said Richard. "Now, by Heaven, by St. George of England, and every other saint that treads its crystal floor, this is too audacious ! I have noticed and overlooked this warrior's insolent admiration of one so far above him. But, heaven and earth ! that you should have admitted him to an audience by night, in the very tent of our royal consort, and dare to offer this as an excuse for his 30 disobedience and desertion ! By my father's soul, Edith, thou shalt rue this thy life long in a monastery !"

Edith "My liege," said Edith, "your greatness licenses tyranny. My honour, Lord King, is as little touched as yours, and my Lady the Queen can prove it if she think fit. I ask you but to extend to one, whose fault was committed under strong temptation, that mercy which even you yourself, Lord King, must one day supplicate at a higher tribunal."

"Can this be Edith Plantagenet?" said the King, bitterly,—*Edith* "Edith Plantagenet, the wise and the noble?"
 10 Now, by King Henry's soul! little hinders but I order thy minion's skull to be brought from the gibbet, and fixed as a perpetual ornament by the crucifix in thy cell!"

"And if thou dost send it from the gibbet to be placed for ever in my sight," said Edith, "I will say it is a relic of a good knight, cruelly and unworthily done to death by"—she checked herself—"by one of whom I shall only say he should have known better how to reward chivalry. Minion call'st thou him?" she con-
 20 tinued, with increasing vehemence. "He was indeed my lover, and a most true one; but never sought he grace from me by look or word, contented with such humble observance as men pay to the saints. And the good, the valiant, the faithful, must die for this!"

"Oh, peace, peace, for pity's sake," whispered the Queen; "you do but offend him more!"

"I care not," said Edith. "Let him work his will on this worthy knight. Edith, for whom he dies, will know how to weep his memory. I could not—I
 30 would not—have been his bride living: our degrees were too distant. But death unites the high and the low: I am henceforward the spouse of the grave."

The King was about to answer with much anger

when a Carmelite monk entered the apartment hastily, his head and person muffled in a long mantle and hood, and, flinging himself on his knees before the King, conjured him, by every holy word and sign, to stop the execution.

"Now, by both sword and sceptre!" said Richard, "the world are leagued to drive me mad! Fools, women, and monks cross me at every step. How comes he to live still?"

"My gracious liege," said the monk, "I entreated 10 of the Lord of Gilsland to stay the execution until I had thrown myself at your royal——"

"And he was wilful enough to grant thy request?" said the King. "But it is of a piece with his wonted obstinacy. And what is it thou hast to say? Speak, in the fiend's name!"

"My lord, there is a weighty secret—but it rests under the seal of confession—I dare not tell or even whisper it—but I swear to thee by my holy Order—that this youth hath divulged to me a secret which, 20 if I might confide it to thee, would utterly turn thee from thy bloody purpose in regard to him."

"Good father," said Richard, "give me to know this secret, and I will do what shall seem fitting in the matter. But I am no blind Bayard to take a leap in the dark under the stroke of a pair of priestly spurs."

"My lord," said the holy man, throwing back his cowl, and discovering a visage so wildly wasted by climate, fast, and penance as to resemble rather the appari- 30 tion of an animated skeleton than a human face, "for twenty years have I macerated this miserable body in the caverns of Engaddi, doing penance for a great

crime. Think you I, who am dead to the world, would contrive a falsehood to endanger my own soul, or that one bound by the most sacred oaths to the contrary, would betray the secrets of the confessional?"

"So," answered the King, "thou art that hermit of whom men speak so much? Thou art he, too, as I bethink me, to whom the Christian princes sent this very criminal to open a communication with the Soldan, even while I, who ought to have been first
10 consulted, lay on my sick-bed? Thou and they may content themselves—I will not put my neck into the loop of a Carmelite's girdle. And for your envoy, he shall die, the rather and the sooner that thou dost entreat for him."

"Now God be gracious to thee, Lord King!" said the hermit. "Thou art setting that mischief on foot which thou wilt hereafter wish thou hadst stopped, though it had cost thee a limb."

"Away, away!" cried the King, stamping. "The
20 sun has risen on the dishonour of England, and it is not yet avenged. Ladies and priest, withdraw, if ye would not hear orders which would displease you; for, by St. George, I swear" —

"Swear NOT!" said the voice of one who had just then entered the pavilion.

"Ha! my learned Hakim," said the King, "come, I hope, to tax our generosity."

"I come to request instant speech with you—
instant—and touching matters of deep interest."

30 "Retire, Berengaria," said the monarch; "and, Edith, do you retire also. Nay, renew not your importunities! This I give to them, that the execution shall not be till high noon. Go, and be pacified. Dearest

Berengaria, begone. Edith," he added, with a glance which struck terror even into the courageous soul of his kinswoman, "go, if you are wise."

The females withdrew, or rather hurried from the tent, rank and ceremony forgotten.

CHAPTER XXIII.

10

THE hermit followed the ladies from the pavilion of Richard; but he turned on the threshold, and held up his hand towards the King in almost a menacing posture, as he said, "Woe to him who rejects the counsel of the Church, and betaketh himself to the foul divan of the infidel! the sword falls not, but it hangs but by a hair. Haughty monarch, we shall meet again."

"Be it so, haughty priest," returned Richard.

The hermit vanished from the tent, and the King continued, addressing the Arabian, "Do the dervises of the East, wise Hakim, use such familiarity with their princes?"

"The dervise," replied Adonbec, "should be either a sage or a madman. Hence hath he either wisdom enough to bear himself discreetly in the presence of princes, or else, having no reason bestowed on him, he is not responsible for his own actions."

"Methinks our monks have adopted chiefly the latter character," said Richard. "But to the matter. In what can I please you, my learned physician?"

"Great King," said El Hakim, making his profound Oriental obeisance, "let thy servant speak one word,"

and yet live. I would remind thee that thou owest—not to me, their humble instrument—but to the Intelligences, whose benefits I dispense to mortals, a life” —

“And I warrant me thou wouldst have another—in requital, ha?” interrupted the King.

“Such is my humble prayer,” said the Hakim, “to the great Melech Ric—even the life of this good knight, who is doomed to die.”

10 The king began to pace the narrow space of his tent with some emotion, and to talk to himself. “Why, God-a-mercy! I knew what he desired as soon as ever he entered the pavilion! Here is one poor life justly condemned to extinction, and I, a king and a soldier, who have slain thousands, am to have no power over it, although the honour of my arms, of my house, of my very Queen, hath been attainted by the culprit. By St. George, it makes me laugh! Wife, kinswoman, hermit, Hakim, each appears in the lists as soon as the
20 other is defeated! Why, this is a single knight fighting against the whole *mêlée* of the tournament—ha! ha! ha!”

The physician looked on him with a countenance of surprise, not unmingled with contempt. At length he addressed the King when he saw him more composed.

“A doom of death should not issue from laughing lips. Let thy servant hope that thou hast granted him this man’s life.”

“Take the freedom of a thousand captives instead,”
30 said Richard; “restore so many of thy countrymen to their tents and families, and I will give the warrant instantly. This man’s life can avail thee nothing, and it is forfeited.”

* "All our lives are forfeited," said the Hakim. "But the great Creditor is merciful, and exacts not the pledge rigorously nor untimely."

"Thou canst show me," said Richard, "no special interest thou hast to become intercessor betwixt me and the execution of justice, to which I am sworn as a crowned king."

"Thou art sworn to the dealing forth mercy as well as justice," said El Hakim; "but what thou seekest, great King, is the execution of thine own will. And, 10 for the concern I have in this request, know that many a man's life depends upon thy granting this boon."

"Explain thy words," said Richard; "but think not to impose upon me by false pretexts."

"Be it far from thy servant!" said Adónbec. "Know, then, that the medicine to which thou, Sir King, and many one beside, owe their recovery, is a TALISMAN. I am but the poor administrator of its virtues. I dip it in a cup of water, observe the fitting 20 hour to administer it to the patient, and the potency of the draught works the cure."

"A most rare medicine," said the King, "and a commodious! and, as it may be carried in the leech's purse, would save the whole caravan of camels which they require to convey drugs and physic-stuff—I marvel there is any other in use."

"It is written," answered the Hakim, "abuse not the steed which hath borne thee from the battle. Know that such talismans might indeed be framed, but severe restrictions, painful observances, fasts, and 30 penance, are necessary on the part of the sage who uses this mode of cure; and if through neglect of these preparations he omits to cure at least twelve persons

within the course of each moon, the virtue of the divine gift departs from the amulet, and both the last patient and the physician will be exposed to speedy misfortune, neither will they survive the year. I require yet one life to make up the appointed number."

"Go out into the camp, good Hakim, where thou wilt find a-many," said the King, "and do not seek to rob my headsman of *his* patients. I cannot see how
10 delivering a criminal from the death he deserves should go to make up thy tale of miraculous cures."

"When thou canst show why a draught of cold water should have cured thee when the most precious drugs failed," said the Hakim, "thou mayst reason on the other mysteries attendant on this matter. It is enough that, by sparing this man's life at my request, you will deliver yourself, great King, and thy servant, from a great danger."

"Hark thee, Adonbec," replied the King, "I have
20 no objection that leeches should wrap their words in mist, and pretend to derive knowledge from the stars; but when you bid Richard Plantagenet fear that a danger will fall upon *him* from some idle omen, or omitted ceremonial, you speak to no ignorant Saxon, or doting old woman, who forgoes her purpose because a hare crosses the path, a raven croaks, or a cat sneezes."

"I cannot hinder your doubt of my words," said Adonbec; "but yet, let my Lord the King grant that truth is on the tongue of his servant. Will he think
30 it just to deprive the world, and every wretch who may suffer by the pains, which so lately reduced him to that couch, of the benefit of this most virtuous talisman, rather than extend his forgiveness to one poor

criminal? Bethink you, Lord King, that though thou canst slay thousands, thou canst not restore one man to health. Thou canst cut off the head, but not cure the aching tooth."

"This is over insolent," said the King, hardening himself, as the Hakim assumed a more lofty and almost a commanding tone. "We took thee for our leech, not for our counsellor or conscience-keeper."

"And is it thus the most renowned Prince of Frangistan repays benefit done to his royal person?" 10 said El Hakim, exchanging the humble and stooping posture in which he had hitherto solicited the King for an attitude lofty and commanding. "Know, then," he said, "that through every court of Europe and Asia, wherever harp is heard and sword worn, wherever honour is loved and infamy detested, to every quarter of the world will I denounce thee, Melech Ric, as thankless and ungenerous; and even the lands—if there be any such—that never heard of thy renown, shall yet be acquainted with thy shame!" 20

"Are these terms to me, vile infidel!" said Richard, striding up to him in fury. "Art weary of thy life?"

"Strike!" said El Hakim. "Thine own deed shall then paint thee more worthless than could my words, though each had a hornet's sting."

Richard turned fiercely from him, folded his arms, traversed the tent as before, and then exclaimed, "Thankless and ungenerous! As well be termed coward and infidel! Hakim, thou hast chosen thy boon; and though I had rather thou hadst asked my crown-jewels, yet I may not, king-like, refuse thee. Take this Scot, therefore, to thy keeping; the provost will deliver him to thee on this warrant."

He hastily traced one or two lines, and gave them to the physician. "Use him as thy bond-slave, to be disposed of as thou wilt: only, let him beware how he comes before the eyes of Richard."

"Thy servant understands the words of the King," said the sage. "I have heard my lord's pleasure, and to hear is to obey."

"It is well," said the King. "Let him consult his own safety, and never appear in my presence more. Is there aught else in which I may do thee pleasure?"

"The bounty of the King hath filled my cup to the brim," said the sage.

"Ay, but," said the King, smiling, "I would that I knew something to pleasure thee which I might yield as freely as the natural fountain sends forth its waters."

"Let me touch that victorious hand," said the sage, "in token that, if Adonbec el Hakim should hereafter demand a boon of Richard of England, he may do so, yet plead his command."

20 "Thou hast hand and glove upon it, man," replied Richard; "only, if thou couldst consistently make up thy tale of patients without craving me to deliver from punishment those who have deserved it, I would more willingly discharge my debt in some other form."

"May thy days be multiplied!" answered the Hakim, and withdrew from the apartment after the usual deep obeisance.

THE Archbishop of Tyre was an emissary well chosen to communicate to Richard tidings which from another

voice the lion-hearted King would not have brooked to hear without the most unbounded explosions of resentment. By his report it appeared that Saladin was assembling all the force of his hundred tribes, and that the monarchs of Europe, disgusted with the expedition, had resolved to abandon their purpose. In this they were countenanced by the example of Philip of France, who, with many protestations of regard, and assurances that he would first see his brother of England in safety, declared his intention to return to 10 Europe. His great vassal, the Earl of Champagne, had adopted the same resolution; and Leopold of Austria, affronted as he had been by Richard, was glad to embrace an opportunity of deserting the cause. Others announced the same purpose; so that it was plain that the King of England was to be left, if he chose to remain, supported only by such volunteers as might, under such depressing circumstances, join themselves to the English army, and by the doubtful aid of Conrad of Montserrat and the military orders of 20 the Temple and of St. John.

It needed not many arguments to show Richard the truth of his situation; and, indeed, after his first burst of passion, he sat him calmly down, and with gloomy looks, head depressed, and arms folded on his bosom, listened to the Archbishop. Nay, he forbore interruption, even when the prelate ventured to hint that Richard's own impetuosity had been one main cause of disgusting the princes with the expedition.

"I confess, reverend father," answered Richard, 30 "that I ought on some accounts to sing culpa mea. But is it not hard that, for a burst or two of natural passion, I should be doomed to see fade before me

ungathered such a rich harvest of glory to God and honour to chivalry? But by the soul of the Conqueror, I *will* plant the Cross on the towers of Jerusalem, or it shall be planted over Richard's grave!"

"Thou mayst do it," said the Prelate, "yet not another drop of Christian blood be shed in the quarrel. There will be glory enough in having extorted from Saladin such conditions as at once restore the Holy Sepulchre, open the Holy Land to pilgrims, and assure the safety of the Holy City by conferring on Richard the title of King Guardian of Jerusalem."

"How!" said Richard, his eyes sparkling with unusual light. "I—I—I the King Guardian of the Holy City! But Saladin still proposes to retain his interest in the Holy Land?"

"As a joint sovereign, the sworn ally," replied the Prelate, "of the mighty Richard, his relative, if it may be permitted, by marriage."

"By marriage!" said Richard, surprised, yet less so than the Prelate had expected. "Ha! Ay, Edith Plantagenet. Did I dream this? Or did some one tell me? Was it the Scot, or the Hakim, or yonder holy hermit, that hinted such a wild bargain?"

"The hermit of Engaddi, most likely," said the Archbishop; "for he hath toiled much in this matter."

"My kinswoman to an infidel—Ha!" exclaimed Richard as his eyes began to sparkle.

The Prelate hastened to avert his wrath.

"The Pope's consent must doubtless be first attained, and the holy hermit, who is well known at Rome, will treat with the holy Father."

"How! without our consent first given?" said the King.

"Surely no," said the Bishop, in a quieting and insinuating tone of voice; "only with and under your especial sanction."

"My sanction to marry my kinswoman to an infidel?" said Richard. "But proceed; I will hear with patience."

Equally delighted and surprised to find his task so much easier than he had apprehended, the Archbishop hastened to pour forth before Richard the incalculable advantages which all Christendom would 10 derive from the union of himself and Saladin by a bond so sacred; and, above all, he spoke on the probability that Saladin would, in case of the proposed alliance, exchange his false faith for the true one.

"Hath the Soldan shown any disposition to become Christian?" said Richard. "If so, the king lives not on earth to whom I would grant the hand of a kinswoman, ay, or sister, sooner than to my noble Saladin."

"Saladin hath heard our Christian teachers," said 20 the Bishop, somewhat evasively—"my unworthy self, and others; and as he listens with patience, and replies with calmness, it can hardly be but that he be snatched as a brand from the burning. Moreover, the hermit of Engaddi, few of whose words have fallen 7 fruitless to the ground, is possessed fully with the belief that there is a calling of the Saracens and the other heathen approaching, to which this marriage shall be matter of induction."

King Richard listened to the Prelate's reasoning 30 with a downcast brow and a troubled look.

"I cannot tell," he said, "how it is with me. The time hath been that had one proposed such alliance

to me, I had struck him to earth; yet now this counsel sounds not so strange in mine ear, for why should I not seek for brotherhood and alliance with a Saracen, brave, just, generous, who loves and honours a worthy foe, whilst the princes of Christendom shrink from their allies, and forsake the cause of Heaven and good knighthood? But I will possess my patience. Only one attempt will I make to keep this gallant brotherhood together, if it be possible; and if I fail,

10 Lord Archbishop, we will speak together of thy counsel, which, as now, I neither accept nor altogether reject. Wend we to the Council, my lord: the hour calls us. Thou say'st Richard is hasty and proud: thou shalt see him humble himself like the lowly broom-plant, from which he derives his surname."

The King then hastily robed himself in a doublet and mantle of a dark and uniform colour; and without any mark of regal dignity, excepting a ring of gold upon his head, he hastened with the Archbishop of

20 Tyre to attend the Council.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE pavilion of the Council was an ample tent, having before it the large banner of the Cross displayed, and another, on which was portrayed, a female kneeling, with dishevelled hair and disordered dress,

30 meant to represent the desolate and distressed Church of Jerusalem.

Here the princes of the Crusade were assembled, awaiting Richard's arrival; and even the brief delay

which was thus interposed was turned to his disadvantage by his enemies, various instances being circulated of his pride and undue assumption of superiority, of which even the necessity of the present short pause was quoted as an instance.

They had settled, accordingly, that they should receive him on his entrance with slight notice, and no more respect than was exactly necessary. But when they beheld that noble form, that princely countenance, somewhat pale from his late illness, when his 10 feats rushed on their recollection, the Council of Princes simultaneously arose—even the jealous King of France and the sullen and offended Duke of Austria arose with one consent, and the assembled princes burst forth with one voice in the acclamation, “God save King Richard of England! Long life to the valiant Lion’s heart!”

With a countenance frank and open as the summer sun when it rises, Richard distributed his thanks around, and congratulated himself on being once more 20 among his royal brethren of the Crusades.

“Some brief words he desired to say,” such was his address to the assembly, “though on a subject so unworthy as himself, even at the risk of delaying for a few minutes their consultations for the weal of Christendom, and the advancement of their holy enterprise.”

The assembled princes resumed their seats, and there was a profound silence.

“This day,” continued the King of England, “is a 30 high festival of the Church; and well becomes it Christian men, at such a tide, to reconcile themselves with their brethren, and confess their faults to each

other." Noble princes, and fathers of this holy expedition, Richard is a soldier; his hand is ever readier than his tongue, and his tongue is but too much used to the rough language of his trade. But do not, for Plantagenet's hasty speeches and ill-considered actions, forsake the noble cause of the redemption of Palestine. Is Richard in default to any of you, Richard will make compensation both by word and action. Noble brother of France, have I been so unlucky as to offend
10 you?"

"The Majesty of France has no atonement to seek from that of England," answered Philip, with kingly dignity, accepting, at the same time, the offered hand of Richard.

"Austria," said Richard, walking up to the Archduke with a mixture of frankness and dignity, while Leopold arose from his seat, as if involuntarily, "Austria thinks he hath reason to be offended with England; England, that he hath cause to complain of Austria.
20 Let them exchange forgiveness, that the peace of Europe, and the concord of this host, may remain unbroken. But let Leopold restore the pennon of England, if he has it in his power, and Richard will say, though from no motive save his love for Holy Church, that he repents him of the hasty mood in which he did insult the standard of Austria."

The Archduke still, sullen and discontented, with his eyes fixed on the floor.

30 The Patriarch of Jerusalem hastened to break the embarrassing silence, and to bear witness for the Archduke of Austria, that he had exculpated himself by a solemn oath from all knowledge, direct or indirect, of the aggression done to the banner of England.

"Then we have done the noble Archduke the greater wrong," said Richard; "and, craving his pardon for imputing to him an outrage so cowardly, we extend our hand to him in token of renewed peace and amity.—But how is this? Austria refuses our uncovered hand, as he formerly refused our mailed glove? What! are we neither to be his mate in peace nor his antagonist in war? Well, let it be so."

So saying, he turned from the Archduke with an air rather of dignity than scorn.

10

"Noble Earl of Champagne, Princely Marquis of Montserrat, Valiant Grand Master of the Templars, I am here a penitent in the confessional. Do any of you bring a charge, or claim amends from me?"

"I know not on what we could ground any," said the smooth-tongued Conrade, "unless it were that the King of England carries off from his poor brothers of the war all the fame which they might have hoped to gain in the expedition."

"My charge, if I am called on to make one," said 20 the Master of the Templars, "is graver and deeper than that of the Marquis of Montserrat. It may be thought all to besem a military monk such as I to raise his voice where so many noble princes remain silent; but it concerns our whole host, and not least this noble King of England, that he should hear from some one to his face those charges which there are enow to bring against him in his absence. We laud and honour the courage and high achievements of the King of England, but we feel aggrieved that he should, 30 on all occasions, seize and maintain a precedence and superiority over us which it becomes not independent princes to submit to. Since the royal Richard

has asked the truth from us, he must neither be surprised nor angry when he hears one to whom worldly pomp is prohibited, tell him the truth in reply to his question."

Richard coloured very highly while the Grand Master was making this direct and unvarnished attack upon his conduct, and the murmur of assent which followed it showed plainly that almost all who were present acquiesced in the justice of the accusation.

10 Incensed, and at the same time mortified, he yet foresaw that to give way to his headlong resentment would be to give the cold and wary accuser the advantage over him, which it was the Templar's principal object to obtain. He therefore, with a strong effort, remained silent till he had repeated a paternoster, being the course which his confessor had enjoined him to pursue when anger was likely to obtain dominion over him. The King then spoke with composure, though not without an embittered tone, especially at

20 the outset.

"And is it even so? And are our brethren at such pains to note the infirmities of our natural temper, and the rough precipitance of our zeal, which may sometimes have urged us to issue commands when there was little time to hold council? I could not have thought that offences, casual and unpremeditated like mine, could find such deep root in the hearts of my allies in this most holy cause, that for my sake they should withdraw their hand from the plough

30 when the furrow was near the end; for my sake turn aside from the direct path to Jerusalem, which their swords have opened. I may have called the conquered city by my name, but it was to others that I

yielded the dominion. If I have, in the hurry of march or battle, assumed a command over the soldiers of others, such have been ever treated as my own, when my wealth purchased the provisions and medicines which their own sovereigns could not procure. But it shames me to remind you of what all but myself seem to have forgotten. Let us rather look forward to our future measures; and believe me, brethren," he continued, his face kindling with eagerness, "you shall not find the pride, or the wrath, or the ambition of Richard a stumbling-block of offence in the path to which religion and glory summon you, as with the trumpet of an archangel. I will yield up voluntarily, all right to command in the host, even mine own liege subjects. They shall be led by such sovereigns as you may nominate. Or, if ye are yourselves a-weary of this war, and feel your armour chafe your tender bodies, leave but with Richard some ten or fifteen thousand of your soldiers to work out the accomplishment of your vow; and when Zion is won, we will write upon her gates, NOT the name of Richard Plantagenet, but of those generous princes who intrusted him with the means of conquest!"

The rough eloquence and determined expression of the military monarch at once roused the drooping spirits of the Crusaders, reanimated their devotion, and, fixing their attention on the principal object of the expedition, made most of them who were present blush for having been moved by such petty subjects of complaint as had before engrossed them. Eye 30^{al} caught fire from eye, voice lent courage to voice. They resumed, as with one accord, the war-cry with which the sermon of Peter the Hermit was echoed

back, and shouted aloud, "Lead us on, gallant Lion's-heart. Lead us on—to Jerusalem—to Jerusalem! It is the will of God! it is the will of God!"

There was no more speech except of a proud advance towards Jerusalem upon the expiry of the truce, and the measures to be taken in the meantime for supplying and recruiting the army. The council broke up, all apparently filled with the same enthusiastic purpose.

10

CHAPTER XXVI.

RICHARD, having effected the union of the Crusading princes in a resolution to prosecute the war with vigour, had it next at heart to inquire distinctly into the circumstances leading to the loss of his banner, and the nature and the extent of the connection betwixt his kinswoman Edith, and the banished
20 adventurer from Scotland.

Accordingly, the Queen and her household were startled with a visit from Sir Thomas De Vaux, requesting the present attendance of the Lady Calista of Montfaucon, the Queen's principal bower-woman, upon King Richard. She was conducted by De Vaux to the King, and made a full confession of the decoy by which the unfortunate Knight of the Leopard had been induced to desert his post; exculpating the Lady Edith, and laying the full burden on the Queen, her
30 mistress, whose share of the guilt, she well knew, would appear the most venial in the eyes of Cœur de Lion. In truth, Richard was a fond, almost an uxorious husband. The first burst of his wrath had

long since passed away, and he was not disposed severely to censure what could not now be amended.

Having possessed herself of all the information which Calista could communicate, Berengaria arrayed herself in her most becoming dress, and awaited with confidence the arrival of the heroic Richard.

He arrived, and found himself in the situation of a prince entering an offending province, in the confidence that his business will only be to inflict rebuke and receive submission, when he unexpectedly finds it in a ¹⁰ state of complete defiance and insurrection. Berengaria, far from listening to the King's intended rebuke, extenuated, nay defended, as a harmless frolic, that which she was accused of. She denied, indeed, with many a pretty form of negation, that she had directed Nectabanus absolutely to entice the knight farther than the brink of the Mount on which he kept watch—and indeed this was so far true, that she had not designed Sir Kenneth to be introduced into her tent; and then, eloquent in urging her own defence, the ²⁰ Queen was far more so in pressing upon Richard the charge of unkindness, in refusing her so poor a boon as the life of an unfortunate knight, who, by her thoughtless prank, had been brought within the danger of martial law. She wept and sobbed while she enlarged on her husband's obduracy on this score, as a rigour which had threatened to make her unhappy for life.

Richard endeavoured gently to chide her suspicions and soothe her displeasure, and recalled to her mind ³⁰ that Sir Kenneth was alive and well, and had been bestowed by him upon the great Arabian physician. But this seemed the unkindest cut of all, and the

Queen's sorrow was renewed at the idea of a Saracen—a mediciner—obtaining a boon for which she had petitioned her husband in vain. At this new charge Richard's patience began rather to give way, and he said, in a serious tone of voice, "Berengaria, the physician saved my life. If it is of value in your eyes, you will not grudge him a higher recompense than the only one I could prevail on him to accept."

The Queen was satisfied she had urged her coquettish
10 displeasure to the verge of safety.

"My Richard," she said, "why brought you not that sage to me, that England's Queen might show how she esteemed him who could save from extinction the lamp of chivalry, the glory of England, and the light of poor Berengaria's life and hope?"

In a word, the matrimonial dispute was ended; but, that some penalty might be paid to justice, both King and Queen accorded in laying the whole blame on the agent Nectabanus, who (the Queen being by this time
20 well weary of the poor dwarf's humour) was, with his royal consort Guenevra, sentenced to be banished from the Court.

Richard had that day yet another female encounter to sustain. Having requested to speak with Edith apart, he was ushered into her apartment, adjoining that of the Queen. A thin black veil extended its ample folds over the tall and graceful form of the high-born maiden, and she wore not upon her person any female ornament of what kind soever. She arose
30 and made a low reverence when Richard entered, resumed her seat at his command, and, when he sat down beside her, waited, without uttering a syllable, until he should communicate his pleasure.

Richard, whose custom it was to be familiar with Edith, as their relationship authorised, felt this reception chilling, and opened the conversation with some embarrassment.

"Our fair cousin," he at length said, "is angry with us. Can she not forgive her somewhat vehement kinsman, Richard?"

"Who can refuse forgiveness to *Richard*," answered Edith, "provided Richard can obtain pardon of the *King*?"

10

"Come, my kinswoman," replied Cœur de Lion, "this is all too solemn. By Our Lady, this ample sable veil might make men think thou wert a new-made widow. Thou hast heard, doubtless, that there is no real cause for woe: why, then, keep up the form of mourning?"

"For the departed honour of Plantagenet—for the glory which hath left my father's house."

Richard frowned. "Departed honour! glory which hath left our house!" he repeated angrily. "Tell me 20 at least in what I have faulted."

"Plantagenet," said Edith, "should have either pardoned an offence or punished it. To have doomed the unfortunate to death might have been severity, but had a show of justice; to condemn him to slavery and exile was barefaced tyranny. For the indulgence of thy mood thou hast deprived the Cross of one of its most brave supporters; hast given, too, to minds as suspicious as thou hast shown thine own in this matter, some right to say that Richard Cœur de Lion 30 banished the bravest soldier in his camp, lest his name in battle might match his own."

"I—I!" exclaimed Richard, now indeed greatly

moved. "Am I one to be jealous of renown? I would he were here to profess such an equality! Come, Edith, thou think'st not as thou say'st. Let not anger or grief for the absence of thy lover make thee unjust to thy kinsman, who, notwithstanding all thy tetchiness, values thy good report as high as that of any one living."

"The absence of my lover?" said the Lady Edith.

"But yes—he may be well termed my lover, who hath paid so dear for the title. I was to him like a light, leading him forward in the noble path of chivalry; but that I forgot my rank, or that he presumed beyond his, is false, were a king to speak it."

"My fair cousin," said Richard, "I said not you had graced this man beyond the favour which a good knight may earn, even from a princess, whatever be his native condition. But, by Our Lady, I know something of this love-gear: it begins with mute respect and distant reverence; but when opportunities occur, familiarity increases, and so—But it skills not talking with one who thinks herself wiser than all the world."

"My kinsman's counsels I willingly listen to, when they are such," said Edith, "as convey no insult to my rank and character."

"Kings, my fair cousin, do not counsel, but rather command," said Richard.

"So they do in many lands," said Edith, "but it is because they have slaves to govern."

"Learn to scorn this scorn of Soldanrie, old so high of a Scot," said the King. "We tell thee, Edith, thou mayst live to prove a true Turk to a false Scot."

"No, never!" answered Edith, "not should Richard himself embrace the false religion which he crossed the seas to expel from Palestine."

"Thou wilt have the last word," said Richard, "and thou shalt have it. Even think of me what thou wilt, pretty Edith. I shall not forget that we are near and dear cousins."

So saying, he took his leave in fair fashion, but very little satisfied with the result of his visit.

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was the fourth day after Sir Kenneth had been dismissed from the camp; and King Richard sat in his pavilion, enjoying an evening breeze from the west, which seemed breathed from merry England for the refreshment of her adventurous monarch, as he was gradually recovering the full strength which was necessary to carry on his gigantic projects. While Richard yielded himself to visions of conquest and of glory, an equerry told him that a messenger from Saladin waited without.

"Admit him instantly," said the king, "and with due honour, Joazezine."

The English knight accordingly introduced a person, apparently of no higher rank than a Nubian slave, whose appearance was nevertheless highly interesting. He was of superb stature and nobly formed, and his commanding features, although almost jet-black, showed nothing of negro descent. He wore over his coal-black locks a milk-white turban, and over his

shoulders a short mantle of the same colour, open in front and at the sleeves, under which appeared a doublet of dressed leopard's skin reaching within a handbreadth of the knee. The rest of his muscular limbs, both legs and arms, were bare, excepting that he had sandals on his feet, and wore a collar and bracelets of silver. A straight broadsword, with a handle of boxwood and a sheath covered with snake-skin, was suspended from his waist. In his right hand he held
10 a short javelin, with a broad bright steel head, of a span in length, and in his left he led, by a leash of twisted silk and gold, a large and noble stag-hound.

The messenger prostrated himself, at the same time partially uncovering his shoulders, in sign of humiliation, and, having touched the earth with his forehead, arose so far as to rest on one knee, while he delivered to the King a silken napkin, enclosing another of cloth of gold, within which was a letter from Saladin in the original Arabic, with a translation into Norman-
20 English, which may be modernised thus:—

“Saladin, King of Kings, to Melech Ric, the Lion of England. Whereas we are informed by thy last message that thou hast chosen war rather than peace, and our enmity rather than our friendship, we account thee as one blinded in this matter, and trust shortly to convince thee of thine error, by the help of our invincible forces of the thousand tribes. In what remains, we make noble account of thee, and of the gifts which thou hast sent us, and of the two dwarfs, singular in
30 their deformity as Ysop. And in requital of these tokens from the treasure-house of thy bounty, behold we have sent thee a Nubian slave, named Zohauk. Know that he is strong to execute the will of his

master ; also he is wise to give counsel when thou shalt learn to hold communication with him, for the Lord of Speech hath been stricken with silence betwixt the ivory walls of his palace. We commend him to thy care, hoping the hour may not be distant when he may render thee good service. And herewith we bid thee farewell."

And the missive was sanctioned by the signature ~~and~~ and seal of the Soldan.

Richard surveyed the Nubian in silence as he stood before him, his looks bent upon the ground, his arms folded on his bosom, with the appearance of a black marble statue of the most exquisite workmanship. The King of England, who, as it was emphatically said of his successor Henry the Eighth, loved to look upon A MAN, was well pleased with the thews, sinews, and symmetry of him whom he now surveyed, and questioned him in the lingua franca, "Art thou a pagan?"

The slave shook his head, and, raising his finger to his brow, crossed himself in token of his Christianity, then resumed his posture of motionless humility.

"A Nubian Christian, doubtless," said Richard, "and mutilated of the organ of speech by these heathen dogs?"

The mute again slowly shook his head, in token of negative, pointed with his forefinger to heaven, and then laid it upon his own lips.

"I understand thee," said Richard. "Thou dost suffer under the infliction of God, not by the cruelty of man. Canst thou clean an armour and belt, and buckle it in time of need?"

The mute nodded, and stepping towards the coat of

mail, which hung, with the shield and helmet of the chivalrous monarch, upon the pillar of the tent, he handled it with such nicety of address as sufficiently to show that he fully understood the business of the armour-bearer.

"Thou art an apt, and wilt doubtless be a useful, knave. Thou shalt wait in my chamber, and on my person," said the King, "to show how much I value the gift of the royal Soldan. If thou hast no tongue, it follows thou canst carry no tales, neither provoke me to be sudden by any unfit reply."

The Nubian again prostrated himself till his brow touched the earth, then stood erect, at some paces distant, as waiting for his new master's commands.

"Nay, thou shalt commence thy office presently," said Richard, "for I see a speck of rust darkening on that shield; and when I shake it in the face of Saladin, it should be bright and unsullied as the Soldan's honour and mine own."

20 Deep in the shadow of the pavilion, and busied with the task his new master had imposed, sat the Nubian slave, with his back rather turned towards the King. He was busily employed on a broad pavesse, or buckler, of unusual size, and covered with steel-plating. This pavesse bore royal lions of England nor any other device to attract the observation of the defenders of the walls against which it was advanced; the case, therefore, of the armourer was addressed to its surface to shine as bright as crystal.

30 While the new attendant was thus occupied, another actor crept upon the scene and mingled among the group of English men, about a score of whom were keeping a silent in front of the tent. Some were

playing at games of hazard with small pebbles, others spoke together in whispers of the approaching day of battle, and several lay asleep, their bulky limbs folded in their green mantles.

Amid these careless warders glided the puny form of a little old Turk, poorly dressed like a marabout or santon of the desert, a sort of enthusiasts, who sometimes ventured into the camp of the Crusaders, though treated always with contumely. When the little insignificant figure we have described approached so nigh 10 as to receive some interruption from the warders, he dashed his dusky green turban from his head, showed that his beard and eyebrows were shaved like those of a professed buffoon, and that the expression of his fantastic and writhen features, as well as of his little black eyes, was that of a crazed imagination.

"Dance, marabout," cried the soldiers, acquainted with the manners of these wandering enthusiasts,—
"dance, or we will scourge thee with our bow-strings, till thou spin as never top did under school-boy's 20 lash."

The marabout, as if happy to do their behests, bounded from the earth, and spun his body round before them with singular agility. Amid the vagaries of his performance, he flew here and there from one spot to another, still appearing almost imperceptibly, to the entrance of the royal tent; so that, when at length he sank exhausted on the earth, after two or three bounds still higher than those which he had yet executed, he was not above 30 thirty yards from the King's person.

"Give him water," said one yeoman; "they always crave a drink after their merry-go-round."

"Aha, water, say'st thou?" said another archer. "We will teach the light-footed old infidel to be a good Christian, and drink wine of Cyprus. Here comes the horn. See, see, he signs for the goblet. Give him room, boys—down it goes like lambs'-wool!"

In fact, the dervise, or whatever he was, drank, or at least seemed to drink, the large flagon to the very bottom at a single pull; and when he took it from his 10 lips, after the whole contents were exhausted, only uttered with a deep sigh, the words "Allah kerim!" or, God is merciful. There was a laugh among the yeomen who witnessed this potation, so obstreperous as to rouse and disturb the King, who, raising his finger, said angrily, "How, knaves, no respect, no observance?"

All were at once hushed into silence. Hastening to a more reverent distance from the royal person, they attempted to drag along with them the marabout, 20 who, exhausted apparently by previous fatigue, or overpowered by the potent draught he had just swallowed, resisted being moved from the spot, both with struggles and groans.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

For the space of a quarter of an hour, or longer, after the incident related, all remained perfectly quiet 30 in the front of the royal habitation. The King read, and mused in the entrance of his pavilion; behind, and with his back turned to the same entrance, the Nubian slave still burnished the ample pavesse; in

front of all, at a hundred paces distant, the yeomen of the guard stood, sat, or lay extended on the grass, while on the esplanade, betwixt them and the front of the tent, lay the senseless form of the marabout.

But the Nubian had the advantage of a mirror, from the brilliant reflection which the surface of the highly polished shield now afforded, by means of which he beheld, to his alarm and surprise, that the marabout raised his head gently from the ground, so as to survey all around him. He couched his head 10 instantly, as if satisfied he was unobserved, and began, with the slightest possible appearance of voluntary effort, to drag himself, as if by chance, ever nearer and nearer to the King, but stopping, and remaining fixed at intervals. This species of movement appeared suspicious to the Ethiopian, who on his part prepared himself, as quietly as possible, to interfere, the instant that interference should seem to be necessary.

The marabout meanwhile glided on gradually and imperceptibly, serpent-like, or rather snail-like, till he 20 was about ten yards' distance from Richard's person, when, starting on his feet, he sprang forward with the bound of a tiger, stood at the King's back in less than an instant, and brandished aloft the poniard, which he had hidden in his sleeve. Not the presence of his whole army could have saved their heroic monarch; but the motions of the Nubian had been as well calculated as those of the enthusiast, and ere the latter could strike the former caught his uplifted arm. Turning his fanatical wrath upon what thus unexpectedly interposed betwixt him and his object, the Charegite, for such was the seeming marabout, dealt the Nubian a blow with the dagger, which, however,

only grazed his arm, while the far superior strength of the Ethiopian easily dashed him to the ground. Aware of what had passed, Richard had now arisen, and caught up the stool on which he had been sitting, and exclaiming only, "Ha, dog!" dashed almost to pieces the skull of the assassin, who uttered twice, once in a loud, and once in a broken tone, the words, "Allah ackbar!"—God is victorious—and expired at the King's feet.

10 "Ye are careful warders," said Richard to his archers, in a tone of scornful reproach, as, in terror and tumult, they now rushed into his tent; "watchful sentinels ye are, to leave me to do such hangman's work with my own hand. Be silent, all of you, and cease your senseless clamour! Saw ye never a dead Turk before? Here, cast that carrion out of the camp. For thee, my swart, and silent friend," he added, turning to the Ethiopian. "But how's this? Thou art wounded—and with a poisoned weapon, I
20 warrant me. Suck the poison from his wound, one of you; the venom is harmless on the lips, though fatal when it mingles with the blood."

The women looked on each other confusedly and with hesitation, the apprehension of so strange a
3 with those who feared no other.

"His Grace speaks to men of sucking poison," muttered a yeoman, as if he said, Go to, swallow a

"Nay,"
so which I
And,

"I man do that
myself."

ceremony, and in spite of
of those around, and the
respectful opposition of the Nubian himself, the King



THE ETHIOPIAN EASILY DASHED HIM TO THE GROUND —Drawn by J Macfarlane

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of England applied his lips to the wound of the black slave, treating with ridicule all remonstrances, and overpowering all resistance. He had no sooner intermitted his singular occupation than the Nubian started from him, and, casting a scarf over his arm, "intimated by gestures, as firm in purpose as they were respectful in manner, his determination not to permit the monarch to renew so degrading an employment.

Neville, who entered with other officers, added his remonstrances.

"Nay, nay, make not a needless halloo about a hart that the hounds have lost, or a danger when it is over," said the King. "The wound will be a trifle, for the blood is scarce drawn."

Thus spoke Richard, a little ashamed, perhaps, of his own condescension. But when Neville continued to make remonstrances on the peril to his royal person, the King imposed silence on him.

"Peace, I prithee: make no more of it. But," he added, "take thee this Nubian to thy quarters, 20 Neville. I have changed my mind touching him: let him be well cared for. But, hark in thine ear, see that he escapes thee not: there is more in him than seems. Let him have all liberty, so that he leave not the camp. And you, ye beef-devouring, wine-swilling English mastiffs, get ye to your guard again. Keep your eyes open and your mouths shut; drink less and look sharper about you, or I will place your huge stomachs on such short allowance, as would pinch the stomach of a patient Scottish man. 30

The yeomen, abashed and mortified, withdrew to their post, and Neville was beginning to remonstrate with his master upon the risk of passing over thus

slightly their negligence upon their duty, when Richard interrupted him with: "Speak not of it, Neville. Wouldst thou have me avenge a petty risk to myself more severely than the loss of England's banner. My sable friend, thou art an expounder of mysteries, saith the illustrious Soldan: now would I give thee thine own weight in gold if thou couldst show me the thief who did mine honour that wrong. What say'st thou? ha!"

10 The mute seemed desirous to speak, but uttered only that imperfect sound proper to his melancholy condition, then folded his arms, looked on the King with an eye of intelligence, and nodded in answer to his question

"How!" said Richard, with joyful impatience. "Wilt thou undertake to make discovery in this matter?"

The Nubian slave repeated the same motion.

"But how shall we understand each other?" said
20 the King. "Canst thou write, good fellow?"

The slave again nodded in assent.

"Give him writing-tools," said the King. "Why, this fellow is a jewel—a black diamond, Neville."

The slave, who had been writing, now arose, and, pressing what he had written to his brow, prostrated himself as usual, ere he delivered it into the King's hands.

"To Richard, the conquering and invincible King of England, this from the humblest of his slaves.
30 Were your slave stationed where the leaders of the Christian host were made to pass before him in order, doubt nothing that, if he who did the injury whereof my King complains shall be among the number, he

may be made manifest in his iniquity, though it be ^{be} hidden under seven veils."

"Now, by St. George!" said King Richard, "thou hast spoken most opportunistically. Neville, thou know'st that, when we muster our troops to-morrow, the princes have agreed that, to expiate the affront offered to England in the theft of her banner, the leaders should pass our new standard as it floats on St. George's Mount, and salute it with formal regard. Believe me, the secret traitor will not dare to absent himself from an expurgation so solemn, lest his very absence should be matter of suspicion. There will we place our sable man of counsel, and, if his art can detect the villain, leave me to deal with him."

"But," said the baron, "what hope that this juggling slave of Saladin will not palter with your Grace?"

"Peace, Neville!" said the King. "Thou think'st thyself mighty wise, and art but a fool. Mind thou my charge touching this fellow: there is more in him than thy Westmoreland wit can fathom. And thou, swart and silent, prepare to perform the feat thou hast promised, and, by the word of a King, thou shalt choose thine own recompense. Lo, he writes again."

The mute accordingly wrote and delivered to the King another slip of paper, containing these words: "The will of the King is the law to his slave, nor doth it become him to ask guerdon for discharge of his devoir."

"*Guerdon and devoir!*" said the King, interrupting himself as he read, and speaking to Neville in the English tongue with some emphasis on the words. "These Eastern people will profit by the Crusaders:

they are acquiring the language of chivalry! And see, Neville, how discomposed that fellow looks: were it not for his colour, he would blush. I should not think it strange if he understood what I say: they are perilous linguists."

"The poor slave cannot endure your Grace's eye," said Neville: "it is nothing more."

"Well, but," continued the King, striking the paper with his finger, as he proceeded, "this bold scroll proceeds to say that our trusty mute is charged with a message from Saladin to the Lady Edith Plantagenet, and craves means and opportunity to deliver it. What think'st thou of a request so modest—ha, Neville?"

"I cannot say," said Neville, "how such freedom may relish with your Grace; but the lease of the messenger's neck would be a short one who should carry such a request to the Soldan on the part of your Majesty."

"Nay, I thank Heaven that I covet none of his 20 sunburnt beauties," said Richard; "and for punishing this fellow for discharging his master's errand, and that when he has just saved my life—methinks it were something too summary. I will say nothing concerning the request of this our sable attendant, save that it is an unusually bold one, and that his best chance of finding grace in our eyes will be to endeavour to make the discovery which he proposes to achieve in our behalf. Meanwhile, Neville, do thou look well to him, and let him be honourably 30 cared for. And hark thee once more," he said in a low whisper, "seek out yonder hermit of Engaddi, and bring him to me forthwith, be he saint or savage, madman or sane. Let me see him privately."

Neville retired from the royal tent, signing to the Nubian to follow him, and much surprised at what he had seen and heard, and especially at the unusual demeanour of the King.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE unfortunate Knight of the Leopard, bestowed upon the Arabian physician by King Richard, rather as a slave than in any other capacity, was exiled from the camp of the Crusaders. He followed his new master, for so we must now term the Hakim, to the Moorish tents which contained his retinue and his property, with stupefied feelings. Arrived at the tent, he threw himself, without speech of any kind, upon a couch of dressed buffalo's hide, which was pointed out to him by his conductor, and hiding his face betwixt his hands, groaned heavily, as if his heart were on the point of bursting. The physician heard him, as he was giving orders to his numerous domestics to prepare for their departure the next morning before daybreak, and, moved with compassion, interrupted his occupation to sit down cross-legged by the side of his couch, and administer comfort according to the Oriental manner.

"My friend," he said, "be of good comfort; for what sayeth the poet—'It is better that a man should be the servant of a kind master than the slave of his own wild passions.'"

30

Sir Kenneth was awake long after midnight when a movement took place among the domestics, which, though attended with no speech and very little noise,

made him aware they were loading the camels and preparing for departure. In the course of these preparations, the last person who was disturbed, excepting the physician himself, was the Knight of Scotland, whom, about three in the morning, a sort of major-domo, or master of the household, acquainted that he must arise. He did so, without further answer, and followed him into the moonlight, where stood the horses and the camels, most of which were already loaded, and one only
10 remained kneeling until its burden should be completed.

The exile, however abstracted by his own deep sorrow, was occasionally aware of the low wail of a dog, secured in a wicker enclosure suspended on one of the camels, which, as an experienced woodsman, he had no hesitation in recognising to be that of his own faithful hound.

"Alas! poor Roswal," he said, "I will not seem to heed thee, or return thy affection, since it would serve but to load our parting with yet more bitterness."

Thus passed the hours of night, and the space of dim
20 hazy dawn which forms the twilight of a Syrian morning. But when the very first line of the sun's disc began to rise above the level horizon, the sonorous voice of El Hakim himself caused to resound along the sands the solemn summons which the muezzins thunder at morning from the minaret of every mosque.

"To prayer! to prayer! God is the one God. To prayer! to prayer! Mohammed is the prophet of God. To prayer! to prayer! Time is flying from you. To prayer! to prayer! Judgment is drawing
30 nigh to you."

In an instant each Moslem cast himself from his horse, turned his face towards Mecca, and performed with sand an imitation of those ablutions which were

elsewhere required to be made with water, while each individual, in brief but fervent ejaculations, recommended himself to the care, and his sins to the forgiveness, of God and the Prophet.

Even Sir Kenneth, whose reason at once and prejudices were offended by seeing his companions in that which he considered as an act of idolatry, could not help respecting the sincerity of their misguided zeal and being stimulated by their fervour to apply supplications to Heaven in a purer form. 10

The act of devotion, however, though rendered in such strange society, burst purely from his natural feelings of religious duty, and had its usual effect in composing the spirits, which had been long harassed by so rapid a succession of calamities. Sir Kenneth felt himself comforted and strengthened, and better prepared to execute or submit to whatever his destiny might call upon him to do or to suffer.

Meanwhile, the party of Saracens regained their saddles, and continued their route. A horseman, who 20 had ascended some high ground on the right hand of the little column, returned on a speedy gallop to El Hakim, and communicated with him. Four or five more cavaliers were then despatched, and the little band, which might consist of about twenty or thirty persons, began to follow them with their eyes, as men from whose gestures, and advance or retreat, they were to augur good or evil.

This suspense continued until they had rounded a ridge composed of hillocks of sand, which concealed 30 from their main body the object that had created this alarm among their scouts. Sir Kenneth could now see, at the distance of a mile or more, a dark object moving

rapidly on the bosom of the desert, which his experienced eye recognised for a party of cavalry, much superior to their own in numbers, and, from the thick and frequent flashes which flung back the level beams of the rising sun, it was plain that these were Europeans, in their complete panoply.

"What fear you from these Christian horsemen, for such they seem?" said Sir Kenneth to the Hakim.

"Fear!" said El Hakim, repeating the word disdainfully. "The sage fears nothing but Heaven, but ever expects from wicked men the worst which they can do."

"They are Christians," said Sir Kenneth, "and it is the time of truce—why should you fear a breach of faith?"

"They are the priestly soldiers of the Temple," answered El Hakim, "whose vow limits them to know neither truth nor faith with the worshippers of Islam. Seest thou not that they are detaching a party from their main body, and that they take an eastern direction? Yon are their pages and squires, whom they train up in their accursed mysteries, and whom, as lighter mounted, they send to cut us off from our watering-place. But they will be disappointed: I know the war of the desert yet better than they."

He spoke a few words to his principal officer, and his whole demeanour and countenance was at once changed from the solemn repose of an Eastern sage, into the prompt and proud expression of a gallant soldier.

When Adonbec said to Sir Kenneth, "Thou must tarry close by my side," he answered solemnly in the negative.

"Yonder," he said, "are my comrades in arms. I cannot fly from the Cross in company with the Crescent."

"Fool," said the Hakim. "Their first action would be to do thee to death, were it only to conceal their breach of the truce."

"Of that I must take my chance," replied Sir Kenneth; "but I wear not the bonds of the infidels an instant longer than I can cast them from me."

"Then will I compel thee to follow me," said El Hakim.

"Compel!" answered Sir Kenneth, angrily. "Wert thou not my benefactor, I would show thee that, unarmed as I am, compulsion would be no easy task."

"Enough, enough," replied the Arabian physician, "we lose time even when it is becoming precious."

So saying, he threw his arm aloft, and uttered a loud and shrill cry, as a signal to those of his retinue, who instantly dispersed themselves on the face of the desert, in as many different directions as a chaplet of beads when the string is broken. Sir Kenneth had no time to note what ensued, for at the same instant the Hakim seized the rein of his steed, and, putting his own to its mettle, both sprang forth at once with the suddenness of light, and at a pitch of velocity which almost deprived the Scottish knight of the power of respiration, and left him absolutely incapable, had he been desirous, to have checked the career of his guide. Practised as Sir Kenneth was in horsemanship from his earliest youth, the speediest horse he had ever mounted was a tortoise in comparison to those of the Arabian sage. They spurned the sand from behind them, they seemed to devour the desert before them, miles flew away with

minutes, and yet their strength seemed unabated, and their respiration as free as when they first started upon the wonderful race.

It was not until after an hour of this portentous motion, and when all human pursuit was far, far behind, that the Hakim at length relaxed his speed, and, slackening the pace of the horses into a hand gallop, began, in a voice as composed and even as if he had been walking for the last hour, a descant upon the excellence of his coursers to the Scot, who, breathless, half blind, half deaf, and altogether giddy, from the rapidity of this singular ride, hardly comprehended the words which flowed so freely from his companion. "These horses," he said, "are of the breed called the Winged. Kings have given provinces to possess them, and their age is as active as their youth."

The Scottish knight, who had now begun to recover his breath and powers of attention, could not help acknowledging in his heart the advantage possessed by these Eastern warriors in a race of animals, alike proper for advance or retreat, and so admirably adapted to the level and sandy deserts of Arabia and Syria. Looking around him, he could now, at the more moderate pace at which they moved, distinguish that he was in a country not unknown to him.

They were approaching the fountain called the Diamond of the Desert, which had been the scene of his interview on a former occasion with the Saracen Emir Sheerkohf, or Ilderim. In a few minutes they checked their horses beside the spring, and the Hakim invited Sir Kenneth to descend from horseback, and repose himself as in a place of safety.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHEN the Knight of the Leopard awoke from his long and profound repose, he found himself in circumstances so different from those in which he had lain down to sleep, that he doubted whether he was not still dreaming, or whether the scene had not been changed by magic. Instead of the damp grass, he lay on a couch of more than Oriental luxury, and some kind hands had, during his repose, stripped him of the cassock of chamois which he wore under his ~~armour~~ armour, and substituted a night-dress of the finest linen and a loose gown of silk. He had been canopied only by the palm-trees of the desert, but now he lay beneath a silken pavilion, which blazed with the richest colours of the Chinese loom, while a slight curtain of gauze, displayed around his couch, was calculated to protect his repose from the insects, to which he had, ever since his arrival in these climates, been a constant and passive prey. He looked around, as if to convince himself that he was actually awake, and all that fell beneath his eye partook of the splendour of his dormitory. A portable bath of cedar, lined with silver, was ready for use, and steamed with the odours which had been used in preparing it. On a small stand of ebony beside the couch stood a silver vase, containing sherbet of the most exquisite quality, cold as snow, and which the thirst that followed the use of the strong narcotic rendered peculiarly delicious. Still further to dispel the dregs of intoxication which it had left behind, the knight resolved to use the bath, and experienced in

doing so a delightful refreshment. Having dried himself with napkins of the Indian wool, he would willingly have resumed his own coarse garments. These, however, were nowhere to be seen, but in their place he found a Saracen dress of rich materials, with sabre and poniard, and all befitting an emir of distinction. Sir Kenneth conscientiously determined to avail himself as moderately as possible of the attentions and luxuries thus liberally heaped upon him. Still, however, he felt his head oppressed and sleepy, and aware, too, that his undress was not fit for appearing abroad, he reclined upon the couch, and was again locked in the arms of slumber.

But this time his rest was not unbroken, for he was awakened by the voice of the physician at the door of the tent, inquiring after his health, and whether he had rested sufficiently. "May I enter your tent?" he concluded, "for the curtain is drawn before the entrance."

20 "The master," replied Sir Kenneth, "need demand no permission to enter the tent of the slave."

"But if I come not as a master?" said El Hakim, still without entering.

"The physician," answered the knight, "hath free access to the bedside of his patient."

"Neither come I now as a physician," replied El Hakim; "and therefore I still request permission, ere I come under the covering of thy tent."

"Whoever comes as a friend," said Sir Kenneth, 20 "and such thou hast hitherto shown thyself to me, the habitation of the friend is ever open to him."

"Yet once again," said the Eastern sage, "supposing that I come not as a friend?"

"Come as thou wilt," said the Scottish knight: "be what thou wilt, thou knowest well it is neither in my power nor my inclination to refuse thee entrance."

"I come, then," said El Hakim, "as your ancient foe, but a fair and a generous one."

He entered as he spoke; and when he stood before the bedside of Sir Kenneth, the voice continued to be that of Adonbec the Arabian physician, but the form, dress, and features were those of Ilderim of Kurdistan, called Sheerkohf. Sir Kenneth gazed upon him, 10 as if he expected the vision to depart, like something created by his imagination.

"Doth it so surprise thee," said Ilderim, "and thou an approved warrior, to see that a soldier knows somewhat of the art of healing? And hast thou walked in the world with such little observance, as to wonder that men are not always what they seem? Thou thyself—art thou what thou seemest?"

"No, by St. Andrew!" exclaimed the knight; "for to the whole Christian camp I seem a traitor, and I 20 know myself to be a true though an erring man."

"Even so I judged thee," said Ilderim, "and as we had eaten salt together, I deemed myself bound to rescue thee from death and contumely. But wherefore lie you still on your couch, since the sun is high in the heavens? or are the vestments which my sumpter-camels have afforded unworthy of your wearing?"

"Not unworthy, surely, but unfitting for it," replied the Scot. "Give me the dress of a slave, noble 30 Ilderim, and I will don it with pleasure; but I cannot brook to wear the habit of the free Eastern warrior, with the turban of the Moslem."

* "Nazarene," answered the Emir, "thy nation so easily entertain suspicion, that it may well render themselves suspected. Have I not told thee that Saladin desires no converts saving those whom the holy Prophet shall dispose to submit themselves to his law? Violence and bribery are alike alien to his plan for extending the true faith. Wherefore wear, without doubt or scruple, the vesture prepared for you, since, if you proceed to the camp of Saladin, your own
10 native dress will expose you to troublesome observation and perhaps to insult."

"If I go to the camp of Saladin?" said Sir Kenneth, repeating the words of the Emir. "Alas! am I a free agent, and rather must I *not* go wherever your pleasure carries me?"

"Thine own will may guide thine own motions," said the Emir, "as freely as the wind which moveth the dust of the desert in what direction it chooseth. The noble enemy who met and well-nigh mastered my
20 sword cannot become my slave like him who has crouched beneath it."

"Complete your generosity, noble Emir," said Sir Kenneth, "by forbearing to show me a mode of requital which conscience forbids me to comply with. Permit me rather to express, as bound in courtesy, my gratitude for this most chivalrous bounty, this undeserved generosity."

"Say not undeserved," replied the Emir Ilderim.

"Was it not through thy conversation, and thy account
30 of the beauties which grace the court of the Melech Ric, that I ventured me thither in disguise, and thereby procured a sight the most blessed that I have ever enjoyed?"

“I understand you not,” said Sir Kenneth, colouring alternately, and turning pale.

“Not understand me!” exclaimed the Emir. “If the sight I saw in the tent of King Richard escaped thine observation, I will account it duller than the edge of a buffoon’s wooden falchion. Yonder royalty of England, who for her superior loveliness deserves to be Queen of the universe—what tenderness in her blue eye, what lustre in her tresses of dishevelled gold!”

“Saracen,” said Sir Kenneth, sternly, “thou speakest 10 of the wife of Richard of England, of whom men think not and speak not as a woman to be won, but as a Queen to be revered.”

“I cry you mercy,” said the Saracen. “I had forgotten your superstitious veneration for the sex, which you consider rather fit to be wondered at and worshipped than wooed and possessed. I warrant since thou exactest such profound respect to yonder tender piece of frailty, whose every motion, step, and look bespeaks her very woman, less than absolute adoration must not be yielded 20 to her of the dark tresses and nobly speaking eye. *She*, indeed, I will allow, hath in her noble port and majestic mien something at once pure and firm; yet even she, when pressed by opportunity and a forward lover, would, I warrant thee, thank him in her heart rather for treating her as a mortal than as a goddess.”

“Respect the kinswoman of Cœur de Lion!” said Sir Kenneth, in a tone of unrepressed anger.

“Respect her!” answered the Emir, in scorn. “By the Kaaba, and if I do, it shall be rather as the bride 30 of Saladin.”

“The infidel Soldan is unworthy to salute even a spot that has been pressed by the foot of Edith

Plantagenet!" exclaimed the Christian, springing from his couch.

"Ha! what said the Giaour?" exclaimed the Emir, laying his hand on his poniard hilt, while his forehead glowed like glancing copper, and the muscles of his lips and cheeks wrought till each curl of his beard seemed to twist and screw itself, as if alive with instinctive wrath. But the Scottish knight, who had stood the lion-anger of Richard, was unappalled at the tiger-like mood of the chafed Saracen.

"What I have said," continued Sir Kenneth, with folded arms and dauntless look, "I would, were my hands loose, maintain on foot or horseback against all mortals."

The Saracen recovered his composure as the Christian spoke so far as to withdraw his hand from his weapon, as if the motion had been without meaning, but still continued in deep ire.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THERE was a pause, during which the fiery Saracen paced the tent. The colder European remained unaltered in posture and aspect; yet he, doubtless, was also engaged in subduing the angry feelings which had been so unexpectedly awakened.

"Let us reason of this calmly," said the Saracen.

"I am a physician, as thou know'st, and it is written that he who would have his wound cured must not shrink when the leech probes and tents it. Seest thou, I am about to lay my finger on the sore. Thou lovest this ~~kinswoman~~ woman of the Melech Ric."

"I loved her," answered Sir Kenneth, after a pause, "as a man loves Heaven's grace, and sued for her favour like a sinner for Heaven's pardon."

"And you love her no longer?" said the Saracen.

"Alas," answered Sir Kenneth, "I am no longer worthy to love her. I pray thee cease this discourse: thy words are poniards to me."

"Pardon me but a moment," continued Ilderim. "When thou, a poor and obscure soldier, didst so boldly and so highly fix thine affections, tell me, hadst thou good hope of its issue?"

"Love exists not without hope," replied the knight; "but mine was nearly allied to despair."

"And now," said Ilderim, "these hopes are sunk?"

"For ever," answered Sir Kenneth.

"Methinks," said the Saracen, "if all thou lackest were some such distant meteoric glimpse of happiness as thou hadst formerly, thy hope might be fished up from the ocean in which it has sunk; for, if thou stood'st to-morrow fair in reputation as ever thou wert, she whom thou lovest will not be less the daughter of princes, and the elected bride of Saladin."

"I would it so stood," said the Scot, "and if I did not"——

The Saracen smiled as he concluded the sentence.

"Thou wouldst challenge the Soldan to single combat?" said he.

"And if I did," said Sir Kenneth, haughtily, "Saladin's would neither be the first nor the best turban that I have couched lance at." 30

"Ah, but methinks the Soldan might regard it as too unequal a mode of perilling the chance of a royal bride, and the event of a great war," said the Emir.

"He may be met with in the front of battle," said the knight.

"He has been ever found there," said Ilderim; "nor is it his wont to turn his horse's head from any brave encounter. But it was not of the Soldan that I meant to speak. In a word, if it will content thee to be placed in such reputation as may be attained by detection of the thief who stole the banner of England, I can put thee in a fair way of achieving this task—that is, if 10 thou wilt be governed; for if the ignorant would understand, the wise must instruct."

"And thou art wise, Ilderim," said the Scot, "wise though a Saracen, and generous though an infidel. I have witnessed that thou art both. Take, then, the guidance of this matter; and so thou ask nothing of me contrary to my loyalty and my Christian faith, I will obey thee punctually. Do what thou hast said, and take my life when it is accomplished."

"Listen thou to me, then," said the Saracen. "Thy 20 noble hound is now recovered, by the blessing of that divine medicine which healeth man and beast, and by his sagacity shall those who assailed him be discovered."

"Ha!" said the knight. "Methinks I comprehend thee. I was dull not to think of this!"

"But tell me," added the Emir, "hast thou any followers or retainers in the camp by whom the animal may be known?"

"I dismissed," said Sir Kenneth, "my old attendant, thy patient, with a varlet that waited on him, at the 30 time when I expected to suffer death, giving him letters for my friends in Scotland: there are none other to whom the dog is familiar. But then my own person is well known—my very speech will betray me, in a

camp where I have played no mean part for many months."

"Both he and thou shalt be disguised, so as to escape even close examination. I tell thee," said the Saracen, "that not thy brother in arms, not thy brother in blood, shall discover thee, if thou be guided by my counsels. But mark me, there is still the condition annexed to this service, that thou deliver a letter of Saladin to the nièce of the Mèlech Ric."

Sir Kenneth paused before he answered, and the 10 Saracen demanded of him "if he feared to undertake this message?"

"I do but pause to consider," said Sir Kenneth, "whether it consists with my honour to bear the letter of the Soldan, or with that of the Lady Edith to receive it from a heathen prince."

"By the soul of my father," said the Emir, "I swear to thee that the letter is written in all honour and respect."

"Then," said the knight, "I will bear the Soldan's 20 letter faithfully, as if I were his born vassal; understanding, that beyond this simple act of service, which I will render with fidelity, from me of all men he can least expect mediation or advice in this his strange love-suit."

"Come with me to my tent," answered the Emir, "and thou shalt be presently equipped with a disguise as unsearchable as midnight."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE reader can now have little doubt who the Ethiopian slave really was, with what purpose he had sought Richard's camp, and wherefore and with what hope he now stood close to the person of that monarch, as, surrounded by his valiant peers of England and Normandy, Cœur de Lion stood on the summit of St. George's Mount, with the banner of England by his side.

The powers of the various Crusading princes, arrayed under their royal and princely leaders, swept in long order around the base of the little mound; and as those of each different country passed by, their commanders advanced a step or two up the hill, and made a signal of courtesy to Richard and to the standard of England, "in sign of regard and amity," as the protocol of the ceremony heedfully expressed it, "not of subjection or vassalage."

The good King was seated on horseback about half-way up the Mount, a morion on his head, surmounted by a crown, which left his manly features exposed to public view, as with cool and considerate eye he perused each rank as it passed him, and returned the salutation of the leaders. His tunic was of sky-coloured velvet, covered with plates of silver, and his hose of crimson-silk, slashed with cloth of gold. By his side stood the seeming Ethiopian slave, holding the noble dog in a leash, such as was used in wood-craft. On the very summit of the Mount, a wooden turret, erected for the occasion, held the Queen Berengaria and

the principal ladies of the court. To this the King looked from time to time, and then ever and anon his eyes were turned on the Nubian and the dog, but only when such leaders approached as, from circumstances of previous ill-will, he suspected of being accessory to the theft of the standard, or whom he judged capable of a crime so mean.

Thus, he did not look in that direction when Philip Augustus of France approached at the head of his splendid troops of Gallic chivalry—nay, he anticipated the motions of the French King by descending the Mount as the latter came up the ascent, so that they met in the middle space, and blended their greetings so gracefully that it appeared they met in fraternal equality.

Richard's demeanour was different when the dark-armed knights and squires of the Temple chivalry approached. The King cast a hasty glance aside, but the Nubian stood quiet, and his trusty dog sat at his feet, watching, with a sagacious yet pleased look, the ranks which now passed before them. The King's look turned again on the chivalrous Templars, as the Grand Master, availing himself of his mingled character, bestowed his benediction on Richard as a priest, instead of doing him reverence as a military leader.

"The misproud and amphibious caitiff puts the monk upon me," said Richard. "Lo you, here comes our valiant adversary, the Duke of Austria. Mark his manner and bearing, and Nubian, let the hound have full view of him."

30

As Leopold advanced towards Richard he whistled in what he wished to be considered as an indifferent manner, though his heavy features evinced the sullen-



CONRAD UNHORSED—Drawn by Herbert Dicksee.

savage yell, sprang forward. The Nubian, at the same time, slipped the leash, and the hound, rushing on, leapt upon Conrade's noble charger, and, seizing the Marquis by the throat, pulled him down from the saddle. The plumed rider lay rolling on the sand, and the frightened horse fled in wild career through the camp.

"Thy hound hath pulled down the right quarry, I warrant him," said the King to the Nubian, "and I vow to St. George he is a stag of ten tines! Pluck ¹⁰ the dog off, lest he throttle him."

The Ethiopian, accordingly, though not without difficulty, disengaged the dog from Conrade, and fastened him up, still highly excited, and struggling in the leash. Meanwhile many crowded to the spot, especially the followers of Conrade, who, as they saw their leader lie, raised him up amid a cry of—"Cut the slave and his hound to pieces."

But the voice of Richard was heard clear above all other exclamations: "He dies the death who injures ²⁰ the hound! He hath but done his duty, after the sagacity with which God and nature have endowed the brave animal. Stand forward for a false traitor, thou Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat! I impeach thee of treason."

Conrade, vexation and shame and confusion struggling with passion in his manner and voice, exclaimed: "What means this? With what am I charged? Why this base usage, and these reproachful terms?"

30

"It must be some singular accident—some fatal mistake," said Philip of France, who rode up at the same moment.

"A stratagem of the Saracens," cried Henry of Champagne. "It were well to hang up the dog, and put the slave to the torture."

"Let no man lay hand upon them," said Richard, "as he loves his own life! Conrade, stand forth, if thou darest, and deny the accusation which this mute animal hath in his noble instinct brought against thee, of injury done to him, and foul scorn to England?"

"I never touched the banner," said Conrade, hastily.

"Thy words betray thee, Conrade!" said Richard; "for how didst thou know, save from conscious guilt, that the question is concerning the banner?"

"Hast thou, then, not kept the camp in turmoil on that and no other score?" answered Conrade. "Or wouldst thou now impeach a confederate on the credit of a dog?"

By this time the alarm was becoming general, so that Philip of France interposed.

"Princes and nobles," he said, "in the name of Heaven, let us draw off, each his own troops, into their separate quarters, and ourselves meet an hour hence in the Pavilion of Council to take some order in this new state of confusion."

"Content," said King Richard, "though I should have liked to have interrogated that caitiff while his gay doublet was yet besmirched with sand. But the pleasure of France shall be ours in this matter."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHEN King Richard returned to his tent, he commanded the Nubian to be brought before him. He entered with his usual ceremonial reverence, and, having prostrated himself, remained standing before the King, in the attitude of a slave awaiting the orders of his master.

"Thou canst well of wood-craft," said the King, after a pause, "and hast started thy game and brought him to bay ably. But this is not all; he must be brought down at force. I myself would have liked to have levelled my hunting-spear at him. There are, it seems, respects which prevent this. Thou art about to return to the camp of the Soldan, bearing a letter requiring of his courtesy to appoint neutral ground for the deed of chivalry, and, should it consist with his pleasure, to concur with us in witnessing it. Now, speaking conjecturally, we think thou mightst find in that camp some cavalier who, for the love of truth and his own augmentation of honour, will do battle with this same traitor of Montserrat."

The Nubian raised his eyes and fixed them on the King with a look of eager ardour; then raised them to heaven with such solemn gratitude that the water soon glistened in them, then bent his head, as affirming what Richard desired, and resumed his usual posture of submissive attention.

"It is well; and I see thy desire to oblige me in this matter. And now to another point," said the King, and speaking suddenly and rapidly. "Have you yet seen Edith Plantagenet?"

The mute looked up as in the act of being about to speak—nay, his lips had begun to utter a distinct negative, when the abortive attempt died away in the imperfect murmurs of the dumb.

“Why, lo you there!” said the King. “The very sound of the name of a royal maiden seems to have power enough well-nigh to make the dumb speak. What miracles then might her eye work upon such a subject! Thou shalt see this choice beauty of our court, and do the errand of the princely Soldan.”

Again a joyful glance, again a genuflection; but, as he arose, the King laid his hand heavily on his shoulder, and proceeded thus. “Let me in one thing warn you, my sable envoy. Even if thou shouldst feel that the kindly influence of her whom thou art soon to behold should loosen the bonds of thy tongue, beware how thou changest thy taciturn character, or speakest a word in her presence, even if thy powers of utterance were to be miraculously restored.”

20 The Nubian, so soon as the King had removed his heavy grasp from his shoulder, bent his head and laid his hand on his lips in token of silent obedience.

But Richard again laid his hand on him more gently, and added, “This behest we lay on thee as on a slave. Wert thou knight and gentleman, we would require thine honour in pledge of thy silence, which is one especial condition of our present trust.”

The Ethiopian raised his body proudly, looked full at the King, and laid his right hand on his heart.

30 Richard then summoned his chamberlain.

“Go, Neville,” he said, “with this slave, to the tent of our royal consort, and say it is our pleasure that he have an audience—a private audience—of our cousin

Edith. He is charged with a commission to her. And thou, friend Ethiop," the King continued, "what thou dost, do quickly, and return hither within the half-hour."

"I stand discovered," thought the seeming Nubian, as he followed the hasty stride of Neville towards the tent of Queen Berengaria. "I stand undoubtedly discovered and unfolded to King Richard; yet I cannot perceive that his resentment is hot against me. If I understand his words, and surely it is impossible 10 to misinterpret them, he gives me a noble chance of redeeming my honour upon the crest of this false Marquis. Roswal, faithfully hast thou served thy master, and most dearly shall thy wrong be avenged! But what is the meaning of my present permission to look upon her whom I had despaired ever to see again? And why, or how, can the royal Plantagenet consent that I should see his divine kinswoman, either as the messenger of the heathen Saladin or as the guilty exile whom he so lately expelled from his camp—his 20 audacious avowal of the affection which is his pride being the greatest enhancement of his guilt? That Richard should consent to her receiving a letter from an infidel lover, by the hands of one of such disproportioned rank, are either of them circumstances equally incredible, and at the same time inconsistent with each other. And yet, Cœur de Lion, as he is called might have measured the feelings of others by his own. I urge an address to his kinswoman! I, who never spoke word to her when I took a royal prize from her 30 hand, when I was accounted not the lowest in feats of chivalry among the defenders of the Cross! I approach her when in a base disguise, and in a servile

habit, and, alas! when my actual condition is that of a slave! He little knows me. Yet I thank him for the opportunity which may make us all better acquainted with each other."

As he arrived at this conclusion, they paused before the entrance of the Queen's pavilion.

They were of course admitted by the guards, and Neville, leaving the Nubian in a small apartment, or antechamber, which was but too well remembered by him, passed into that which was used as the Queen's presence-chamber. He communicated his royal master's pleasure in a low and respectful tone of voice. A burst of laughter followed the communication of his errand.

"And what like is the Nubian slave, who comes ambassador on such an errand from the Soldan?—a negro, De Neville, is he not?" said a female voice, easily recognised for that of Berengaria. "We must see this messenger of love. Turks and Moors have I seen many, but negro never."

"I am created to obey your Grace's commands, so you will bear me out with my sovereign for doing so," answered the debonair knight. "Yet, let me assure your Grace, you will see somewhat different from what you expect."

"So much the better: uglier yet than our imaginations can fancy."

"Gracious madam," said the Lady Calista, "may I implore you would permit the good knight to carry this messenger straight to the Lady Edith? We have already escaped hardly for such a frolic."

"Escaped?" repeated the Queen, scornfully. "Yet thou mayst be right, Calista, in thy caution. Let this

Nubian, as thou callest him, first do his errand to our cousin."

After a little whispering the English knight again returned to the Ethiopian, and made him a sign to follow. He did so, and Neville conducted him to a pavilion pitched somewhat apart from that of the Queen, for the accommodation, it seemed, of the Lady Edith and her attendants. In the space of a very few minutes, the Nubian was ushered into Edith's presence, while Neville was left on the outside of the tent.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE unfortunate knight, thus strangely disguised, threw himself on one knee, with looks bent on the ground and arms folded on his bosom, like a criminal who expects his doom. Edith was clad in the same manner as when she received King Richard, her long transparent dark veil hanging around her. She held in her hand a silver lamp, fed with some aromatic spirit, which burned with unusual brightness.

When Edith came within a step of the kneeling and motionless slave, she held the light towards his face, as if to peruse his features more attentively, then turned from him, and placed her lamp so as to throw the shadow of his face in profile upon the curtain which hung beside. She at length spoke in a voice composed, yet deeply sorrowful.

"Is it you? Is it indeed you, brave Knight of the Leopard, gallant Sir Kenneth of Scotland? Is it

indeed you, thus servilely disguised, thus surrounded by a hundred dangers?"

At hearing the tones of his lady's voice thus unexpectedly addressed to him, and in a tone of compassion approaching to tenderness, a corresponding reply rushed to the knight's lips, and scarce could Richard's commands, and his own promised silence, prevent his answering. He *did* recollect himself, however, and a deep and impassioned sigh was his
10 only reply to the high-born Edith's question.

"I see, I know I have guessed right," continued Edith. "I marked you from your first appearance near the platform on which I stood with the Queen. I knew, too, your valiant hound. She is no true lady, and is unworthy of the service of such a knight as thou art, from whom disguises of dress or hue could conceal a faithful servant. Speak, then, without fear, to Edith Plantagenet. Still silent! Is it fear or shame that keeps thee so? Fear should be unknown
20 to thee; and for shame, let it remain with those who have wronged thee."

The knight, in despair at being obliged to play the mute in an interview so interesting, could only express "his mortification by sighing deeply and laying his finger upon his lips. Edith stepped back, as if somewhat displeased.

"What!" she said, "the Asiatic mute in very deed, as well as in attire? This I looked not for. Or thou mayst scorn me, perhaps, for thus boldly acknowledging that I have heedfully observed the homage thou hast paid me? Why fold thy hands together, and wring them with so much passion? Can it be," she added, shrinking back at the idea, "that their

cruelty has actually deprived thee of speech? Thou shakest thy head. Be it a spell, be it obstinacy, I question thee no further, but leave thee to do thine errand after thine own fashion. I also can be mute."

The disguised knight made an action as if at once lamenting his own condition and deprecating her displeasure, while at the same time he presented to her, wrapped, as usual, in fine silk and cloth of gold, the letter of the Soldan. She took it, surveyed it carelessly, then laid it aside, and, bending her eyes once more on the knight, she said in a low tone, "Not even a word to do thine errand to me?"

He pressed both his hands to his brow, as if to intimate the pain which he felt at being unable to obey her; but she turned from him in anger.

"Begone!" she said. "I have spoken enough—too much—to one who will not waste on me a word in reply. Begone! and say if I have wronged thee I have done penance; for if I have been the unhappy means of dragging thee down from a station of honour, I have in this interview forgotten my own worth, and lowered myself in thine eyes and in my own."

She covered her eyes with her hand, and seemed deeply agitated. Sir Kenneth would have approached, but she waved him back.

"Stand off! thou whose soul Heaven hath suited to its new station! Aught less dull and fearful than a slavish mute had spoken a word of gratitude, were it but to reconcile me to my own degradation. Why pause you? Begone!"

30

The disguised knight almost involuntarily looked towards the letter as an apology for protracting his stay. She snatched it up, saying, in a tone of irony

and contempt, "I had forgotten: the dutiful slave waits an answer to his message. How's this—from the Soldan!"

She hastily ran over the contents, which were expressed both in Arabic and French, and when she had done she laughed in bitter anger.

"Now this passes imagination!" she said. "No jongleur can show so deft a transmutation. Can his art convert a Christian knight, ever esteemed among
10 the bravest of the Holy Crusade, into the dust-kissing slave of a heathen Soldan, the bearer of a Paynim's insolent proposals to a Christian maiden—pay, forgetting the laws of honourable chivalry, as well as of religion? But it avails not talking to the willing slave of a heathen hound. Tell your master, when his scourge shall have found thee a tongue, that which thou hast seen me do." So saying, she threw the Soldan's letter on the ground, and placed her foot upon
15 it "And say to him, that Edith Plantagenet scorns
20 the homage of an unchristened Pagan."

With these words she was about to shoot from the knight, when, kneeling at her feet in bitter agony, he ventured to lay his hand upon her robe and oppose her departure.

"Heardst thou not what I said, dull slave?" she said, turning short round on him, and speaking with emphasis. "Tell the heathen Soldan, thy master, that I scorn his suit as much as I despise the prostration of a worthless renegade to religion and chivalry, to God
30 and to his lady!"

So saying, she burst from him, tore her garment from his grasp, and left the tent.

The voice of Neville, at the same time, summoned

him from without. Exhausted and stupefied by the distress he had undergone during this interview, from which he could only have extricated himself by breach of the engagement which he had formed with King Richard, the unfortunate knight staggered rather than walked after the English baron, till they reached the royal pavilion, before which a party of horsemen had just dismounted. There was light and motion within the tent, and when Neville entered with his disguised attendant, they found the King, with several of his nobility, engaged in welcoming those who were newly arrived.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ON the subsequent morning Richard was invited to a conference by Philip of France, in which the latter communicated to him his positive intention to return to Europe, and to the cares of his kingdom, as entirely despairing of future success in their undertaking with their diminished forces and civil discords. Richard remonstrated, but in vain; and when the conference ended he received without surprise a manifesto from the Duke of Austria, and several other princes, announcing a resolution similar to that of Philip, and in no modified terms, assigning, for their defection from the cause of the Cross, the inordinate ambition and arbitrary domination of Richard of England.

"They had not dared to have deserted my father thus," he said to De Vaux, in the bitterness of his resentment; "whereas—fool that I am!—I have not only afforded them a pretext for deserting me, but

even a colour for casting all the blame of the rupture upon my unhappy foibles."

These thoughts were so deeply galling to the King that De Vaux was rejoiced when the arrival of an ambassador from Saladin turned his reflections into a different channel.

This new envoy was an Emir much respected by the Soldan, whose name was Abdallah el Hadgi. He was a statesman, whose abilities had been used by Saladin in various negotiations with Richard, to whom El Hadgi was personally known and acceptable. The envoy of Saladin afforded a fair field for the combat, a safe-conduct for all who might choose to witness it, and offered his own person as a guarantee of his fidelity.

The station called the Diamond of the Desert was assigned for the place of conflict. It was agreed that Conrade of Montserrat, the defendant, with his godfathers, the Archduke of Austria and the Grand Master of the Templars, should appear there on the day fixed for the combat, with a hundred armed followers, and no more; that Richard of England and his brother Salisbury, who supported the accusation, should attend with the same number, to protect his champion; and that the Soldan should bring with him a guard of five hundred chosen followers, a band considered as not more than equal to the two hundred Christian lances. Such persons of consideration as either party chose to invite to witness the contest were to wear no other weapons than their swords, and to come without defensive armour. The Soldan undertook the preparation of the lists, and to provide accommodations and refreshments of every kind for all who were to assist at the solemnity; and his letters expressed, with much courtesy,



the pleasure which he anticipated in the prospect of a personal and peaceful meeting with the Melech Ric, and his anxious desire to render his reception as agreeable as possible.

On the day before that appointed for the combat, Conrade and his friends set off by daybreak to repair to the place assigned, and Richard left the camp at the same hour and for the same purpose; but, as had been agreed upon, he took his journey by a different route, a precaution which had been judged necessary to prevent the possibility of a quarrel betwixt their armed attendants.

Lightly armed, richly dressed, and gay as a bridegroom on the eve of his nuptials, Richard caracoled along by the side of Queen Berengaria's litter, pointing out to her the various scenes through which they passed, and cheering with tale and song the bosom of the inhospitable wilderness. She could not help indulging some female fears when she found herself in the howling wilderness with so small an escort, and knew, at the same time, they were not so distant from the camp of Saladin but what they might be in a moment surprised and swept off by an overpowering host of his fiery-footed cavalry, should the Pagan be faithless enough to embrace an opportunity thus tempting. But when she hinted these suspicions to Richard, he repelled them with displeasure and disdain. "It were worse than ingratitude," he said, "to doubt the good faith of the generous Soldan."

Yet the same doubts and fears recurred more than once to the firmer and more candid soul of Edith Plantagenet. Nor were these suspicions lessened, when, as evening approached, they were aware of a single

Arab horseman, distinguished by his turban and long lance, hovering on the edge of a small eminence, and who instantly, on the appearance of the royal retinue, darted off with the speed of a hawk.

"We must be near the station," said King Richard; "and yonder cavalier is one of Saladin's outposts. Methinks I hear the noise of the Moorish horns and cymbals. Get you into order, my hearts, and form yourselves around the ladies soldier-like and firmly."

10 As he spoke, each knight, squire, and archer hastily closed in upon his appointed ground, and they proceeded in the most compact order, which made their numbers appear still smaller; and to say the truth, though there might be no fear, there was anxiety as well as curiosity in the attention with which they listened to the wild hursts of Moorish music which came ever and anon more distinctly from the quarter in which the Arab horseman had been seen to disappear.

They advanced accordingly in close and firm order, 20 till they surmounted the line of low sandhills, and came in sight of the appointed station, when a splendid but at the same time a startling spectacle awaited them.

The Diamond of the Desert, so lately a solitary fountain, distinguished only amid the waste by solitary groups of palm-trees, was now the centre of an encampment, the embroidered flags and gilded ornaments of which glittered far and wide, and reflected a thousand rich tints against the setting sun. A number of Arabs and Kurds were hastily assembling, each leading his 30 horse in his hand, and their muster was accompanied by an astonishing clamour of their noisy instruments of martial music, by which in all ages the warfare of the Arabs has been animated.

They soon formed a deep and confused mass of dismounted cavalry in front of their encampment, when, at the signal of a shrill cry, which arose high over the clangour of the music, each cavalier sprang to his saddle. A cloud of dust, arising at the moment of this manceuvre, hid from Richard and his attendants the camp, the palm-trees, and the distant ridge of mountains, as well as the troops whose sudden movement had raised the cloud. Another shrill yell was heard. It was the signal for the cavalry to advance, which they did at full gallop, disposing themselves as they came forward so as to come in at once on the front, flanks, and rear of Richard's little bodyguard, who were thus surrounded, and almost choked, by the dense clouds of dust enveloping them on each side, through which were seen alternately, and lost, the grim forms and wild faces of the Saracens, brandishing and tossing their lances in every possible direction, with the wildest cries and halloos, and frequently only reining up their horses when within a spear's length of the Christians, while those in the rear discharged over the heads of both parties thick volleys of arrows. One of these struck the litter in which the Queen was seated, who loudly screamed, and the red spot was on Richard's brow in an instant.

"Ha! St. George," he exclaimed, "we must take some order with this infidel scum!"

But Edith, whose litter was near, thrust her head out, and, with her hand holding one of the shafts, exclaimed, "Royal Richard, beware what you do! See, these arrows are headless!"

"Noble, sensible wench!" exclaimed Richard "By Heaven, thou shamest us all by thy readiness of thought

and eye. Be not moved, my English hearts," he exclaimed to his followers. "Their arrows have no heads ; and their spears, too, lack the steel points. It is but a wild welcome, after their savage fashion, though doubtless they would rejoice to see us daunted or disturbed. Move onward, slow and steady."

"The little phalanx moved forward accordingly, accompanied on all sides by the Arabs.

As they had advanced nearly halfway towards the camp, another shrill cry was heard, on which all those irregulars who were on the front and upon the flanks of the little body of Europeans wheeled off, and forming themselves into a long and deep column, followed in the rear of Richard's troop. The dust began now to dissipate in their front, when there advanced to meet them, through that cloudy veil, a body of cavalry of a different and more regular description. This splendid troop consisted of five hundred men, and each horse which it contained was worth an earl's ransom. The riders were Georgian and Circassian slaves in the very prime of life ; their helmets and hauberks were formed of steel rings, so bright that they shone like silver ; their vestures were of the gayest colours, and some of cloth of gold or silver.

This splendid array advanced to the sound of military music, and when they met the Christian body they opened their files to the right and left, and let them enter between their ranks. Richard now assumed the foremost place in his troop, aware that Saladin himself was approaching. Nor was it long when, in the centre of his bodyguard, surrounded by his domestic officers, came the Soldan, with the look and manners of one on whose brow Nature had written, This is a king ! In

his snow-white turban, vest, and wide Eastern trousers, wearing a sash of scarlet silk, without any other ornament, Saladin might have seemed the plainest-dressed man in his own guard. But closer inspection discerned in his turban that inestimable gem which was called by the poets the Sea of Light; the diamond on which his signet was engraved, and which he wore in a ring, was probably worth all the jewels of the English crown, and a sapphire which terminated the hilt of his canjiar was not of much inferior value. To protect him from the dust, the Soldan wore a sort of veil attached to his turban, which partly obscured the view of his noble features. He rode a milk-white Arabian, which bore him as if conscious and proud of his noble burden.

There was no need of further introduction. The two heroic monarchs, for such they both were, threw themselves at once from horseback, and the troops halting and the music suddenly ceasing, they advanced to meet each other in profound silence, and, after a courteous inclination on either side, they embraced as brethren and equals. The pomp and display upon both sides attracted no further notice—no one saw aught save Richard and Saladin, and they too beheld nothing but each other. The Soldan was the first to break silence.

“The Melech Ric is welcome to Saladin as water to this desert. I trust he hath no distrust of this numerous array. Excepting the armed slaves of my household, those who surround you with eyes of wonder and of welcome are, even the humblest of them, the privileged nobles of my thousand tribes.”

30

“And these are all nobles of Araby?” said Richard.

“They claim such rank,” said Saladin; “but, though numerous, they are within the conditions of the treaty,

and bear no arms but the sabre—even the iron of their lances is left behind.”

“Noble Saladin,” said Richard, “suspicion and thou cannot exist on the same ground. Seest thou,” pointing to the litters, “I too have brought some champions, with me, though armed perhaps in breach of agreement, for bright eyes and fair features are weapons which cannot be left behind.”

The Soldan, turning to the litters, made an obeisance
10 as lowly as if looking towards Mecca, and kissed the sand in token of respect.

“Nay,” said Richard, “they will not fear a closer encounter, brother. Wilt thou not ride towards their litters, and the curtains will be presently withdrawn?”

“That may Allah prohibit!” said Saladin, “since not an Arab looks on who would not think it shame to the noble ladies to be seen with their faces uncovered.”

“Thou shalt see them, then, in private, my royal brother,” answered Richard.

20 “To what purpose?” answered Saladin, mournfully. “Thy last letter was, to the hopes which I had entertained, like water to fire; and wherefore should I again light a flame which may indeed consume, but cannot cheer me? But will not my brother pass to the tent which his servant hath prepared for him?”

He led the way accordingly to a splendid pavilion, where was everything that royal luxury could devise.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

RICHARD stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength and symmetry of his person. It was his two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen, a broad straight blade, the length of which extended well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

"Had I not," said Saladin, "seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, like that of Azrael, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the Melech Ric strike one blow with it in peace, and in pure trial of strength?"

"Willingly, noble Saladin," answered Richard; and, looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mace, held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal, and about an inch and a half in diameter. This he placed on a block of wood.

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the King's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces.

"By the head of the Prophet, a most wonderful blow!" said the Soldan. He then took the King's hand, and, looking on the size and muscular strength which it exhibited, laughed as he placed it beside his own, so lank and thin, so inferior in brawn and sinew.

Presently he said, "Something I would fain attempt, though wherefore should the weak show their inferiority in presence of the strong?" Yet each land

hath its own exercises, and this may be new to the Melech Ric." So saying, he took from the floor a cushion of silk and down, and placed it upright on one end. "Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion?" he said to King Richard.

"No, surely," replied the King. "No sword on earth can cut that which opposes no steady resistance to the blow."

"Mark, then," said Saladin; and, tucking up the
10 sleeve of his gown, showed his arm, thin indeed and spare, but which constant exercise had hardened into a mass consisting of naught but bone, brawn, and sinew. He unsheathed his scimitar, a curved and narrow blade. Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared to that of Richard, the Soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced; he balanced himself a little as if to steady his aim, then stepping at once forward drew the scimitar across the cushion, applying the edge so
20 dexterously, and with so little apparent effort, that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

The Soldan then undid the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of his sabre, extended the weapon edgeways in the air, and drawing it suddenly through the veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also into two parts, which floated to different sides of the tent.

"Now, in good faith, my brother," said Richard,
30 "thou art even matchless at the trick of the sword, and right perilous were it to meet thee! Still, however, I put some faith in a downright English blow, and what we cannot do by sleight we eke out by strength.

Nevertheless, in truth thou art as expert in inflicting wounds as my sage Hakim in curing them. I trust I shall see the learned leech. I have much to thank him, for, and had brought some small present."

As he spoke, Saladin exchanged his turban for a Tartar cap. Richard gazed with astonishment, while the Soldan spoke in a grave and altered voice: "The sick man, sayeth the poet, while he is yet infirm, knoweth the physician by his step; but when he is recovered, he knoweth not even his face when he looks 10 upon him."

"A miracle! a miracle!" exclaimed Richard. "That I should lose my learned Hakim, merely by absence of his cap and robe, and that I should find him again in my royal brother Saladin!"

"And it was through thy intercession," said Richard, "that yonder Knight of the Leopard was saved from death, and by thy artifice that he revisited my camp in disguise?"

"Even so," replied Saladin. "His disguise was more 20 easily penetrated than I had expected from the success of my own."

"An accident," said King Richard (probably alluding to the circumstance of his applying his lips to the wound of the supposed Nubian), "let me first know that his skin was artificially discoloured; and that hint once taken, detection became easy, for his form and person are not to be forgotten. I confidently expect that he will do battle on the morrow."

"He is full in preparation, and high in hope," said 30 the Soldan. "I have furnished him with weapons and horse, thinking nobly of him from what I have seen under various disguises."

"Knows he now," said Richard, "to whom he lies under obligation?"

"He doth," replied the Saracen. "I was obliged to confess my person when I unfolded my purpose."

"And confessed he ought to you?" said the King of England.

"Nothing explicit," replied the Soldan; "but from much that passed between us, I conceive his love is too highly placed to be happy in its issue."

10 "And thou knowest that his daring and insolent passion crossed thine own wishes?" said Richard.

"I might guess so much," said Saladin; "but his passion had existed ere my wishes had been formed, and, I must now add, is likely to survive them."

The Saracen monarch departed from King Richard's tent, and having indicated to him, rather with signs than with speech, where the pavilion of the Queen and her attendants was pitched, he went to receive the Marquis of Montserrat and his attendants, for whom, 20 with less good-will but with equal splendour, the magnificent Soldan had provided accommodations. Ere Richard had finished his meal, the ancient Omrah, who had brought the Soldan's letter to the Christian camp, entered with a plan of the ceremonial to be observed on the succeeding day of combat.

The King then addressed himself to settle the articles of combat, which were at length finally agreed upon, and adjusted by a protocol in French and in Arabian, which was subscribed by Saladin as umpire of 30 the field, and by Richard and Leopold as guarantees for the two combatants. As the Omrah took his final leave of King Richard for the evening, De Vaux entered.

"The good knight," he said, "who is to do battle"

to-morrow requests to know whether he may not to-night pay duty to his royal godfather?"

"Hast thou seen him, De Vaux?" said the King, smiling; "and didst thou know an ancient acquaintance?"

"By our Lady," answered De Vaux, "there are so many surprises and changes in this land, that my poor brain turns. I scarce knew Sir Kenneth of Scotland, till his good hound, that had been for a short while under my care, came and fawned on me." 10

"Thou art better skilled in brutes than men, De Vaux," said the King.

"I will not deny," said De Vaux, "I have found them oftentimes the honestest animals."

"But to the present gear—is the good knight well armed and equipped?" said the King.

"Fully, my liege, and nobly," answered De Vaux.

"Tell me," said Richard, "for it is of interest, hath the knight a confessor?"

"He hath," answered De Vaux; "the hermit of 20 Engaddi, who erst did him that office when preparing for death, attends him on the present occasion, the fame of the duel having brought him hither."

"Tis well," said Richard; "and now for the knight's request. Say to him, Richard will receive him when the discharge of his devoir beside the Diamond of the Desert shall have atoned for his fault beside the Mount of St. George: and as thou passest through the camp, let the Queen know I will visit her pavilion; and tell Blondel to meet me there." 30

De Vaux departed, and in about an hour afterwards Richard, wrapping his mantle around him and taking his ghittorn in his hand, walked in the direction of the *lata*

Queen's pavilion, which he found guarded by officials. Blondel was walking before the door. "Wherefore goest thou not into the tent?" said the King.

"These honest blackamoors," said Blondel, "threatened to cut me joint from joint if I pressed forward."

"Well, enter with me," said the King, "and I will be thy safeguard."

The blacks accordingly lowered pikes and swords to King Richard, and bent their eyes on the ground, as if
10 unworthy to look upon him. In the interior of the pavilion they found Thomas de Vaux in attendance on the Queen. While Berengaria welcomed Blondel, King Richard spoke for some time secretly and apart with his fair kinswoman.

At length, "Are we still foes, my fair Edith?" he said in a whisper.

"No, my liege," said Edith, in a voice just so low as not to interrupt the music. "None can bear enmity against King Richard, when he deigns to show himself,
20 as he really is, generous and noble, as well as valiant and honourable."

So saying, she extended her hand to him. The King kissed it in token of reconciliation, and then proceeded.

"You think, my sweet cousin, that my anger in this matter was feigned; but you are deceived. The punishment I inflicted upon this knight was just; for he had betrayed—no matter for how tempting a bribe, fair cousin—the trust committed to him. But I rejoice,
30 perchance as much as you, that to-morrow gives him a chance to win the field, and throw back the stain which for a time clung to him upon the actual thief and traitor. But do not thou pride thyself as if thy knight, who hath

not yet buckled on his armour, were unbelting it in triumph. Conrade of Montserrat ~~is~~ held a good lance. What if the Scot should lose the day?"

"It is impossible!" said Edith, firmly. "My own eyes saw yonder Conrade tremble and change colour, like a base thief. He is guilty; and the trial by combat is an appeal to the justice of God. I myself, in such a cause, would encounter him without fear."

"By the mass, I think thou wouldst, wench," said the King, "and beat him to boot; for there never 10
breathed a truer Plantagenet than thou."

He paused, and added in a very serious tone, "See that thou continue to remember what is due to thy birth."

"What means that advice, so seriously given at this moment?" said Edith. "Am I of such light nature as to forget my name, my condition?"

"I will speak plainly, Edith," answered the King, "and as to a friend. What will this knight be to you, should he come off victor from yonder lists?"

"To *me*?" said Edith, blushing deep with shame 20
and displeasure. "What *can* he be to me more than an honoured knight, worthy of such grace as Queen Berengaria might confer on him, had he selected her for his lady, instead of a more unworthy choice? The meanest knight may devote himself to the service of an empress, but the glory of his choice," she said proudly, "must be his reward."

"Yet he hath served and suffered much for you," said the King.

"I have paid his services with honour and applause, 30
and his sufferings with tears," answered Edith. "Had he desired other reward, he would have done wisely to have bestowed his affections within his own degree."

"Maidens talk ever thus," said the King; "but when the favoured lover presses his suit, she says, with a sigh, her stars had decreed otherwise." *

Edith replied with dignity: "Trust me, my liege, whatever be the power of the stars, your poor kinswoman will never wed either infidel or obscure adventurer."

It had been agreed that the combat, which was the cause of the present assemblage of various nations at the Diamond of the Desert, should take place at one hour after sunrise. The wide lists, which had been constructed under the inspection of the Knight of the Leopard, enclosed a space of hard sand, which was one hundred and twenty yards long by forty in width. They extended in length from north to south, so as to give both parties the equal advantage of the rising sun. Saladin's royal seat was erected on the western side of the enclosure, just in the centre, where the combatants were expected to meet in mid encounter. Opposed to this was a gallery with closed casements, so contrived that the ladies, for whose accommodation it was erected, might see the fight without being themselves exposed to view. At either extremity of the lists was a barrier which could be opened or shut at pleasure. The sponsors, as they were called, were to remain on horseback during the fight. At one extremity of the lists were placed the followers of Richard, and opposed to them were those who accompanied the defender, Conrade.

Long before daybreak the lists were surrounded by

even a larger number of Saracens than Richard had seen on the preceding evening. When the first ray of the sun's glorious orb arose above the desert, the sonorous call, "To prayer! to prayer!" was poured forth by the Soldan himself, and answered by others whose rank and zeal entitled them to act as muezzins. It was a striking spectacle to see them all sink to earth, for the purpose of repeating their devotions, with their faces turned to Mecca.

Soon after this the noise of timbrels was heard, at the sound of which the whole Saracen cavaliers threw themselves from their horses and prostrated themselves, as if for a second morning prayer. This was to give an opportunity to the Queen, with Edith and her attendants, to pass from the pavilion to the gallery intended for them. Fifty guards of Saladin's seraglio escorted them, with naked sabres, whose orders were to cut to pieces whomsoever, were he prince or peasant, should venture to gaze on the ladies as they passed.

20

Their den, as Berengaria called it, being securely closed and guarded by their sable attendants, she was under the necessity of contenting herself with seeing, and laying aside for the present the still more exquisite pleasure of being seen.

Meantime the sponsors of both champions went, as was their duty, to see that they were duly armed and prepared for the combat. The Grand Master of the Temple was early before the tent of Conrade of Montserrat. To his great surprise, the attendants refused him admittance.

"Do you know me, ye knaves?" said the Grand Master, in great anger.

"We do, most valiant and reverend," answered Conrade's squire; "but even *you* may not at present enter: the Marquis is about to confess himself."

"Confess himself!" exclaimed the Templar. "And to whom, I pray thee?"

"My master bid me be secret," said the squire; on which the Grand Master pushed past him, and entered the tent almost by force.

The Marquis of Montserrat was kneeling at the feet
10 of the Hermit of Engaddi, and in the act of beginning his confession.

"What means this, Marquis?" said the Grand Master. "Up, for shame! Or, if you must needs confess, am not I here?"

"I have confessed to you too often already," replied Conrade, with a pale cheek and a faltering voice. "For God's sake, Grand Master, begone, and let me unfold my conscience to this holy man."

"In what is he holier than I am?" said the Grand
20 Master. "Hermit, prophet, madman, say, if thou darest, in what thou excellest me?"

"Bold and bad man," replied the hermit, "know that I am like the latticed window, and the divine light passes through to avail others, though, alas! it helpeth not me. Thou art like the iron stanchions, which neither receive light themselves nor communicate it to any one."

"Prate not to me, but depart from this tent," said the Grand Master. "The Marquis shall not confess this
30 morning, unless it be to me, for I part not from his side."

"Is this *your* pleasure?" said the hermit to Conrade; "for think not I will obey that proud man, if you continue to desire my assistance."

"Alas," said Conrade, irresolutely, "what would you have me say? Farewell for a while: we will speak anon."

"Oh, procrastination!" exclaimed the hermit, "thou art a soul-murderer! Unhappy man, farewell—not for a while, but until we shall both meet—no matter where. And for thee," he added, turning to the Grand Master, "TREMBLE!"

"Tremble!" replied the Templar, contemptuously. "I cannot if I would." 10

The hermit heard not his answer, having left the tent.

"Come! to this gear hastily," said the Grand Master, "since thou wilt needs go through the foolery. Hark thee, I think I know most of thy frailties by heart, so we may omit the detail, which may be somewhat a long one, and begin with the absolution. What signifies counting the spots of dirt that we are about to wash from our hands?"

"No," said Conrade, "I will rather die unconfessed 20 than mock the sacrament."

"Come, noble Marquis," said the Templar, "rouse up your courage, and speak not thus. In an hour's time thou shalt stand victorious in the lists, or confess thee in thy helmet like a valiant knight."

"Alas, Grand Master," answered Conrade, "all augurs ill for this affair. The strange discovery by the instinct of a dog, the revival of this Scottish knight, who comes into the lists like a spectre—all betokens evil."

"Pshaw," said the Templar, "think thou art but in 30 a tournament, and who bears him better in the tilt-yard than thou? Come, squires and armourers, your master must be accoutred for the field."

The attendants entered accordingly, and began to arm the Marquis.

"What morning is without?" said Conrade.

"The sun rises dimly," answered a squire.

"Thou seest, Grand Master," said Conrade, "naught smiles on us."

"Thou wilt fight the more coolly, my son," answered the Templar.

Thus jested the Grand Master; but his jests had lost 10 their influence on the harassed mind of the Marquis, and, notwithstanding his attempts to seem gay, his gloom communicated itself to the Templar.

"This craven," he thought, "will lose the day in pure faintness and cowardice of heart, which he calls tender conscience. But come what will, he must have no other confessor than myself: our sins are too much in common, and he might confess my share with his own."

The hour at length arrived, the trumpets sounded, 20 the knights rode into the lists armed at all points, and mounted like men who were to do battle for a kingdom's honour. They wore their visors up, and, riding around the lists three times, showed themselves to the spectators. Both were goodly persons, and both had noble countenances. But there was an air of manly confidence on the brow of the Scot, while there lowered still on Conrade's brow a cloud of ominous despondence.

A temporary altar was erected just beneath the 30 gallery occupied by the Queen, and beside it stood the hermit in the dress of a Carmelite friar. To this altar the challenger and defender were successively brought forward, conducted by their respective sponsors. Dis-

mounting before it, each knight avouched the justice of his cause by a solemn oath on the Evangelists, and prayed that his success might be according to the truth or falsehood of what he then swore. The challenger pronounced his vow with a firm voice, and a cheerful countenance. When the ceremony was finished, the Scottish knight looked at the gallery, and bent his head to the earth, as if in honour of those invisible beauties which were enclosed within; then, loaded with armour as he was, sprang to the saddle without the use of the 10 stirrup, and made his courser carry him in a succession of caracoles to his station. Conrade also presented himself before the altar with boldness enough; but his voice, as he took the oath, sounded hollow, as if drowned in his helmet. As he turned to remount his horse, the Grand Master approached him closer, and whispered, "Coward and fool! recall thy senses, and do me this battle bravely, else, by Heaven, shouldst thou escape him, thou escapest not me!"

The savage tone in which this was whispered perhaps 20 completed the confusion of the Marquis's nerves, for he stumbled as he made to horse.

The trumpets of the challenger then rang a flourish, and a herald-at-arms proclaimed at the eastern end of the lists, "Here stands a good knight, Sir Kenneth of Scotland, champion for the royal King Richard of England, who accuseth Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, of foul treason and dishonour done to the said King."

The esquires of the combatants now approached, and delivered to each his shield and lance, assisting to hang 30 the former around his neck, that his two hands might remain free, one for the management of the bridle, the other to direct the lance.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE combatants sat opposite to each other, face to face, with couched lance and closed visor, the human form so completely enclosed that they looked more like statues of molten iron than beings of flesh and blood. The silence of suspense was now general. They remained thus for perhaps three minutes, when, at a signal given by the Soldan, a hundred instruments rent the air with their brazen clamours, and each champion striking his horse with the spurs and slacking the rein, the 10 horses started into full gallop, and the knights met in mid space with a shock like a thunderbolt. The victory was not in doubt—no, not one moment. Conrade, indeed, showed himself a practised warrior; for he struck his antagonist knightly in the midst of his shield, bearing his lance so straight and true that it shattered into splinters from the steel spear-head up to the very gauntlet. The horse of Sir Kenneth recoiled two or three yards and fell on his haunches, but the rider easily raised him with hand and rein. But for 20 Conrade there was no recovery. Sir Kenneth's lance had pierced through the shield, through a plated corselet, through a *secret*, or coat of linked mail, worn beneath the corselet, had wounded him deep in the bosom, and borne him from his saddle, leaving the truncheon of the lance fixed in his wound. The sponsors, heralds, and Saladin himself, descending from his throne, crowded around the wounded man; while Sir Kenneth now commanded him to avow his guilt. The helmet was hastily unclosed, and the wounded



CONRAD WOUNDED.—Drawn by J. Le Blant.

man, gazing wildly on the skies, replied, "What would you more? God hath decided justly—I am guilty. But there are worse traitors in the camp than I. In pity to my soul, let me have a confessor!"

He revived as he uttered these words.

"The talisman, the powerful remedy, royal brother!" said King Richard to Saladin.

"The traitor," answered the Soldan, "is more fit to be dragged from the lists to the gallows by the heels than to profit by its virtues; and, though his wound may be cured, yet Azrael's seal is on the wretch's brow."

"Nevertheless," said Richard. "I pray you do for him what you may, that he may at least have time for confession."

"My royal brother's wish shall be obeyed," said Saladin. "Slaves, bear this wounded man to our tent."

"Do not so," said the Templar, who had hitherto stood gloomily looking on in silence. "The royal Duke of Austria and myself demand that he be assigned to our care."

20

"That is, you refuse the certain means offered to recover him?" said Richard.

"Not so," said the Grand Master, recollecting himself. "If the Soldan useth lawful medicines he may attend the patient in my tent."

"Do so, I pray thee, good brother," said Richard to Saladin, "though the permission be ungraciously yielded. But now to a more glorious work. Sound, trumpets! shout, England! in honour of England's champion!"

Drum, clarion, trumpet, and cymbal rang forth at 30 once, and the deep and regular shout which for ages has been the English acclamation sounded. There was silence at length.

"Brave Knight of the Leopard," resumed Cœur de Lion, "I have more to say to you when I have conducted you to the presence of the ladies, the best judges and best rewarders of deeds of chivalry."

The Knight of the Leopard bowed assent.

"And thou, princely Saladin, wilt also attend them. I promise thee our Queen will not think herself welcome, if she lacks the opportunity to thank her royal host for her most princely reception."

10 Saladin bent his head gracefully, but declined the invitation.

"I must attend the wounded man," he said. "The leech leaves not his patient more than the champion the lists, even if he be summoned to a bower like those of Paradise. At noon, I trust ye will all accept a collation under the black camel-skin tent of a chief of Kurdistan."

"Hark!" said Richard, "the timbrels announce that our Queen and her attendants are leaving their gallery.
20 Come, we will to the pavilion, and lead our conqueror thither in triumph."

Blondel tuned his harp to its boldest measure, to welcome the introduction of the victor into the pavilion of Queen Berengaria. He entered and knelt gracefully down before the Queen, though more than half the homage was silently rendered to Edith, who sat on her right hand.

"Unarm him, my mistresses," said the King. "Let Beauty honour Chivalry! Undo his spurs, Berengaria!
30 Unlace his helmet, Edith! By this hand thou shalt, wert thou the proudest Plantagenet of the line, and he the poorest knight on earth!"

Both ladies obeyed the royal commands, Berengaria

with bustling assiduity, as anxious to gratify her husband's humour, and Edith blushing and growing pale alternately, as slowly and awkwardly she undid the fastenings which secured the helmet to the gorget.

"And what expect you from beneath this iron shell?" said Richard, as the removal of the casque gave to view the noble countenance of Sir Kenneth, his face glowing with recent exertion, and not less so with present emotion. "What think ye of him, gallants and beauties?" said Richard. "Doth he 10 resemble an Ethiopian slave, or doth he present the face of an obscure and nameless adventurer? No, by my good sword! Here terminate his various disguises. He hath knelt down before you unknown save by his worth: he arises, equally distinguished by birth and by fortune. The adventurous knight, Kenneth, arises David Earl of Huntingdon, Prince Royal of Scotland!"

There was a general exclamation of surprise.

"Yes, my masters," said the King, "it is even so. 20 Ye know how Scotland deceived us when she proposed to send this valiant Earl to aid our arms in this conquest of Palestine, but failed to comply with her engagements. This noble youth thought foul scorn that his arm should be withheld from the holy warfare, and joined us at Sicily with a small train of devoted and faithful attendants. The confidants of the Royal Prince had all, save one old follower, fallen by death, when his secret, but too well kept, had nearly occasioned my cutting off one of the noblest 30 hopes of Europe. Why did you not mention your rank, noble Huntingdon, when endangered by my hasty and passionate sentence?"

"My pride brooked not," answered the Earl of Huntingdon, "that I should avow myself Prince of Scotland in order to save my life. And, moreover, I had made my vow to preserve my rank unknown till the Crusade should be accomplished; nor did I mention it, save under the seal of confession, to yonder reverend hermit."

"It was the knowledge of that secret, then, which made the good man so urgent with me to recall my
10 severe sentence?" said Richard. "Well did he say that, had this good knight fallen by my mandate, I should have wished the deed undone though it had cost me a limb."

"Yet may we know of your Grace by what strange and happy chance this riddle was at length read?" said the Queen Berengaria.

"Letters were brought to us from England," said the King, "in which we learnt, among other unpleasant news, that the King of Scotland had seized
20 upon three of our nobles, when on a pilgrimage to St. Ninian, and alleged as a cause that his heir was in our camp and in our power; and, therefore, William proposed to hold these nobles as hostages for his safety. This gave me the first light on the real rank
* of the Knight of the Leopard, and my suspicions were
** confirmed by De Vaux, who, on his return from Ascalon, brought back with him the Earl of Huntingdon's sole attendant, a thick-skulled slave, who had gone thirty miles to unfold to De Vaux a secret he
30 should have told to me."

"Old Strauchan must be excused," said the Lord of Gilsland. "He knew from experience that my heart is somewhat softer than if I wrote myself Plantagenet."

"Thy heart soft? thou commodity of old iron that thou art!" exclaimed the King. "It is we Plantagenets who boast soft and feeling hearts, Edith," turning to his cousin, with an expression which called the blood into her cheek. "Give me thy hand, my fair cousin, and, Prince of Scotland, thine."

"Forbear, my lord," said Edith, hanging back. "Remember you not that my hand was to be the signal of converting to the Christian faith Saladin and all his turbaned host?" 10

"Ay, but the wind of prophecy hath chopped~~it~~ about, and sits now in another corner," replied Richard.

"Mock not, lest your bonds be made strong," said the hermit, stepping forward. "Know that when, Saladin and Kenneth of Scotland slept in my grotto, I read in the stars that there rested under my roof a prince, the natural foe of Richard, with whom the fate of Edith Plantagenet was to be united. Could I doubt that this must be the Soldan, whose rank 20 was well known to me, as he often visited my cell to converse on the revolutions of the heavenly bodies? Again, the lights of the firmament proclaimed that this prince, the husband of Edith Plantagenet, should be a Christian; and I—weak and wild interpreter!—argued thence the conversion of the noble Saladin, whose good qualities seemed often to incline him towards the better faith. I have not read aright the fate of others: who can assure me but that I may have miscalculated mine own? I came hither the 30 stern seer, the proud prophet, skilled, as I thought, to instruct princes, and gifted even with supernatural powers. But my bands have been broken! I go

hence humble in mine ignorance, penitent, and not hopeless."

With these words he withdrew from the assembly; and it is recorded that from that period his frenzy fits seldom occurred, and his penances were of a milder character, and accompanied with better hopes of the future.

It is needless to inquire whether David, Earl of Huntingdon, was as mute in the presence of Edith
10 Plantagenet as when he was bound to act under the character of an obscure and nameless adventurer. It may be well believed that he there expressed, with suitable earnestness, the passion to which he had so often before found it difficult to give words.

The hour of noon now approached, and Saladin waited to receive the princes of Christendom in a tent, beneath whose ample and sable covering was prepared a banquet after the most gorgeous fashion of the East, extended upon carpets of the richest stuffs,
20 with cushions laid for the guests.

Expecting the approach of his princely guests, the Soldan paused over a horoscope and corresponding scroll, which had been sent to him by the Hermit of Engaddi when he departed from the camp.

"Strange and mysterious science," he muttered to himself. "Who would not have said that I was that enemy most dangerous to Richard whose enmity was to be ended by marriage with his kinswoman? Yet it now appears that a union betwixt this gallant Earl and
30 the lady will bring about friendship betwixt Richard and Scotland, an enemy more dangerous than I. But then," he continued to mutter to himself, "the combination intimates that this husband was to be Christian.

Christian?" he repeated, after a pause, "That gave the insane fanatic star-gazer hopes that I might renounce my faith! But me, the faithful follower of our Prophet — me it should have undeceived. Lie there, mysterious scroll," he added, thrusting it under the pile of cushions. "How now! what means this intrusion?"

He spoke to the dwarf Nectabanus, who rushed into the tent fearfully agitated.

"What now?" said the Soldan, sternly.

"Accipe hoc!" groaned out the dwarf. 10

"Hence, I am in no vein for foolery," said the Emperor.

"Nor am I further fool," said the dwarf, "than to make my folly help out my wits to earn my bread, poor helpless wretch! Hear, hear me, great Soldan!"

"Nay, if thou hast actual wrong to complain of," said Saladin, "fool or wise, thou art entitled to the ear of a King. Retire hither with me;" and he led him into the inner tent.

20

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHATEVER their conference related to, it was soon broken off by the fanfare of the trumpets, announcing the arrival of the various Christian princes, whom Saladin welcomed to his tent with a royal courtesy well becoming their rank and his own; but, chiefly, he saluted the young Earl of Huntingdon, and generously congratulated him upon prospects which seemed to have interfered with and overclouded those which he had himself entertained. 30

"But think not," said the Soldan, "thou noble youth, that the Prince of Scotland is more welcome to Saladin than was Kenneth to the solitary Ilderim when they met in the desert, or the distressed Ethiop to the Hakim Adonbec. A brave and generous disposition, like thine hath a value independent of condition and birth."

The Earl of Huntingdon made a suitable reply, gratefully acknowledging the various important services 10 he had received from the generous Soldan; but when he had pledged Saladin in the bowl of sherbet which the Soldan had proffered to him, he could not help remarking with a smile, "The brave cavalier, Ilderim, knew not of the formation of ice, but the munificent Soldan cools his sherbet with snow."

"Wouldst thou have an Arab or a Kurdman as wise as a Hakim?" said the Soldan. "He who does on a disguise must make the sentiments of his heart and the learning of his head accord with the dress which 20 he assumes."

The Archduke of Austria, who stood a little apart, was struck with the mention of iced sherbet, and took with pleasure and some bluntness the deep goblet, as the Earl of Huntingdon was about to replace it.

"Most delicious!" he exclaimed, after a deep draught. He handed the cup to the Grand Master of the Templars. Saladin made a sign to the dwarf, who advanced and pronounced with a harsh voice the words *Accipe hoc!* The Templar started, yet instantly recovered, and to 30 hide, perhaps, his confusion, raised the goblet to his lips; but those lips never touched that goblet's rim. The sabre of Saladin left its sheath as lightning leaves the cloud. It was waved in the air,—and the head of

the Grand Master rolled to the extremity of the tent, while the trunk remained for a second standing, with the goblet still clenched in its grasp, then fell.

There was a general exclamation of treason, and Austria, nearest to whom Saladin stood with the bloody sabre in his hand, started back. Richard and others laid hand on their swords.

"Fear nothing, noble Austria," said Saladin, as composedly as if nothing had happened, "nor you, royal England, be wroth at what you have seen. Not for 10 his manifold treasons;—not for the attempt which, as may be vouched by his own squire, he instigated against King Richard's life;—not that he pursued the Prince of Scotland and myself in the desert, reducing us to save our lives by the speed of our horses;—not that he had stirred up the Maronites to attack us upon this very occasion, had I not brought up unexpectedly so many Arabs;—but because, scarce half an hour ere he polluted our presence, he poniarded his comrade and accomplice, Conrade of Montserrat, lest he should 20 confess the infamous plots in which they had both been engaged."

"Noble Soldan," exclaimed Richard, "I would not doubt thee; yet this must be proved, otherwise"——

"There stands the evidence," said Saladin, pointing to the terrified dwarf.

The Soldan proceeded to tell the dwarf's story, which amounted to this.—In his foolish curiosity, or, as he partly confessed, with some thoughts of pilfering Nectabanus had strayed into the tent of Conrade, which 30 had been deserted by his attendants. The wounded man slept under the influence of Saladin's wonderful talisman, so that the dwarf had opportunity to pry

about at pleasure, until he was frightened into concealment by the sound of a heavy step. He skulked behind a curtain, yet could see the motions and hear the words of the Grand Master, who entered, and carefully secured the covering of the pavilion behind him. His victim started from sleep, and it would appear that he instantly suspected the purpose of his old associate, for it was in a tone of alarm that he demanded wherefore he disturbed him.

10 "I come to confess and to absolve thee," answered the Grand Master.

Of their further speech the terrified dwarf remembered little, save that Conrade implored the Grand Master not to break a wounded reed, and that the Templar struck him to the heart with a dagger, with the words *Accipe hoc*.

"I verified the tale," said Saladin, "by causing the body to be examined; and I made this unhappy being, whom Allah hath made the discoverer of the crime,
20 repeat in your own presence the words which the murderer spoke; and you yourselves saw the effect which they produced upon his conscience."

The Soldan paused, and the King of England broke silence:—

"If this be true, as I doubt not, we have witnessed a great act of justice, though it bore a different aspect. But wherefore in this presence? Wherefore with thine own hand?"

"I had designed otherwise," said Saladin; "but had
30 I not hastened his doom, it had been altogether averted, since, if I had permitted him to taste of my cup, as he was about to do, how could I, without incurring the brand of inhospitality, have done him to death as he

deserved? Had he murdered my father, and afterwards partaken of my food and my bowl, not a hair of his head could have been injured by me. But enough of him: let his carcass and his memory be removed from amongst us."

The body was carried away, and the marks of the slaughter obliterated or concealed.

But the Christian princes felt that the scene which they had beheld weighed heavily on their spirits, and although, at the courteous invitation of the Soldan, 10 they assumed their seats at the banquet, yet it was with the silence of doubt and amazement. The spirits of Richard alone surmounted all cause for suspicion or embarrassment. At length he drank off a large bowl of wine, and, addressing the Soldan, desired to know whether it was not true that he had honoured the Earl of Huntingdon with a personal encounter.

Saladin answered with a smile that he had proved his horse and his weapons with the heir of Scotland, as cavaliers are wont to do with each other when they 20 meet in the desert, and modestly added that, though the combat was not entirely decisive, he had not, on his part, much reason to pride himself on the event. The Scot, on the other hand, disclaimed the attributed superiority, and wished to assign it to the Soldan.

"Enough of honour thou hast had in the encounter," said Richard, "and I envy thee more for that than for the smiles of Edith Plantagenet. But what say you, noble princes? Is it fitting that such a royal ring of chivalry should break up without something being done for future times to speak of? How say you, princely Soldan? What if we two should now, and before this fair company, decide the long-contended question, for

this land of Palestine, and end at once these tedious wars? I, unless worthier offers, will lay down my gauntlet in behalf of Christendom, and, in all love and honour, we will do mortal battle for the possession of Jerusalem."

There was a deep pause for the Soldan's answer. His cheek and brow coloured highly. At length he said: "Allah has already given Jerusalem to the true believers, and it were a tempting the God of the Prophet
10 to peril, upon my own personal strength and skill, that which I hold securely by the superiority of my forces."

"If not for Jerusalem, then," said Richard, in the tone of one who would entreat a favour of an intimate friend, "yet, for the love of honour, let us run at least three courses with grinded lances?"

"Even this," said Saladin, half smiling at Cœur de Lion's affectionate earnestness for the combat, "even this I may not lawfully do. Had I a son to hold the sceptre when I fell, I might have had the liberty, as I
20 have the will, to brave this bold encounter."

"Thou hast had all the fortune," said Richard, turning to the Earl of Huntingdon with a sigh. "I would have given the best year in my life for that one half-hour beside the Diamond of the Desert!"

The chivalrous extravagance of Richard awakened the spirits of the assembly, and, when at length they arose to depart, Saladin advanced and took Cœur de Lion by the hand.

"Noble King of England," he said, "we now part,
30 never to meet again. I may not yield you up that Jerusalem which you so much desire to hold. It is to us, as to you, a Holy City. But whatever other terms Richard demands of Saladin shall be as willingly yielded

as yonder fountain yields its waters. Aye, and the same should be as frankly afforded by Saladin, if Richard stood in the desert with but two archers in his train !”

The next day saw Richard's return to his own camp, and in a short space afterwards the young Earl of Huntingdon was espoused by Edith Plantagenet. The Soldan sent, as a nuptial present on this occasion, the celebrated TALISMAN; but though many cures were wrought by means of it in Europe, none equalled in success and celebrity those which the Soldan achieved. It is still in existence, having been bequeathed by the Earl of Huntingdon to a brave knight of Scotland, Sir Simon of the Lee, in whose ancient and highly honoured family it is still preserved.

Sanatival Basin

NOTES

- P 1, l. 7. **accoutrements**, coverings and trappings.
9. **plated gauntlets**, gloves, of which the backs were made of pieces of steel plate.
13. **barred**, having the front part that covered the face composed of *bars*.
16. **hauberk**, coat of mail.
21. **falchion**, sword.
- P 2, l. 1. **poniard**, dagger.
5. **pennoncelle**, small flag.
6. **surcoat**, a short tunic worn over the armour.
12. **couchant** (FRENCH), sleeping. A word used in heraldry.
24. **front-stall**, covering of a horse's brow.
30. **panoply**, complete armour.
- P. 3, l. 11. **turban**, head-dress of an Eastern person.
- caftan**, a Turkish vest or tunic.
12. **Saracen**. Arab, or Mahometan.
13. **cavalier**, horseman.
23. **couched**, held low down, level, and ready to strike.
- P. 4, l. 2. **momentum**, force, caused by movement.
10. **was fain to**, was glad or obliged to.
16. **Emir**, chieftain.
20. **buckler**, shield.
30. **missile**, capable of being thrown.
- P. 5, l. 12. **artifice**, trick.
26. **truce**, a short interval of peace in the middle of a war.
27. **Lingua Franca** (= French speech), a sort of French that was spoken in the East for purposes of trade, etc., between the Europeans and the Arabs or other Asiatics.
- P. 6, l. 1. **Prophet**, Mahomet. See Introduction, note 1
3. **Nazarene**, a follower of Jesus of Nazareth, i.e. a Christian
6. **Moslem**, Mahometan.
14. **wend we**, let us go.

P. 7, l. 3. **fetlock**, the lower part of a horse's leg, the ankle.

13. **Frank, European.** The Arabs called all the Western Europeans '*Franks*,' and Europe itself '*Frangistan*,' or 'the country of the Franks,' because the French were the first Europeans with whom they came in contact.

16. **dubbed.** See Introduction, note 2.

P. 8, l. 9. **vault**, the arched roof which covered the fountain.

23. **Grecian**, straight and delicate, as in a Greek statue.

27. **athletic**, like that of a person accustomed to take vigorous exercise.

P. 9, l. 1. **Saracen.** See note on P. 3, line 12.

9. **elasticity**, power of moving quickly.

18. **embrowned**, made brown.

22. **the ivory of his deserts.** Ivory comes from the tusks of elephants, and was imported through the desert by the Arabs. The living elephants inhabited India or Africa.

[*Sir Kenneth and the Saracen converse during their meal about the different customs of their respective countries, and Kenneth explains that he is going, with a pass for his safe conduct signed by Saladin, to visit Theodoric, the hermit of Engaddi. He also offers to escort the Saracen to the Christian camp.*]

P. 10, l. 27. **Kurdistan**, a district of Asia Minor.

31. **Soldan, Sultan.** The Arab title for a sovereign. The name of the Sultan at this time was Saladin.

P. 11, l. 7. **of the first degree**, of the first rank.

10. **law of chivalry**, law concerning knights.

11. **the combat**, i.e. the privilege of a single combat. When such a fight had taken place any insult, or injury to his honour that one knight had suffered from the other, was considered to be avenged. See Introduction, note 2.

13. **a leathern belt and a pair of spurs.** Both important parts of the dress of a knight. See Introduction, note 2.

22. **Christendom**, all the countries where Christianity is professed as the national religion.

P. 12, l. 22. **temptation**, i.e. the temptation of Christ. See *St. Matthew*, iv. 1-11.

25. **infidel**, unbelieving, i.e. not Christian.

29. **friar**, a sort of monk. The principal Orders of Friars were founded by St. Francis (1182-1226) and St. Dominic (1170-1221).

30. **Paynim**, pagan, heathen.

P. 13, l. 12. **held**, considered

17. **levity**, gay and foolish behaviour.

22. **hog's flesh and wine.** Mahomet forbade his followers either to drink wine or to eat the flesh of pigs.

P. 13, l. 25. **take scandal**, think ill of me.

29. '**gale science**' (FRENCH), 'joyous learning,' i.e. the knowledge of minstrelsy.

[*The Saracen relates to Kenneth the story of his own ancestry and descent from the Genii or Evil Spirits, and sings a song.*]

P. 14, l. 8. **hirsute**, shaggy.

9. **fauns**, beings half like men and half like goats who lived in the woods, and whom the Romans worshipped as demi-gods.

29. **Hamako** (TURKISH), madman.

P. 16, l. 26. **anchorite**, hermit. A monk who lives alone and devotes himself to prayer and fasting, etc.

P. 17, l. 4. **Avoid ye**, go away.

Mahound, Mahomet.

Termagaunt. The Christians accused the Mahometans of worshipping an idol called Termagant.

33. **barb**, horse.

P. 19, l. 7. **niche**, a recess in the wall.

10. **Oriental**, Eastern.

accommodations, conveniences, furniture.

12. **pulse**, any kind of leguminous plant, such as peas, beans, etc.

13. **assiduously**, as though he desired to please.

17. **emaciated**, worn and thin.

P. 21, l. 25. **Kurdman**, inhabitant of Kurdistan. See note on P. 10, l. 27.

P. 22, l. 21. **spiritual arms**, the weapons of the spirit, i.e. faith and prayer.

23. **gourd**, an Eastern plant which bears a large thick-rinded fruit

33. **missal**, a prayer-book.

P. 23, l. 1. **penitential**, used for the purpose of penance.

3. **penance**, punishment. Here it means the punishment or whipping which the hermit inflicted on himself to show his sorrow for his sins.

4. **recluse**, hermit.

10. **penitential psalms**, psalms which express repentance for sin, e.g. *Psalms cxxx.*, li.

P. 24, l. 6. **pass-word**, secret saying which is uttered between friends during a state of war to enable them to *pass*, but which must be kept concealed from the enemy.

23. **metaphorical**, used by way of comparison.

24. **day-spring**, dawn.

P. 26, l. 10. **Gothic**, built in the Gothic style, with pointed arches.

P. 26, l. 12. **groined**, having the arches of the roof crossing each other.

columns, pillars.

23. **relic**, something kept in memory of a saint, such as a piece of his clothing, or of his person.

24. **sanctity**, holiness.

26. **shrine**, case, or recess, which contains something sacred.

33. **miniature resemblance**, small model.

P. 27, l. 2. **discovering**, showing.

4. **Verā Crux** (LATIN), the true Cross. Pieces of wood said to be part of the true Cross were frequently kept in churches.

5. **Gloria Patri** (LATIN), glory be to the Father, etc.

10. **orisons**, prayers.

P. 28, l. 7. **host**, the sacred wafer or biscuit used at the service of the mass. It is *elevated*, or raised in the air, at a certain part of the service.

17. **lauds**, the early morning service.

P. 29, l. 1. **impregnated**, filled.

5. **scapularies**, cloaks.

8. **novices**, nuns who remain for a short time in the convent before taking the full vows which bind them to remain there for ever.

9. **cloister**, convent.

10. **rosaries**, rows of beads on which people count the number of prayers they repeat.

19. **white-stoled**, dressed in white.

P. 30, l. 26. **sacristans**, persons who take charge of the vestments and sacred vessels, etc., and assist in the services of a church.

P. 33, l. 5. **samite**, rich silk stuff.

21. **subterranean**, underground.

presentments, appearances.

28. **menials**, servants.

P. 34, l. 8. **elritch** (eldrich), strange, weird.

18. **gibbering**, uttering unintelligible sounds.

P. 35, l. 5. **told his beads**, counted the beads of his rosary, i.e. said his prayers.

P. 36, l. 6. **congenial**, agreeing in character.

19. **irksome**, wearisome, annoying.

P. 37, l. 6 **pavilion**, tent.

11. **passant** (FRENCH), pacing, stepping. A word used in heraldry.

15. **tiara**, diadem, crown.

16. **emblem**, sign.

17. **prompt**, ready.

18. **curtal-axe**, cutlas, a short heavy curved sword.

P. 38, l. 7. **Heathenesse**, all the countries and nations which do not profess Christianity.

30. **lethargy**, a heavy sleep, from which a person cannot be roused.

P. 39, l. 9. **Despardieux** (OLD FRENCH), in heaven's name !

26. "**En arrière**" (FRENCH), back !

"**En avant**" (FRENCH), forward !

P. 40, l. 10. **Beau-séant**, the banner borne by the Knights Templars.

18. **necromancer**, one who practises magic.

27. **popinjay**, parrot, i.e. a dandy, a fop.

29. **Sepulchre**, the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

P. 41, l. 21. **lilies**, war-cries.

P. 42, l. 1. **shalm**, a sort of pipe.

24. **leech**, doctor.

P. 43, l. 11. **retinue**, troop of servants.

12. **El Hakim**, (ARABIC), the physician

17. **scimitar**, sword.

21. **some order taken**, some arrangement made.

P. 44, l. 24. **ironically**, meaning the opposite of what is said.

28. **devoir** (FRENCH), duty. A word specially used of the duty of knights. See Introduction, note 2.

P. 45, l. 2. **ministry**, services.

18. **disorder**, illness.

P. 46, l. 24. **pacific**, peaceful.

26. **accommodation**, convenience and comfort.

32. **sagacious**, wise, clever.

P. 47, l. 17. **lineaments**, features.

28. **this gear must be amended**, these arrangements must be improved.

29. **evil fed**, badly fed.

P. 48, l. 6. **Issa ben Miriam** (ARABIC), Jesus, the Son of Mary.

11. **muezzin**, an official who cries the hour of prayer for the Mahometans five times a day.

minaret, tower of the Mosque.

12. **mosque**, a Mahometan temple or place of worship.

14. **prejudice**, injury.

22. **soliciting**, asking for.

29. **transgressing**, going out of.

30. **precincts**, bounds.

sagacity, cleverness.

31. **pennon**, flag.

[*De Vaux explains to Kenneth that it is contrary to the king's orders for him to keep the hound.*]

P. 49, l. 8. **Borderer**, one living on the Borders between England and Scotland.

13. **carriage**, behaviour.

20. **witnessed**, observed.

22. **leading-staff**, walking-stick.

fool's bauble, a short stick or wand having a head with asses' ears carved at the end of it, and hung with little bells. The court jester, or fool, always carried such a 'bauble.'

24. **tasted of our bounty**, received kindness from us (i.e. me, the king).

25. **presumption**, over-confidence.

26. **pece of learned heathenesse**, learned heathen, i.e. the doctor.

P. 50, l. 3, **Council of the Crusade**, the assembly of princes, who meet together to decide how to carry on the Crusade.

9. **grotto**, cave.

12. **mêlée** (FRENCH), encounter, fight (of knights in a tournament). See Introduction, note 2.

in the way of proof of valour, by way of proving each other's courage.

14. **errant knights**, knights who wander about in search of adventures.

25. **tarried**, waited.

27. **atabals**, Moorish drums.

28. **letters of credence**, letters explaining that the person who brings them may be trusted.

P. 51, l. 5. **recant his errors**, give up his mistaken religion.

14. **pagan**, heathen.

25. **worthy were I**, I should deserve.

26. **make shipwreck of**, ruin.

weal, happiness, prosperity.

29. **upbraidingly**, in a fault-finding way.

31. **lies at pledge**, is at stake, runs a risk.

P. 52, l. 4. **murrain**, plague.

tambours, drums.

22. **propriety permitted**, it seemed proper.

23. **layman**, one who is not a priest.

24. **Mediciners**, doctors.

31. **minister to the convenience of**, be useful to.

P. 53, l. 12. **graced**, honoured.

charges of weight, important business.

P. 53, l. 13. **esquire of the body**, servant who gives personal attendance to a master.

P. 54, l. 2. **mortified, vexed**.

9. **Ulemat (ARABIC)**, priest.

20. **authoritatively**, in the manner of a person accustomed to command.

24. **sage**, wise man.

27. **ocular**, that can be seen by the eyes.

P. 55, l. 3. **Azrael**, the angel of death.

8. **astrolabe**, a sort of map of the stars, by means of which the astrologer made his calculations. Both El Hakim and the hermit were *astrologers*, i. e. persons who study the movements of the stars and planets, in order to foretell what is going to happen,

9. **oracle**, that which utters wisdom, or good advice.

12. **Mecca**, the birthplace of Mahomet. See Introduction, note 1.

13. **Moslemah**, Moslem, Mahometan.

17. **aromatic**, sweet-smelling.

18. **distillation**, liquid distilled or drawn off by a heating process from the coarser parts of a plant, etc.

20. **vassal**, servant.

27. "**Benedictio Domini sit vobiscum**" (LATIN), may the blessing of God be with you.

P. 56, l. 11. **elixir**, a magical drink which heals diseases or renews youth.

27. **Frangistan**, the land of the Franks, i. e. Europe. See note on P. 7, l. 13.

[*The Archbishop hears from De Vaux that Kenneth has already returned from his mission.*]

P. 57, l. 17, **tenacious of his rank**, holding fast to the privileges of his rank.

28. **subservience**, slavish submission.

P. 58, l. 12. **challenge**, claim.

30. **scant of revenues**, poor, having a scanty income.

32. **Lombards**, Italians from Lombardy were the first bankers of Europe.

P. 59, l. 27. **potential**, powerful. *

P. 60, l. 10. **regardless**, not to be thought of.

18. **dissemblers**, people who pretend, or put on some false appearance.

26. **conjured**, appealed to. *

P. 61, l. 3. **St. Andrew**, the patron saint of Scotland.

6. **St. George**, the patron saint of England. *

P. 62, l. 4. **confessional**, part of a church, generally an enclosed space, where the priest hears confession.

P. 62, l. 10. bevy, number.

24. enamoured of, in love with.

P. 63, l. 6. chamberlain, officer who waits on the king and announces visitors.

deputation, two or more persons entrusted to bring an important message or request.

25. fraternity, brotherhood, i.e. the Order of Templars.

P. 64, l. 10. dignitaries, dignified persons.

P. 66, l. 14. medicated, made like medicine.

P. 67, l. 3. infamy, disgrace.

20. bills and bows, soldiers armed with bills (axes) and bows.

P. 68, l. 6. visor, front part of a helmet, which covers the face. Here it means a mask.

24. principalities, districts governed by a prince, small kingdoms.

29. Zion. A hill of Jerusalem on which Solomon's Temple stood. Here used for Jerusalem itself.

33. You it may advantage, it may benefit you.

P. 69, l. 3. baton, staff of office.

4. marquisate, district governed by a marquis.

7. Assize of Jerusalem. The code of laws drawn up by Godfrey, the first Christian king of Jerusalem, for the government of Palestine.

15. restitution, getting back.

20. Impeach, bring an accusation against.

28. which temple? Conrad asks sarcastically whether the Grand Master swears by the Temple or Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, or the Temple which was the dwelling place of his Order.

P. 70, l. 12. opulence, wealth.

15. bane, poison, i.e. disadvantage, ruin.

26. behest, command.

P. 72, l. 1. I wot, I know.

P. 73, l. 28. soliloquy, words spoken to himself when a person is alone.

P. 74, l. 4. ensign, banner.

P. 75, l. 9. too little familiar with his own dignity, not accustomed to the dignified behaviour suitable to his rank.

20. cultivating his regard, gaining his friendship.

P. 76, l. 19. Teutonic, German.

23. jerkins, coats.

P. 77, l. 5. peaks, long points at the end of a shoe.

11. "Spruchspracher" (GERMAN), speaker of sayings.

15. doublet, close-fitting coat.

24. "Hoff-narr" (GERMAN), court fool.

- P. 78, l. 8. brought on the carpet, brought into the conversation.
10. epithet, title.
13. "genista" (LATIN), broom-plant; the badge worn by the Plantagenet family.
22. "Minnesingers," German minstrels. See Introduction, note 2.
- "joyeuse science" = *gaie science*. See note on P. 13, l. 29.
27. master of the revels, person who arranges for the amusements of kings and princes.
- P. 79, l. 2. cognisance, the coat of arms, or crest.
8. passant. See note on P. 37, l. 11.
10. take precedence, go first (as a sign of higher rank).
11. gainstander, one who opposes
19. generalissimo, commander-in-chief.
32. Holy Roman Empire. The Empire of Rome was still supposed to extend over the greater part of Europe, though actually the emperor at this time (1189) had little authority except in Germany and Austria.
- P. 80, l. 3. bandog, a mastiff, or large dog of any kind that needs to be chained.
7. kaisar, emperor.
12. affecting, pretending.
15. usurpation, unlawful rule.
- P. 81, l. 11. critical hour, time which forms a turning point in an illness, after which the patient becomes rapidly worse or better.
26. bezants, gold coins worth about 9s.
- P. 82, l. 6. Melech Ric (ARABIC), King Richard.
24. inebriety, drunkenness.
- P. 83, l. 22. equerries, officers who attend to the king's horses.
- P. 84, l. 33. retinue, followers.
- P. 85, l. 13. wanted not, was not without.
- P. 86, l. 4. dally, trifle.
- * 20. mass, the body of the man.
21. military engine, a machine for casting stones, etc., formerly used in warfare.
26. supernatural, beyond the power of a human being.
28. inauspiciously, unsuccessfully.
- P. 87, l. 12. prompt, ready and intending.
17. partisans, pikes, halberds—weapons consisting of a long handle and a pointed blade at the end.
- P. 88, l. 3. broil, quarrel.
8. A truce with, let there be an end to.
13. coll, disturbance.

- P. 88, l. 16. **foul indignity**, abominable insult.
26. **thy broidered kerchief**. Richard means the banner of Austria.
- P. 89, l. 7. **precedence**. See note on P. 79, l. 10.
27. **butt's length**, the ordinary distance marked out between a *butt*, or target, and the person who is placed to aim at it.
30. **lists**, barrier within which tournaments are held. See Introduction, note 2.
32. **injurious**, insulting.
- P. 90, l. 15. **accommodation**, agreement, making up of a quarrel.
29. **tarriance**, delay.
32. **boon**, a favour.
- P. 91, l. 1. **novice**, man who is on the point of being knighted.
- P. 92, l. 5. **slips**, leash or string by which a dog is held.
9. **Sathanas**, devil (meaning the dog).
10. **conjure**, drive away (an evil spirit).
11. **arblast**, a steel crossbow, from which arrows were shot by means of a trigger.
21. **grounded**, fixed on the ground.
- P. 93, l. 9. **puissance**, power and might.
10. **within my guard**, within the limits I am set to guard or protect.
28. **genii**, spirits.
- P. 94, l. 1. **hourl** (ARABIC), beautiful woman.
5. **Guenevra**, the wife of King Arthur, the British king who maintained the knights of the Round Table. The dwarf gives this name to his wife out of vanity.
- P. 97, l. 17. **indecorum**, improper behaviour.
- P. 98, l. 4. **furtively**, secretly.
15. **wight**, person.
17. **ocular**, by means of the eyes.
- P. 99, l. 14. **disposed bedward**, ready to go to bed.
27. **seduced**, led away.
28. **gainsay**, contradict.
- P. 100, l. 5. **minion**, contemptible creature.
10. **detracting from**, saying evil of.
28. **conjure**, attract, cause to appear (as a magician calls up spirits). Cf. P. 92, l. 10.
- P. 101, l. 19. **I have interest ... with**, I can influence.
25. **unravel**, describe fully.
27. **calendar**, list of saints' days.
33. **lured**, enticed, caused to come by deceitful means.
- P. 102, l. 11. **perdue** (FRENCH), hidden.

P. 102, l. 15. **ensconced**, concealed.

19. **malignity**, wickedness.

P. 103, l. 27. **trained**, brought.

P. 104, l. 3. **reck**, care.

* 8. **dally**, waste time in a foolish manner. Cf. p. 86, l. 4.

P. 105, l. 2. **revertle**, profound thought.

[Sir Kenneth is found lamenting by the Arabian physician, who tries to comfort him, and accepts from him the wounded dog, which he hopes to be able to cure. The Hakim also informs him that Saladin is willing to make peace with Richard on condition of being allowed to marry Edith Plantagenet.]

P. 106, l. 3. **plenitude**, fulness.

16. **donative**, gift.

P. 107, l. 5. **devoted gloom**, determined, settled sadness.

P. 108, l. 13. **curtal-axe**. See note on P. 37, l. 18.

22. **camiscia**, dressing-gown.

26. **Saxon predecessor**, Edmund Ironside, King of England, Ap. 23—Nov. 30, 1016.

P. 109, l. 21. **abode**, waited for.

30. **grace**, mercy, forgiveness.

P. 110, l. 3. **shrift**, confession to a priest at the point of death.

4. **absolution**, forgiveness of sins pronounced by a priest after confession.

29. **armed in proof**, in complete armour, which has been tried and found impenetrable.

P. 111, l. 6. **pregnant**, excellent.

16. **lineage**, family.

25. **the rolls of chivalry**, the register or list of knights' names.

P. 113, l. 7. **ghostly father**, a priest (to hear his confession before he dies.)

17. **provost**, gaoler, officer appointed to carry out sentences of military law.

* 21. **mutilation**, cutting off a limb or portion of the body.

29. **have speech with**, should be allowed to speak to.

holy man, a priest.

P. 114, l. 4. **irks**, vexes.

sums, finishes.

19. **Galloway**. A south-western county of Scotland.

nag, a small horse.

20. **Irthing**, a small stream in Cumberland.

21. I would ... I saw his youth bear such promise, I wish he were such a promising youth.

- P. 114, l. 31. **descry**, perceive, find out.
- P. 115, l. 2. **make a clean conscience**, confess.
4. **mood is abated**, passion (of anger) is over.
- P. 116, l. 5. **cast of thoughts**, way of thinking.
12. **poignant**, sharp.
13. **specific**, remedy.
- 22, 23. **cognisances** (=badges), **mottoes** (=sayings), **devices** (=ornaments or emblems), worn on a knight's armour to distinguish him when his face was covered by the visor of his helmet.
30. **intelligence**, understanding with each other.
- P. 117, l. 11, **prudery**, careful behaviour.
17. **mediation**, power of reconciling people.
- P. 118, l. 7. **levée** (FRENCH), getting up in the morning and dressing—of a queen or great person.
9. **supplied the deficiencies of**, did what was left undone by.
11. **wenches**, girls.
12. **attired**, dressed.
14. **mediator**, go-between.
27. **bedizened**, dressed finely.
29. **carcanet**, necklace or collar of jewels.
- P. 119, l. 4. **abused**, misused, used in a wrong way
13. **dallying**. See note on P. 86, line 4
14. **incensed**, enraged.
32. **conjecture**, guess.
- P. 120, l. 3. **truculent**, terrible-looking.
6. **plummets**, weights.
counterpoise, equal in weight.
33. **sirrah**, fellow.
- P. 121, l. 21. **cherub countenance**, young, childish-looking face.
- P. 122, l. 7. **break a lance on the ... crest of**, i.e. fight with.
20. **bedeck**, ornament.
24. **Go to**, get along.
25. **your sphere**, business with which you can meddle.
- P. 123, l. 19. **exculpate**, make excuses for a fault.
21. **grace**, favour.
32. **rue**, repent.
- P. 124, l. 1. **licenses**, makes allowable.
11. **minion**, favourite, lover.
12. **gibbet**, gallows.
- P. 125, l. 18. **under the seal**, closed up as if by a seal.
seal of confession. Secrets learnt by priests at confession are considered sacred and never to be repeated.

P. 125, l. 20. **divulged to**, told.

25. **Bayard**, a noble knight called 'the fearless and blameless' knight. He really lived in the 16th century, so that it is incorrect to make Richard refer to him.

32. **macerated**, tormented.

P. 126, l. 11. **put my neck into the loop of a Carmelite's girdle**, put myself into the power of a Carmelite monk.

27. **tax**, claim a reward from.

P. 127, l. 16. **divan**, council of Eastern princes.

21. **dervises**, Eastern priests or prophets.

26. **bear himself**, behave

33. **obeisance**, bending of the body in sign of respect.

P. 128, l. 3. **Intelligences**, spirits.

17. **attainted**, injured.

19. **lists**. See Introduction, note 2.

21. **mêlée**. See Introduction, note 2.

33. **forfeited**, lost on account of an offence

P. 129, l. 2, **the 'great Creditor**, i.e. God.

5. **intercessor**, pleader.

18. **Talisman**, an object which has magic power to heal diseases or avert misfortunes, etc.

19. **observe the . hour**, notice the appearance of the heavens, which shews the right time.

20. **potency**, powerful nature.

24. **caravan**, large number of persons travelling together on camels.

P. 130, l. 1. **moon**, month.

2. **amulet**, charm.

11. **tale**, number.

23. **omen**, sign.

24. **omitted ceremonial**, the leaving out of a ceremony or rite.

Saxon. Richard was an Angevin or Frenchman, and despised his English or Saxon subjects.

25. **foregoes her purpose**, gives up what she intended to do.

29. **truth is on the tongue of his servant**, his servant (i.e. I who speak) is speaking the truth.

32. **virtuous**, powerful.

P. 131, l. 10. **Frangistan**. See Note on P. 56, l. 27.

17. **Melech Ric**. See note on P. 82, l. 6.

[Richard then sends a message to the Duke of Austria requiring him to restore the banner. But before it can be delivered the hermit enters and informs Richard that the Council have met and decided to replace the banner. He prophesies Richard's early death, and relates

the story of his own past life and the crime for which he is now doing penance as a hermit. The Archbishop of Tyre then begs to be received with a message from the Council.]

P. 132, l. 32. **emissary**, messenger.

P. 133, l. 1. **brook**, endured.

7. **countenanced**, encouraged.

11. **vassal**, one who holds land from a superior lord on condition of doing him service in time of war.

31. "**culpa mea**" (LAT.), my fault, i.e. it is my fault, I am to blame.

P. 135, l. 23 **be snatched as a brand from the burning**, escape from the consequences of remaining an infidel, i.e. be converted to Christianity.

26. **is possessed . . . with the belief**, believes firmly.

29. **matter of induction**, the beginning which leads to some important change.

P. 137, l. 2. **instances being circulated**, examples or anecdotes being told by one person after another.

25. **weal**, welfare.

32. **tide**, time.

P. 138, l. 6. **redemption**, rescue from slavery.

7. **in default**, owing an apology.

8. **compensation**, amends.

11. **atonement**, apology.

25. **repents him**, repents himself, is sorry for.

29. **Patriarch**, chief bishop.

31. **exculpated**, cleared of blame.

33. **aggression**, injury.

P. 139, l. 5. **amity**, friendship.

13. **penitent**, sinner who repents, and wishes to make amends.
confessional. See note on P. 62, l. 4.

23. **ill to beseem**, not to be suitable for.

28. **enow**, enough.

laud, praise.

31. **precedence**. See note on P. 79, l. 10.

P. 140, l. 6. **unvarnished**, plain, straightforward.

10. **mortified**. See note on P. 54, l. 2.

15. **paternoster** (LAT. = Our Father), Lord's Prayer.

16. **confessor**, priest who regularly hears a person's confession.
enjoined, advised.

23. **precipitance**, eagerness, haste.

26. **unpremeditated**, not thought of beforehand.

P. 141, l. 15. **Hege subjects**, lawful subjects, bound to obey their sovereign.

33. **Peter the Hermit**. The preacher of the first Crusade. See Introduction, note i.

P. 142, l. 5. **expiry**, end.

[*After the Council, Conrad and the Grand Master talk about Richard, and the Templar says that a Saracen who had plotted to assassinate Richard has been captured in the camp. He hints that he will give the assassin an opportunity of escape, so that he may carry out his plan.*]

24. **bower-woman**, lady-in-waiting.

26. **decoy**, trick.

31. **venial**, pardonable.

33. **uxorious**, over-fond of his wife.

P. 143, l. 8. **offending province**, portion of a dominion which has committed some offence against the sovereign.

13. **extenuated**, made little of.

25. **martial law**, law by which soldiers are judged in time of war, and which is more severe than ordinary law.

26. **obduracy**, sternness.

P. 144, l. 16. **matrimonial**, between husband and wife.

23. **female encounter**, meeting with a lady.

30. **reverence**, curtesy.

33. **communicate his pleasure**, say what he wished to say.

P. 145, l. 12. **sable**, black.

21. **faulted**, committed a fault.

P. 146, l. 6. **tetchiness**, bad temper.

18 **love-gear**, behaviour of lovers.

20. **it skills not**, it is no use.

28. **Soldans**. See note on P. 10, l. 31.

31. **Soldanrie**, the rule of a Soldan.

P. 147, l. 8. **in fair fashion**, politely.

23. **equerry**. See note on P. 83, l. 22.

28. **Nubian**, negro.

P. 148, l. 13. **prostrated himself**, bowed to the ground.

28. **we make noble account of thee**, we think highly of thee.

30. **requital of**, return for.

P. 149, l. 2. **the Lord of Speech ... palace**, he is dumb.

4. **ivory walls of his palace**, his teeth.

8. **missive**, letter.

17. **symmetry**, good proportions.

- P. 149, l. 24. **mutilated**, deprived by cutting.
- P. 150, l. 3. **nicety** of address, delicate skill.
[Some letters from England are brought to the King, who becomes absorbed in reading them.]
23. **pavesse**, shield.
26. **device**. See note on P. 116, l. 22.
- P. 151, l. 6. **marabout**, a Mahometan who devotes himself to a religious life.
7. **santon**, an Eastern priest who lives in somewhat the same way as the Christian hermits.
14. **professed buffoon**, one whose business or profession it is to be a jester.
15. **writhen**, twisted.
16. **a crazed imagination**, i. e. a crazy person.
22. **behests**, commands.
24. **vagaries**, wandering changes.
33. **crave**, desire.
- P. 152, l. 3. **a good Christian and drink wine**. The Mahomedans were forbidden by their religion to drink wine. See note on P. 13, l. 22.
8. **flagon**, bottle.
11. "**Allah kerim !**" (ARABIC), God is merciful.
13. **potation**, heavy drink.
15. **knaves**, servants.
33. **burnished**, polished, made bright.
- P. 153, l. 3. **esplanade**, open space.
10. **couched**, laid down.
16. **Ethiopian**, African.
24. **poniard**. See note on P. 2, l. 1.
28. **enthusiast**, person devoted to a cause.
30. **fanatical**, due to excessive religious enthusiasm.
32. **Charegite**, member of a fanatical sect of Mahomedans who were ready to lose their lives for the sake of advancing their religion or killing its enemies.
- P. 154, l. 6. **assassin**, murderer.
8. "**Allah ackbar !**" (ARABIC), God is victorious.
16. **carion**, dead body.
17. **swart**, black.
21. **venom**, poison.
25. **prevailing with**, overcoming.
32. **expostulations**, remonstrances.

P. 155, l. 3. **intermitted**, left off.

12. **hart**, stag.

25. **wine-swilling**, wine-drinking.

P. 156, l. 5. **expounder**, explainer.

11. **proper to**, that belongs to.

his melancholy condition, *i.e.* his dumbness.

22. **writing-tools**, something to write with.

P. 156, l. 33. he may be made **manifest in his iniquity**, his wickedness may be brought to light.

P. 157, l. 5. **muster**, review.

6. **expiate**, make amends for.

9. **formal regard**, ceremonious respect.

11. **expurgation**, clearing from guilt.

16. **juggling**, trick playing.

palter with, deceive

28. **guerdon**, reward. Specially used of a knight's reward for his services to his lady. See Introduction, note 2.

29. **devoir**. See note on P. 44, l. 28.

P. 158, l. 1. **language of chivalry**, expressions specially used in referring to the customs of knights.

5. **linguists**, persons who understand foreign languages.

9. **scroll**, writing.

15. **relish with**, please.

lease of the . neck, life, permission to live.

[*The next morning the Hakim leaves the camp with his train of camels and servants, accompanied by Sir Kenneth, whom he attempts to comfort, but in vain.*]

P. 160, l. 14. **woodsman**, sportsman, person who understands every thing connected with forests and the chase.

21. **disc**, round face.

24. **minaret**, muezzins, mosque. See note on p. 48, l. 11.

32. **Mecca**. See Introduction, note 1.

33. **ablutions**, washings.

P. 161, l. 2. **ejaculations**, utterances (of prayer).

28. **augur**, judge what to expect.

32. **scouts**, messengers sent forward in war time to discover and report on the movements of an enemy.

P. 162, l. 6. **panoply**, armour.

17. **whose vow . . faith**. The Templars did not consider themselves obliged to keep faith with the Mahometans.

18. **Islam**, the true faith, *i.e.* of Mahomet.

P. 163, l. 2. **the Crescent**, the symbol of the Turks, or of Mahometans in general, as the *Cross* is the symbol of Christians.

24. **mettle**, spirit; put .. to its mettle, excite to do its utmost.

25. **velocity**, speed.

P. 164, l. 4. **portentous**, extraordinary.

7. **hand gallop**, slow and easy gallop.

8. **even**, without excitement.

9. **descant**, talk.

10. **coursers**, horses.

20. **proper for**, suited to.

[*The Hakim gives Kenneth a drug which causes him to sleep heavily.*]

P. 165, l. 8. **cassock**, coat.

9. **chamois**, leather made of chamois skin.

11. **been canopied by**, had for a roof or canopy.

20. **dormitory**, sleeping place.

24. **sherbet**, an Eastern cooling drink made of fruit juices and water with various flavours.

26. **narcotic**, sleeping draught.

P. 166, l. 2. **napkins**, towels.

6. **emir**. See note on P. 4, l. 16.

P. 167, l. 16. **observance**, observation.

23. **eaten salt together**. To take a meal together is considered by the Eastern nations to be a pledge of future friendship and hospitality.

24. **contumely**, disgrace.

26. **vestments**, clothes.

27. **sumpter-camels**, camels which carry the luggage.

31. **don**, put on.

P. 168, l. 4. **the holy Prophet**. See note on P. 6, l. 7.

6. **alien to**, contrary to.

24. **requital**, return for kindness.

P. 169, l. 6. **wooden falchion**. Professional jesters or actors often carried a wooden sword or dagger with which they played tricks on the other actors, somewhat in the same way as a clown.

6. **royalty**, royal person, i.e. the queen.

15. **superstitious**, due to foolish beliefs.

18. **piece of frailty**, weak person.

19. **bespeaks**, shows to be.

22. **port and . . . mien**, behaviour, manner.

30. **Kaaba**, the Mahometan temple at Mecca.

P. 170, l. 3. **Giaour**, infidel, i.e. a Christian. A Turkish word.

31. **tent**, keep open with a *tent*, or roll of lint shaped like a tent.

P. 171, l. 2. **sued**, hoped and begged.

7. **are poniards to me**, pierce me to the heart.

17. **meteoric**, coming occasionally, like a meteor or shooting star.

19. **stood'st fair in reputation**, wert well thought of.

30. **couched lance at**, fought with.

32. **perilling the chance**, putting in danger.

P. 172, l. 29. **varlet**, page.

P. 173, l. 5. **brother-in-arms**, closest friend among your soldier comrades.

21. **vassal**. See note on P. 133, l. 11.

27. **equipped**, furnished.

28. **unsearchable**, that cannot be found out.

P. 174, l. 5. **peers**, nobles.

15. **amity**. See note on P. 139, l. 5.

protocol, document or paper concerning the proceedings, signed by all the powers for the ordering of the ceremony.

17. **vassalage**, the state of being vassals or inferiors.

19. **morion**, helmet or steel cap without a visor [introduced into England about the 16th century] often surmounted by a crest.

23. **tunic**, coat.

25. **hose**, leggings.

slashed, with slashes or openings showing a second coloured garment beneath the top one, of a different colour.

27. **wood-craft**, hunting.

10. **Gallo chivalry**, French horsemen.

anticipated, prevented.

14. **fraternal**, brotherly.

26. **misproud**, proud in a wrong manner.

amphibious, belonging to two species, living a double life, i.e. as a priest and a soldier.

caltiff, *lit.* captive. Here used as a term of contempt and = fellow.

P. 176, l. 9. **wizards**, men who discover secrets or perform wonders by means of magic.

20. **caracoléd**, pranced, wheeled about.

24. **baton**. See note on P. 69, l. 3.

predominancy, authority.

26. **humour**, changeable temper.

28. **within his ken**, near enough to be recognised by him.

P. 176, l. 31. **Stradiots.** Horsemen from Dalmatia in the Dominion of Venice, who were put by the Venetians under the command of Conrade.

P. 177, l. 8. **quarry**, animal pursued by huntsmen—usually said of a stag.

10. **stag of ten tines**, a large, valuable stag. **Tines** are the points of the stag's antlers which become more numerous as the animal gets older. Therefore a 'stag of ten tines' means a full-grown stag.

24. **impeach.** See note on P. 69, l. 20.

P. 178, l. 23. **take some order.** See note on P. 43, l. 21.

27. **Besmirched**, soiled.

[The Council is then held, and Richard offers single combat to Conrade, who refuses to fight him, but declares himself ready to maintain his innocence against any other champion who may stand for Richard. It is finally decided that the combat should take place on the fifth day from thence, and that Saladin should be asked to grant a neutral ground on which the trial may be fought.]

P. 179, l. 6. **canst well of**, hast a good knowledge of.

6.. **wood-craft**, the rules of hunting and the chase.

7. **started thy game**, made the animal who is to be pursued by the hunters start forward ready for the pursuit.

8. **brought him to bay**, brought the hunted animal to a desperate state so that it turned round to face its pursuers.

9. **at force**, with a violent stroke.

11. **respects**, considerations.

14. **deed of chivalry**, feat of arms, tournament.

P. 180, l. 3. **abortive**, which ended before it was begun.

11. **genuflection**, bending of the knee.

17. **taciturn**, silent.

P. 181, l. 5. **I stand discovered**, I am found out.

11. **misinterpret**, explain wrongly.

22. **enhancement**, making more of, aggravation.

29. **urge an address**, insist upon speaking.

33. **servile habit**, dress of a slave.

P. 182, l. 11. **presence-chamber**, room in which persons are presented or introduced to a sovereign.

21. **so you will bear me out**, if you will make excuses for me.

23. **debonair**, polite.

P. 183, l. 23. **aromatic.** See note on P. 55, line 17.

P. 184, l. 24. **mortification**, disappointment and vexation.

P. 185, l. 6. **deprecating**, begging to be delivered from.

19. **have done penance**, have been punished.

P. 185, l. 33. **irony**, a way of speaking showing that the opposite is meant of what is said.

P. 186, l. 8. **jongleur**, juggler. Person who performs conjuring tricks.

8. **deft**, skilful.

transmutation, change of one thing or person into the form of another.

29 **renegade**, one who denies his faith.

P. 187, l. 3. **extricated himself**, escaped.

[On returning to the king's tent, Neville and Kenneth find the minstrel Blondel has arrived, and an evening is spent in listening to his songs. After this Richard asks Edith what answer he is to send to Saladin, and she replies in the same way as she had spoken to Kenneth.]

24. **manifesto**, declaration.

26. **modified**, weakly expressed.

27. **defection**, forsaking, abandonment.

28. **inordinate**, excessive.

arbitrary domination, tyrannical rule, uncontrolled authority.

P. 188, l. 2. **foibles**, small faults.

3. **galling**, bitter.

8. **el Hadgi** (ARABIC), the pilgrim.

10. **negotiations**, business, of making treaties or arrangements between sovereigns.

12. **safe-conduct**, permission to travel without being attacked, through an enemy's country.

14. **guarantee**, pledge.

17. **godfathers**, persons who spoke for his innocence in the trial.

23. **champion**, one who fights on behalf of another.

31. **lists**. See Introduction, note 2.

P. 189, l. 14. **nuptials**, wedding-day.

15 **litter**, couch carried on men's shoulders in which ladies travelled.

20. **escort**, attendants who accompany an important person for the sake of protection or other service.

24. **the Pagan**, i.e. Saladin.

P. 190, l. 5. **station**, halting-place.

P. 191, l. 5. **manceuvre**, movement, or change of position, of troops.

22. **volleys**, flight of a number [of arrows, etc.,] sent off at the same time.

27. **scum**, wretches.

P. 192, l. 7. **phalanx**, band of soldiers moving in close order.

15. **dissipate**, clear off.

P. 192, l. 20. **Georgian and Circassian**, from Georgia and Circassia, [districts near the Caucasus Mountains].

P. 193, l. 5. **inestimable**, whose price is so great that it cannot be reckoned.

7. **signet**, seal.

9. **canjlar**, dagger.

31. **Araby**, Arabia.

P. 194, l. 10 **Mecca**. See Introduction, note 1.

15. **may Allah prohibit**, may God forbid.

P. 195, l. 2. **symmetry**, fine proportions.

7. **brand**, sword.

14. **mace**, staff.

P. 196, l. 13. **scimitar**, sword

31. **right perilous were it**, it would be dangerous

33. **sleight**, cunning.

eke out, make more of.

P. 197, l. 3 **leech**. See note on P. 42, l. 24.

16. **intercession**, entreaty.

18. **artifice**, cunning.

26. **discoloured**, stained

P. 198, l. 7. **explicit**, in exact words.

27. **articles of combat**, regulations about the fight.

28. **protocol**. See note on P. 174, l. 15.

P. 199, l. 2. **godfather**. See note on P. 188, l. 17.

11. **art better skilled in**, hast a better knowledge of

15. **gear**, business.

21. **erst**, formerly.

did him that office, i.e. acted as his confessor.

26. **devoir**. See note on P. 44, l. 28.

33. **ghittern**, lute, small harp.

P. 200, l. 26. **feigned**, put on.

P. 201, l. 1. **unbelting**, taking off.

10. **to boot**, into the bargain.

22. **grace**, favour.

P. 202, l. 3. **her stars had decreed**, it was her fate.

P. 203, l. 4. **sonorous**, loud sounding.

6. **muezzins**. See note on P. 48, l. 11.

12. **prostrated themselves**, threw themselves on their faces.

16. **seraglio**, palace.

26. **sponsors** = godfathers. See note on P. 188, l. 17.

P. 204, l. 1. **vallant and reverend**. Both these expressions are suitable to the soldier monk.

25. **stanchions**, bars of a window.

30. **part**, depart.

P. 205, l. 3. **anon**, presently.

15. **frailties**, sins.

17. **absolution**. See note on P. 110, l. 4.

20. **unconfessed**, without making confession.

21. **sacrament**, holy ceremony.

24. **confess thee in thy helmet**, make confession just before you die without having time to take off your helmet.

26. **augurs ill**, gives signs of ill success.

29. **spectre**, ghost.

betokens, is a sign of.

31. **tilt-yard**, tilting yard where knights ride and thrust with a lance.

33. **accoutred**, dressed in armour.

P. 206, l. 3. **What morning is without? What sort of day is it?**

12. **communicated itself to**, began to be felt by.

13. **craven**, coward.

14. **faintness**, weakness.

22. **visors**. See note on P. 68, l. 6.

27. **ominous**, threatening.

28. **despondence**, loss of courage.

32. **challenger**, one who accuses his opponent of guilt, *i.e.* Sir Kenneth.

33. **respective**, belonging to each.

P. 207, l. 1. **avouched**, declared.

2. **Evangelists**, Gospels.

11. **courser**, horse.

12. **caracoles**. See note on P. 176, l. 20.

18. **do me**, do.

24. **herald-at-arms**, one who proclaims the order of the ceremony.

26. **champion**. See note on P. 188, l. 23.

29. **esquires**, attendants who wait on knights. See Introduction, note 2.

P. 208, l. 2. **couched**. See note on P. 3, l. 23.

2. **visor**. See note on P. 68, l. 6.

14. **knightly**, like a skilful knight.

17. **gauntlet**, the knight's glove, *i.e.* his hand.

P. 208, l. 21. **corselet**, piece of armour worn on the front of the body.

25. **truncheon**, shaft.

P. 209, l. 11. **Azrael**. See note on P. 55, l. 3.

22. **recover**, cure.

P. 210, l. 14. **bower**, delightful place, abode of beauty.

18. **timbrels**, small drums.

28. **Unarm him**, take off his armour.

mistresses, ladies.

P. 211, l. 1. **assiduity**, eagerness to please.

4. **gorget**, armour for the neck.

6. **casque**, helmet.

10. **gallants**, noble gentlemen.

11. **present the face of**, look like.

24. **thought foul scorn**, thought it shameful.

27. **confidants**, those who knew the secret.

P. 212, l. 1. **brookd not**. See note on P. 133, l. 1.

11. **mandate**, decree, command.

15. **read**, found out.

21. **St. Ninian**, a famous Scotch hermit and saint.

23. **hostages**, persons detained by the government of one country as a pledge for the peaceable conduct of, or performance of certain conditions by, another sovereign.

P. 213, l. 1. **commodity of old iron**, piece of iron.

11. **wind of prophecy hath chopped about**, i.e. the prophet is foretelling something different.

14. **lest your bonds be made strong**, i.e. lest you get into trouble from which you cannot escape.

17. **read in the stars**, found out from observation of the heavens.

22. **revolutions**, changes, movements.

23. **firmament**, sky.

25. **interpreter**, explainer of mysteries.

P. 214, l. 17. **sable**. See note on P. 145, l. 12.

22. **horoscope**, a sort of map or plan of the position of the heavenly bodies (stars, planets, etc.) at the moment of a person's birth, from which it was thought the events of his life might be foretold.

23. **scroll**, a writing giving an explanation of the horoscope.

32. **combination**, the position of the stars.

P. 215, l. 2. **fanatic**. See note on P. 153, l. 30.

2. **star-gazer**, one who examines the stars in order to foretell the future.

- P. 215, l. 10. "**Accipe hoc**" (LATIN), take this
26. **fanfare**, blast, flourish.
- P. 216, l. 11. **pledged**, drunk the health of.
23. **goblet**, cup.
- P. 217, l. 12. **vouched**, borne witness to.
16. **Maronites**, a sect of Eastern Christians who lived on Mount Lebanon.
19. **polluted**, brought infection (of crime) into.
19. **poniarded**, stabbed.
20. **accomplice**, one who helps another in a crime or plot.
- P. 218, l. 10. **confess and absolve**, hear confession and pronounce absolution. See note on P. 110, l. 4.
26. **bore a different aspect**, looked like something different.
32. **incurring the brand of inhospitality**, being put to shame because I was inhospitable. See note on P. 167, l. 23.
- P. 219, l. 7. **obliterated**, wiped out.
24. **attributed**, described as belonging to.
29. **ring of chivalry**, group of knights
- P. 220, l. 2. **lay down my gauntlet**, offer to fight in single combat. See Introduction, note 2.
15. **grinded**, sharpened.
- P. 221, l. 8. **espoused**, married.
13. **bequeathed**, left by will.

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